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PASADENA

A Beautiful and Well-Appointed City....

PASADENA is a city of the home, the church and the school. Its churches number more than fifty. Its theatres, clubs and hotels are of a high grade. Its fine Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A.; its public library and splendid group of high school buildings, and other educational institutions are important influences. Its modest and beautiful bungalow homes are as great an attraction as are its magnificent residences. It is without saloons and is especially attractive as a residence city. Living expenses are not higher than elsewhere in this section of the country.

Lying near the beautiful Sierra Madre mountains, it has the advantages of mountain scenery, mountain water, refreshing breezes, and recreational opportunity. Situated in the far-famed San Gabriel valley, it is within easy reach of Los Angeles.

Electric light and water plants are municipally owned---the service is satisfactory and the price for both light and water is reasonable. The fire department is entirely equipped with motor-driven apparatus, and, with its six completely outfitted fire stations in various parts of the city, gives ample protection in case of fire. The city covers more than fourteen square miles and is from eight hundred to twelve hundred feet above sea level. The present population is between forty-five and fifty thousand.

Five parks furnish athletic fields, tennis courts, an open air plunge, picnic grounds and other recreational facilities. A parking space, with water and other conveniences is furnished for automobilists on touring trips.

Pasadena is noted for its clean and well-kept streets, its miles of trees in parkings, and the general cleanliness and safety provided for its citizens. It is linked up with Southern California's great boulevard system, affording the finest motoring in the world. The great Colorado street bridge over the Arroyo Seco, within the city, is notable in size, design and picturesque setting, and forms an important link in this system.

The city is governed by a commission of five members, who apportion its various activities and administer its affairs. It has been under this form of government for more than five years, and has experienced a most successful administration---much money has been expended for permanent improvements, tax values have been reduced, and the tax levy has been lowered. No bonds have been issued since 1912, when the water system was acquired. Few cities can show a more successful government.

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California Southland

MABEL URMY SEARES - - - - *Editor and Publisher*

No. 1 AUGUST, 1918

CONTENTS

		PAGE
THE COLORADO STREET BRIDGE	*Cover Design*	
THE EFFORT IN BEHALF OF ITALY	*Helen S. French*	5
BELGIAN RELIEF IN PASADENA	*Katharine C. Watson*	6
ARMENIAN AND SYRIAN RELIEF	*George Whittlesey*	7
THE CONSERVATION OF TEXTILES	*Belle S. Seager*	8
THE SPIRIT OF THE RED CROSS		
THE CHAPTER STUDENT COURSE	*Mary Wallace Weir*	9
REPORT OF HOME SERVICE SECTION	*Lon S. Chapin*	9
SALVAGE AND SHOP	*Ralph Harris*	10
THE JUNIOR RED CROSS		10
THE PERMANENT BLIND RELIEF	*Mrs. James S. Macdonnell*	10
THE WOMAN'S COUNCIL OF DEFENSE	*Marta D. Carr*	10
ORGANIZED KNITTING	*Mrs. Frederick Seares*	10
A COMMUNITY ORGANIZED FOR WAR WORK	*Headquarters, War Savings Societies*	11
SOUTHLAND OPINION		12-13
THE COUNCIL OF NATIONAL DEFENSE	*Henry M. Robinson*	14
PASADENA WAR FINANCE COMMITTEE	*Stuart W. French*	14
WAR COMMUNITY SERVICE FOR THE BALLOON CAMP	*R. W. Weekes*	15
ORGANIZING A CITY ON BUSINESS PRINCIPLES	*A. L. Hamilton*	16
PASADENA'S ROLL OF HONOR	*George P. Whittlesey*	16
THE HOME GUARD		17
IN THE SCHOOLS		17
ORGANIZING FOR THRIFT	*William H. Conklin*	17
WAR ACTIVITIES OF THROOP COLLEGE	*Edward C. Barrett*	18
SUMMARY OF PASADENA'S WAR WORK		18
BOOKS ON THE GREAT WAR	*Marjorie Charles Driscoll*	19
RICHARD BURTON'S BOOKS		19
PASADENA APARTMENTS		20
DEAR FLAG—A MARCHING SONG	*Clarence Urmy*	21
INDUSTRIES AT PASADENA'S DOOR		21
MAIZARINA, A FLOUR FOR TORTILLAS	*Grace Fisher*	22
WAR RECIPES		22
THE RUBAIYAT OF A WAR-HUSBAND		22

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CALIFORNIA SOUTHLAND
A WAR-TIME MAGAZINE FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

THE EFFORT IN BEHALF OF ITALY

By HELEN S. FRENCH

THE blue sky, the wealth of roses, the soft light on the mountains, the tall, majestic points of the cypress trees conspicuous in every landscape, the brilliant green of the orange groves with their golden lanterns in rich abundance, the cultivated fields and vineyards creeping up to the very foot of the rocky slopes of the foothills, the music of the birds, the ever-increasing number of homes built after the Italian type, even the friendly atmosphere of Pasadna itself, all bring Italy so forcibly to one's mind as to make the resemblance quite complete.

The same charm and the same beauty are here, and the love of it all must be here also, unconsciously perhaps, but ever becoming more manifest as that dear land of which we seem almost to be a prototype, begins to stretch out her hands in silent appeal for help.

One must have lived among the Italians to appreciate entirely the national dignity and patriotism, the pride and devotion of this race so newly welded together; a nation which finds its expression in some thirty odd dialects, some of them scarcely intelligible to the others; a country of amalgamated races, and yet a composite unequalled for valor and tenacity, for cheerful endurance of hardships; a country wherein one never fails to receive a responsive smile or a cheerful greeting, be it a hearty "buon giorno" or a charmingly naive "buona sera" as the servant politely lights the lamps.

Italy, of whose marvelous achievements in scientific matters we hear so little; splendid, artistic, intelligent, gallant old Italy, who has not yet learned (nor do we think it probable that she ever will) that it pays to advertise! Who can fail to admire the modesty of such a nation, and who can find it in his heart to censure her for it? Alas! How dangerous is a little knowledge! For months America, uninformed, questioned the reason of Italy's delay! Now we know, and the appreciation of the bulwark which Italy's neutrality placed between us and the Hun hordes which Italy was then unprepared to meet, is just assuming its rightful position in the light of world events. The fearful loss to the Austrians a year ago, how severely was it criticised! We did not then know that Italy had no ammunition along that whole front, and that this weakness was betrayed by friends(?) behind the line. How impatient we were that no progress was apparent on the map from day to day in the mountainous regions, because we did not realize, and Italy scorned to tell us that progress meant the boring upwards through the interior of mountain peaks, sometimes a distance of thousands of feet, and blasting the enemy from a point directly over head! This could not be shown on a map, consequently there appeared to be no gain at all. In the same way we did not realize that the Italian army was subsisting on a ration of seven chestnuts per day for breakfast per person. Italy was too modest to make these facts known until she could no longer hold her line without assistance. Now the Italian Ambassador, Count Di Cellere, in Washington has informed our Government that Italy is in urgent need. We know that if Italy seeks aid the situation must indeed be very grave. The response is a national organization, headed by Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, which calls itself "The Italian War Relief Fund of America." Mr. Johnson is admirably qualified to head such an organization, as he has just completed and closed the affairs of the Poets' Ambulance Fund for Italy, an organization which purchased and put in operation one hundred field ambulances, and by reason of the careful management of the money contributed for this purpose, through the rise of exchange and the assumption of the upkeep, first by the Italian Government and, again by the Red Cross, also provided a by-product of thirty-seven field hospitals (seven of barracks and thirty of tents). These ambulances and hospitals were all in commission by December 15 last, only fifteen weeks after the inception of the work. Mr. Johnson says that the Italian response to this aid and sympathy from the Americans has been of the most spontaneous and appreciative character.

ITALY OR CALIFORNIA?
IN REALITY, THE ITALIAN COAST NEAR AMALFI

To quote further from Mr. Johnson, relative to the Italian War Relief Fund of America, "A strong committee of persons deeply interested in Italy has been selected and will address itself immediately to urgent and special relief work. It is considered by our Government very important to help Italy in every way at once, in order to counteract the German propaganda in that country now directed toward America." The treasurer of this enterprise is Mr. S. Reading Bertron, late financial representative of the Root Commission in Russia.

It was with a view to affiliating with this national movement that the Society of Friends of Italy for War Relief was organized. This affiliation has since been effected. The first effort was the sale of Italian flags on the third anniversary of Italy's entrance into the war. The flag day, planned chiefly for the purpose of introducing the Italian

colors into their rightful place among the colors of the Allies, where they had been regrettably absent, opened with an impressive little ceremony at the Post Office and the raising of the American and Italian colors together, according to the mandate from Washington. The proceeds from the sale of flags so far surpassed expectations that the Committee was emboldened to attempt other forms of money-raising. It is gratifying in the extreme to announce the wonderful support and co-operation with which the cause of Italy has been met. Not only has the public contributed generously, but it has done so almost without solicitation.

It was not the intention of the committee at first to engage in any acivities other than those necessary to a financial success. A short time ago, however, a number of fine philanthropic women offered to conduct a workroom for the making of much needed garments for the women and children refugees driven from their homes by the invaders. Realizing that even with unlimited wealth, which of a certainty these refugees could not have, the purchasing of materials was impossible, the offer was gratefully accepted. A glance at the product of this work-room is sufficient proof that the greatest wisdom and experience is being employed in the preparation of articles fit for the special requirements of the Italian poor. Among the things brought to the workroom, all which are impractical for immediate use are sold, and thus converted into money wherewith to purchase material of real value to the sufferers. This method accomplishes a dual end. It enables the poorer classes of Pasadena to purchase clothing at a great saving, and it puts in the hands of the committee of the workroom a fund thus far sufficient for the purchase of suitable materials. The clothing so prepared will find its way to Italy through channels already agreed upon between His Excellency, the Italian Ambassador, and our Government.

Mabel Watson

MRS. STUART W. FRENCH

Chairman Pasadena Committee, Italian War Relief Fund of America

But the greatest source of gratification of all lies in the fact that Italy is at last receiving a tangible expression of our admiration and support, and the morale of her army and her people is rising proportionately every day with the deeper assurance of our friendly sympathy and aid.

There is every reason why Pasadena should especially interest itself in Italy, and there is every reason to believe that the end will fully substantiate the wonderful beginning in that direction. The most salient fact to be remembered now is that the West Front extends from Ostend to Venice. It would be fatal were we to neglect, even in the slightest degree, any portion of that line. Strength of arms means also strength and confidence behind the line, and Italy, poor and still staggering under the weight of other devastating wars and ruinous earthquakes, must be helped, and helped immediately, if the Allies are to serve and share alike in this final settlement of the world problem.

BELGIAN RELIEF IN PASADENA—*Katharine C. Watson*

THE Pasadena Committee for Relief in Belgium and France opened its down-town Headquarters and Shop in the San Gabriel Bank Building on September 13, 1917. This activity has become the main feature of the work in Pasadena, from which the regular monthly remittance to the central office of the State Committee in San Francisco is derived. The continuity of relief work is its most important factor and in describing briefly the results of this experiment we are summing up the achievements of the past year.

This enterprise was the first Superfluity Shop to be opened in Pasadena and was undertaken upon the urgent advice and with the encouragement of Mrs. William C. Baker, whose generous gifts to Belgium have been an unfailing dependence to this Committee, of which she is now the Honorary Chairman.

The first appeal which was made was for gold and silver and for gifts of money. All these poured in immediately and made it seem advisable to go on with a plan which had been under discussion for many weeks. This was to give a large public fair and to use the Headquarters as a depot for the collection of articles to be sold at such an entertainment. An extraordinary and heterogeneous stock of second-hand merchandise soon began to accumulate, and the plans for the Belgian Street Fair in Central Park were made and carried on to a most successful accomplishment by Mrs. M. Ringen Drummond and Mr. and Mrs. Frank F. Carpenter. The net proceeds amounted to $10,000, and, with the $2000 taken in at the Headquarters from donations and sales, brought the total for October to the highest point reached by any community in California for one month's gift to Belgium. This gratifying result was due to the enthusiastic co-operation of hundreds of persons who aided the Committee in a thousand ways, giving in time, money and hard work, with the greatest generosity.

After the Fair it was found that a varied and interesting stock of merchandise, together with many valuable and beautiful objects of art, were still unsold. Included among these were a number of choice paintings given to the Committee by Pasadena artists. It was decided to continue the business we had undertaken as our generous landlords, the Union National Bank, were kind enough to allow us to occupy their premises without charge. In addition to the household goods and bricabrac which had been added to our stock of gold and silver we had come into possession of a quantity of used clothing and other wearing apparel which we soon discovered to be our most salable stock. In disposing of this, we learned that in helping Belgium we had it in our power to give real help to many people in Pasadena, to whom this opportunity to buy good clothing at a low price was a veritable god-send in these days of soaring prices.

GARDEN OF THE VILLA FALCONIERI, FRASCATI

After seven months of successful work, we removed to the corner of Raymond and Colorado, our present excellent location. From the opening of the Headquarters we have been fortunate in having the services of Miss Margaret A. Pence, whose devotion and enthusiasm have been largely responsible for the success of our work as long as Belgium needs our help.

The time is surely past when it is necessary to explain why we must help Belgium, whose plight, tragic as it is, is less desperate in its ghastly horror than that of some of the other victims of German brutality. We can reach Belgium and we have the power to save Belgium, and we, together with the whole civilized world, owe a debt of gratitude to Belgium which we can never pay.

We have the certainty that the money which we raise goes directly and promptly to relieve the suffering of a brave and unconquerable people. The channels by which it is sent are safe and sure, and, as all funds are deposited in the Bank of England, which issues paper for use in Belgium, we are able to state positively that none of it gets into the hands of the enemy.

In the "Red Cross Magazine" for June Ida M. Tarbell closes her moving tribute to Cardinal Mercier with these words: "At the last visit which American members of the Belgian Relief Commission paid to him [Cardinal Mercier] before leaving the country for home, stretching out his arms, he said to them in farewell: 'Belgium is in your hands.'"

She is still in our hands.

THE INFLUENCE OF MEDITERRANEAN COUNTRIES APPEARS FREQUENTLY IN THE ARCHITECTURE OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
RESIDENCE OF MR. T. R. COFFIN, SAN MARINO. REGINALD D. JOHNSON, ARCHITECT

The total amount of money raised and transmitted by the Pasadena Committee for Relief in Belgium and France in the year 1917, including $1557.98 raised for Belgian refugees in Holland at a lecture by Prof. Van Hecke, was $23,377.31. The amount raised since January, 1918, and transmitted through the California Committee for Relief in Belgium and France, which is the authorized and accredited representative of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, is $11,251.17, making a total to date of $34,628.48. In addition, there have been two drives for the collection of clothing for shipment to Belgium, through which thousands of strong, warm garments have been received and forwarded. As the clothing was packed and shipped partly by Mr. Chas. Winsel, Belgian Vice-Consul of Los Angeles, and partly by the Pasadena Chapter of the American Red Cross, the Pasadena Committee is unable to state the exact number of garments collected.

ARMENIAN AND SYRIAN RELIEF

By George P. Whittlesey, Chairman

THIS work was started in the late summer of 1916 and a vigorous campaign that fall resulted in a substantial sum of money and a large number of monthly pledges. Headquarters were established at 173 East Colorado Street and the business of selling old clothes, shoes, pictures, jewelry, laces, fresh and canned fruit, and an endless variety of things has gradually grown from small beginnings to a matter of four or five hundred dollars a month. Persons who contribute money can therefore be sure that no part of their gifts is used for expenses, as these are more than covered by the receipts of the "shop." In a year and nine months, the local committee has sent to New York over $40,000 in cash. It is impracticable to send anything in the way of clothing or other supplies. Mr. W. H. Hubbard is the general chairman, and the executive committee is composed of Mr. H. G. Chaffee, Hon. A. L. Hamilton, Mrs. Clara Bryant Heywood, Miss E. B. Judson (secretary), Mr. Leon V. Shaw (treasurer), Mr. George P. Whittlesey (chairman), Mrs. S. G. Wilson and Mrs. H. B. Yacoubi.

Photographs by Hiller

DETAIL OF DOORWAY, RESIDENCE OF MR. T. R. COFFIN

THE CONSERVATION OF TEXTILES—*By Belle H. Seager*

PLATE 1. ARTICLES MADE OF STOCKING TOPS

1, Doll; 2, Dress of white, trimmed with green stripe and feather stitching; 3, Toboggan Cap, made double; 4, Gertrude Petticoat, upper part double; 5, Black Dress, trimmed with red and white braid; 6, Petticoat for average-sized woman; 7, Underdrawers; 8, Union-suit; 9, Gertrude Petticoat, waist of flour-sacking.

PLATE 2. CUT-OVER GARMENTS FOR CHILDREN

1, Dress, from a blue serge skirt; 2, Dress, from one yard, salesman's sample; 3, Boy's Coat, from rain-coat; 4, Infant's Coat, from dress skirt; 5, Child's Coat, from seven samples; 6, Waist, from a skirt; Trousers, from a man's trousers; 7, Waist and Trousers, from five samples.

LAST September the desire of a few women to do their bit in the way of helping clothe their noble French brothers and sisters, led, in three weeks time to the founding of the French War Relief, Civilian Department, and the opening of an office. The public was asked to bring everything in the way of clothing, household linens, bedding, and pieces of material which could be spared. The result in numbers causes one to stop and think—what constitutes necessities and what luxuries?

From September 24, 1917 to July 1, 1918, 85,903 perfectly good articles of clothing, household linens, shoes, etc., have been packed and shipped from this office to France. Among these were 452 "Baby Kits," containing 27 articles each; over 5,000 pairs of shoes; 400 hats; and over 15,000 garments made of new materials. All the things were in perfect condition for immediate use. We show no respect for ourselves or the recipients, if soiled or torn things are sent. This is not a work of charity, it is a duty and a privilege—a duty since the days of Lafayette, and a privilege to be permitted to do for those whose marvelous spirit has had so great a share in our protection.

Garments received in perfect or good condition are shipped at once; those needing moderate mending are put into proper order; those too much worn to mend are cut over into as large a garment as is consistent with the serviceability of the material available.

Men's clothes, unless brought in from the cleaners, are sent to the cleaners and go through the same process of sending, mending or cutting over. All the cleaners and laundries, with one exception, have done this work as their bit, without charge, which has meant far more to this committee than they can realize.

Women's clothes are made into dresses, skirts, petticoats, boys' trousers, jackets, aprons, etc. From men's white woolen trousers very lovely baby coats have been made, also boys' trousers.

Worn adult underwear is cut over into undershirts, underdrawers and petticoats for children. This is a great saving because shirts for infants are high in price. Pieces of outing flannel are used to make the waists on which petticoats are hung, bootees, baby jackets and caps, cut into squares or any shape the size of pieces will permit, and made into coverlets and lined with a plain piece, or the best material at hand. These should not be less than one yard square. Woolen or good cotton stocking tops open many possibilities. Each garment in the picture is a perfectly warm, serviceable piece of wearing apparel. Large-sized bloomers can also be made of these. Men's sock tops can be made into a waist and petticoat big enough for the average girl of four or five years. Toboggan caps are made from the tops of half hose. Aviator's skull caps, to be worn under the helmet, which are impervious to the cold, are made from silk stockings, black or colored. If there is the least weak place in the stocking it must be reinforced; it is not conservation of time or textiles to use materials which may give out in the first using or washing.

As the photographs indicate, salesmen's samples are of great service. They are usually of excellent materials and new, therefore, no matter of what size or color, can always be used. Large-sized bed covers have been made of samples too small to be used in garments. Flour sacking makes pretty kimono or regulation sleeve dresses, when a bit of pink or blue is added as collar, cuffs, and tops of pockets. This material also makes drawers and waists upon which to button the drawers or petticoats.

College pennants make very successful bootees and pieces for quilts. Leather hand bags can also be used in this way. There is no end of what can be done with yarn; you can make baby caps, jackets, small afghans, petticoats, stockings, and when only traggled ends are left, remove any knots and add them to the finely clipped pieces of any available light colored cotton or woolen pieces, and fill pillows. A pillow 10 by 15 inches can be used for a baby or invalid, though pillows of all sizes are greatly needed. Do not cover these with dark materials, greens or reds. Round "trench pillows," nine inches in diameter, with a strap across one end, may be filled with dark clippings and covered with dark strong materials. These are not heavy or bulky and help the soldier to rest his head on something other than a stone.

From new materials, apron dresses and bloomers up to fourteen years, baby wrappers, night gowns and pinning blankets are made. The bloomers are hung on an underwaist of cotton or other material. All pieces left are cut into bootees, caps, baby jackets and pieces for pillows.

This conservation of textiles releases men for our army, saves money for Liberty Bonds, helps those who have helped us, and in general teaches a wholesome lesson. The French government can feed the people, but hundreds of thousands of refugees in France must be clothed. These articles have been shipped via Canada, practically free of charge, and the invisible message of Brotherly Love has made the cargoes beyond price.

Money was not asked but has been given and thankfully received, in the sum of $2,111.29; $1,241.30 was given in cash and $869.99 donated from unasked benefits.

To the "Ship-of-Cheer" $1,472.43 was given and expended for food, $121.55 according to specifications from the donors, and $1058.73 for flour and beans. There are no salaries, all the work being done by volunteers. The only expenditures are for office equipment, stationery, stamps, etc., and for a man to clean the store (rent free) once a week. Every other cent goes to the purchase of new material.

When the Relief Ship or "Ship-of-Cheer" sailed directly from Los Angeles for France, she carried a goodly donation from Pasadena, including over 11,000 garments, household linen, etc., 4991 pounds (9 pounds short of two tons) of dried fruits, 1 ton 753 pounds of sugar, 1,401 pounds of raisins, 8 tons 1,205 pounds of wheat flour, 1,051 pounds of rice, 3,953 cans of condensed milk, 1,056 bars of soap, 1,115 pounds of beans, also hundreds of pounds of miscellaneous articles, with two new hand cultivators, carpenter's tools, etc. The school donated a large bit to this total.

The relief now has 39 auxiliaries. The out-of-town members have done splendid work in Brawley, Paso Robles, Elsinore, Charter Oaks, San Dimas, Covina, Uplands, Glendora, Monrovia, Asuza, San Gabriel, Alhambra, Lamanda Park, Glendale, South Pasadena, Coalinga, Exeter, Tipton and farther away, in La Prie, Oregon, and Springfield, Arizona.

Any questions will be gladly answered at the headquarters of the French War Relief in Pasadena—44 North Raymond Ave.

THE SPIRIT OF THE RED CROSS

THE CHAPTER STUDENT COURSE

By Mary Wallace Weir, Director

THE coming task for the American people is that of meeting courageously, and hopefully, the returning soldier who has long been living under trying circumstances. He may need to be made to realize anew his place as councilor and friend in the family. He will doubtless look for help in taking up his affairs to which others have attended while he was away. The great work of the Red Cross—the work of the Home Service, where these delicate adjustments are even now being made, will go on for years to come. So, too, will continue the work of education in the ideals of the American Red Cross and the many forms of relief undertaken by it.

In order to train women in all phases of Red Cross activities and to provide the chapter with a corps of efficient workers who shall understand the organization as a whole, the Pasadena Chapter offers a course of study which is open to any one who is earnest and wishes to fit herself for this work.

During these days when every energy is being strained to meet the needs of our fighting forces, we who stay at home must find some expression for our patriotism and put into tangible form our loyalty and devotion to the ideals of country. Many people instinctively turn to the Red Cross as the natural medium for this expression. The chapters of this volunteer aid have been built up through the untiring energy of such men and women, and these pioneers now ask for trained helpers. In response to this call, the Chapter Student Course supplies an energetic and comprehending corps of workers and affords an opportunity to test out individuals who may be qualified to render great service. At the same time the individual gains the advantage of being able to live through the experience of the various departments and select that one in which she will be best fitted to serve.

On April 1, 1918, the Chapter Student course inaugurated by the Pasadena Chapter was offcially accepted by the Pacific Division and made a Divisional activity. Pasadena Chapter was also made the teaching center and training school for the Division, which includes California, Arizona and Nevada. This means that the course carried on in this Chapter since its organization in August, 1916, and now grown to remarkable proportions, has received the definite stamp of success.

In the interests of the work, the Director has visited many Chapters throughout the Division, and students have been sent here for training from various parts of the Division. It is hoped that, eventually, a Chapter Student course may be established in every Chapter.

In view of the probable extension of the work, which is so organized that it may be undertaken in colleges and normal schools, a special course has been established in the Pasadena Chapter to train instructors to carry on this educational work. In order that the course be uniform and the result up to the standard, it is necessary for prospective instructors to train in this normal course.

The Instructor's Course has already graduated two classes, some of whom are planning to establish courses in their own Chapters. The first Chapter to adopt this plan is Berkeley, where the work is to begin very soon.

The Chapter Student work has developed still a third branch, that of the Junior Chapter Student. This Junior course is planned for girls between thirteen and eighteen years of age, and gives special attention to training in the ideals of the Red Cross, as well as in the practical work.

The regular course, an intensive training, prepares for general or special Red Cross work. The Chapter Student does practical work in all departments of the Chapter—offices, and work-rooms. She answers telephones, spends regular hours in the cutting room, work-room, supply room, gauze room, packing room and membership department. She learns how branches and auxiliaries are organized and managed, and how the work of the Home Service Department is carried on. She is also given instruction in bookkeeping, and in addition she learns the Red Cross organization, Chapter, Divisional, and National.

Mabel Watson

MARY WALLACE WEIR

Secretary Pasadena Chapter and Director Chapter Student Course.

The text-books used are Miss Mabel Boardman's "Under the Red Cross Flag," one chapter being studied each day and outlined later from memory, and the various Red Cross pamphlets and bulletins, which are carefully studied.

We find the graduates of the regular course serving at the registration desk, providing workers, through the active corps, for special service and emergencies, operating the telephone switch-board, enrolling students in the Red Cross classes, acting as assistants in every department, organizing branches and auxiliaries, serving as chairmen of committees in the Chapter, keeping the office records and files, running the Red Cross shop, serving as canteen workers, directing departments of the Junior Red Cross, establishing gauze units, serving in the Home Service section, establishing college auxiliaries, as well as serving in the women's land army and in the campaigns for Liberty Loans, Thrift and Red Cross stamps.

The work is carried on with the idea of putting into action that tremendous force which lies dormant in people not eligible for military service, but eager to put their all on the altar of their country.

THE HOME SERVICE SECTION

By Lon F. Chapin

MAJOR-GENERAL LEONARD WOOD has declared that if every soldier could know that his family at home would be looked after in any emergency, we would have an army that could not be beaten.

Have you stopped to think what it means that more than 1700 men in Pasadena have left their homes in less than a year with only a few weeks' or a few days' notice? Many are married; many left children, not claiming exemption. Women inexperienced in business affairs are left to do everything for themselves—to face sickness and other emergencies.

The government has made liberal provision to meet the needs of soldiers' dependents. It is taking care of the families as soldiers' families were never cared for by any nation before; but it is usually two, and sometimes three and four months, before allotments and allowances are received after the soldier leaves home. What is to happen in the meantime?

Right here is where Home Service steps in. It makes loans to tide families over. In other cases, after full investigation, it makes direct grants of aid, remembering the government injunction that family life and standards are to be preserved, and that this is not a charity but a duty to the men who are themselves giving everything.

Somewhere with the Canadian forces is an American who, debarred from joining the U. S. Army on account of his age, enlisted with that of our ally. This man is a resident of Pasadena; his family, consisting of a wife and three young children, are living in this city now. Writing to the Pasadena Chapter to ask that certain things be looked after for him, he used these significant words, "War is bad enough without worry." Home Service is here to see that the men in the Service do not have cause to worry.

The Home Service Section of the Pasadena Chapter was organized November 27, 1917, with three cases; in less than eight months it has handled over 100 active and about 30 correspondence cases. This it has done with the help of twenty visitors, an advisory professional staff of thirty-eight, including eight lawyers, nine dentists, and twenty-one physicians, all of whom in cases of need give their services without charge. It has, further, a clerical staff of eight young women, typists and stenographers, giving some time regularly to its work. It co-operates with the Welfare Bureau, the Pasadena Hospital and Dispensary, the visiting tuberculosis nurses, and city officials.

Material aid is only a small part of Home Service. It has investigated cases of occupational disease, blindness, feeble-mindedness, insanity, besides the more common sickneses; placed three soldiers discharged for tuberculosis in sanitaria, secured employment for discharged men and members of the families of men in service, and conducted a vast amount of correspondence in finding out the whereabouts of men and looking after their interests, including those under the Moratorium Act, which are protected by securing voluntary agreements or by suit, if necessary.

But it further, through its visitors and officers, aims to assist soldiers' and sailors' families in perplexity or trouble, and generally to do for them anything and everything which they cannot for any reason readily do for themselves. However, it must be understood that it does not in any case render its services unasked, but only upon request.

In the eight months during which Home Service has been organized in Pasadena, all of this work has been of a purely voluntary character, and while to June 1 Home Service has expended $1876.73 (about $250 of which as loans has already been repaid), not one dollar of this money has been spent for Home Service administration or work.

The Chairman of the Home Service is Mrs M. R. Drummond; vice-chairman, Mr. G. W. H. Allen; secretary, Mrs. R. D. Azarian.

SALVAGE AND SHOP

By Ralph Harris, Chairman

THIS department of Red Cross activities was inaugurated in December, 1917, under the management of Mrs. W. O. Pringle.

The volume of the business grew steadily, and by the end of March, 1918, it required the undivided attention of the management. On April 1, 1918, a new committee took up the work so successfully begun, and since then the shop and receiving station at 111 East Union Street has been open daily from 8:30 A. M. until 6:00 P. M.

At first one counter 12 by 3 feet sufficed for the display of salable wares. Today, after four months of effort, the counter space in the store proper is about 500 square feet with 150 feet of shelving, and 48 linear feet of clothes hangers. The sorting room in the rear has 144 square feet of counter space for the reception of goods from the warehouse, a large brick barn conveniently located on Holly Street. Here all salvage is collected, from tin foil and newspapers to frock suits and furniture. All articles of junk, including paper, metals, bottles, rubber, and sacks, are sold directly from the warehouse. Salable articles are taken to the sorting room of the Shop to be priced and marked, and then carried to the front room for sale.

An ordinary day's sales amount to about $35, the record of shop business alone being $109, while that from warehouse and shop combined is $273. In the three months from April to June the business quadrupled, the June business being $1683.10.

These figures are not to be compared with the huge sums obtained from entertainments and special events under the auspices of the Red Cross, but should be considered as the returns from a strictly legitimate commercial enterprise. No raffles or lotteries are conducted, and the cash donations—less than $10 in three months—are almost negligible. A business showing a legitimate net profit of $1500 per month is a good one in Pasadena.

During the school term the Department receives valuable co-operation from the members of the Junior Red Cross Auxiliary of the Pasadena Chapter.

The work is greatly aided by the use of two trucks, generously donated, which are kept very busy, as they must care for the collection service for all of Pasadena, Lamanda Park, Altadena, and Linda Vista.

PERMANENT BLIND RELIEF

By Mrs. J. S. Macdonnell, Chairman for Pasadena

ONE of the most appealing causes to which interest is dedicated has been the Permanent Blind Relief War Fund, whose headquarters are at 590 Fifth Avenue, New York. Two American citizens, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Kessler, decided to raise by subscription in the United States a large fund for the relief of Allied soldiers and sailors blinded in the war. This project was begun before America entered the war, and they succeeded beyond anything hoped. Pasadena has had its share in this noble and encouraging work for humanity, and several thousand dollars have been contributed and forwarded through the local chairman.

First of all, the blinded men are re-educated so as to be in shape to earn again their livelihood. Later, insofar as funds will allow, they are furnished with tools and raw materials to enable them to carry on their trades or vocations in their own homes. Equipment for this purpose, which includes the payment of rent for one year and the purchase of a few necessities, costs $250 per man. One Pasadena woman has thus made happy three different French homes.

The Fund is now aiding American, British, French, Belgian, and Italian soldiers and sailors. On June 24, 1918, an initial contribution of $100,000 was made through the officials of the War Department at Washington to the American Red Cross Institute for the Blind. St. Dunstans, the great institution founded by Sir Arthur Pearson, in London, which cares for all British blinded, receives regular contributions from this Fund. Seven institutions are directly maintained in France, and over $160,000 additional has been given to existing worthy hospitals. Italy in like manner is receiving attention, and $20,000 has already gone to rehabilitate blinded Italian soldiers and sailors. In all of these countries many men have been returned to usefulness and self-dependence, instead of remaining a burden to their friends

JUNIOR RED CROSS AT CHILD'S WELFARE EXHIBITION

THE JUNIOR RED CROSS in Pasadena may be said to have 100 per cent membership, for all the public, private, and parochial schools within the jurisdiction of the Chapter are now enrolled, with a total of 13,000 in round numbers—practically every child of school age in Pasadena, South Pasadena, La Canada, La Crescenta, Eagle Rock, Tujunga, San Marino, and South Santa Anita—all since last fall.

This work of organization has been largely in the hands of the Secretary, Miss Marian Kappes, whose untiring interest has devised an excellent orderly system and other work for the boys, and many interesting plans for service among the girls.

WOMAN'S COMMITTEE OF DEFENSE

By Marta D. Carr, Chairman

THROUGH the co-operation of its 125 affiliated organizations, aggregating approximately 118,175 members, the Pasadena Woman's Committee, National Council of Defense, has conducted two community-wide drives in Pasadena. The first was a food-pledge campaign whereby 10,000 pledge cards were signed, an equal number of kitchen and window cards distributed, and a thousand conservation cookbooks accompanied by calory cards were compiled and sold. Addresses were made at a hundred well-attended meetings averaging 75 persons; and demonstration lectures given by food experts resulted in the establishing, by the city, of a Food Center with the Woman's Committee Chairmen of Conservation and of Home Economics in charge.

In the income tax campaign, this headquarters furnished information or drew up affidavits for 625 persons; and in the "Forget-me-not Sale" added through its organizations, $1370 to Belgian Relief Funds.

As the initial undertaking in the Children's Year Program of the Government, a Child's Health Conference was held. Seven hundred children were examined and a Child's Welfare Exhibit arranged with notable co-operation of city and county health departments. The Pasadena Furniture Company cheerfully assisted by converting its proposed "Baby Show" into this valuable activity, which has culminated in a permanent Children's Health Center and a County Fresh Air Camp.

The Woman's Land Army has its offices in rooms of the Woman's Committee, which is now conducting for the Government at Washington the Student Nurse Reserve Campaign.

Mrs. L. R. Best acted as Chairman of the Pasadena Unit until her departure for the George Junior Republic. The present officers are: Chairman, Mrs. M. D. Carr; Vice-Chairmen, Mrs. Edwin M. Stanton, Mrs. Myron Hunt, Mrs. Leo G. McLaughlin, Miss Mary Wallace Weir; Secretary, Mrs. A. H. Parker; Treasurer, Mrs. George H. Martin.

Clearly distinguishing its functions from those of the War Department, the Woman's Committee is planning its measures of internal defense that it may be ready in the critical reconstruction time. Reorganization for this work is taking place in many states; and the local committee will mobilize all its women on a precinct basis in order to carry out constructive enterprises of wide interest. This is made possible by the enthusiastic response obtained last year under Mrs. Louis R. Best.

At the head of the National organization is Anna Howard Shaw. Mrs. Herbert Cable is California's State Chairman, and the last link is about to be welded in the formation of a strong county committee for Los Angeles. This organization of the women of America is preeminently a government channel for orders and war work, stimulating and linking all existing groups in a consistent union for the co-ordination of their multiple activities.

ORGANIZED KNITTING AN EXAMPLE FOR VOLUNTEERS

By Mrs. Frederick Seares

MOBILIZING on a war basis in response to a call from Washington, the Pasadena Chapter of the Woman's Section of the Navy League of the United States opened its office in the Hotel Maryland early in May, 1917. Since that time, 61,734 garments have been knitted and shipped.

The work was started for the men of the Navy. But to avoid duplication, the Pasadena Chapter of the Red Cross asked the Navy League to take over all the organized knitting of the town, both for the Army and the Navy. The name of the organization was later changed to the Army and Navy League of California.

The whole town has responded to the efforts of its women. The first summer was spent in organizing a notable system of squads and in teaching knitting to old, young and middle-aged.

The office of the Squad Manager and the teaching rooms are intimately connected, for, with the help of an assistant with general executive duties, this office manages not only all the Navy League squads but also the other knitting organizations in the town and its environs. These outside organizations are more or less loosely connected with the main organization, getting their wool in the office and turning in their finished product without interfering in any way with the social, or other objects they may have. There are now 4021 people knitting under the military system used. In the squad formation there are eight knitters in a squad, headed by a sergeant. Four squads in a platoon, headed by a lieutenant, and four platoons in a company headed by a captain, form the usual units.

The generous rooms of the Hotel Maryland afforded eight offices. Here light and heat, as well as use of the rooms and of seven telephones, were freely given by the management. The little room called the general office was one of the pergola shops built in the main facade of the hotel.

In the winter season, when tourist travel crowds this popular hotel to overflowing, the Navy League and its activities moved to the Hertel building, and occupy, without cost, one whole floor of this department store. This is

but one instance of the service in which merchants and housemaids, tourists and tradesmen joined to make knitting the chief industry of the town as long as there is wool to be had. Every month the Board of Directors, numbering ninety, has had a meeting; and every week the executive committee of nine.

Type-written bulletins have an indispensable part in the carrying on of smooth administration. Blank forms, filled in each week, are posted in each department and give the names of women due to report each morning and each afternoon. For it is only the principal officers who serve for more than half a day in the volunteer staff. The development of this system of using half days of service and thus building up an efficient force is of interest to all who are organizing the relief work of the nation. Some such organization should be retained by our government after the war to utilize the surplus time and abounding energy of the thousands of women citizens whom it trains and graduates from its public school system every year only to leave idle for much of their lives. What is being done by these relief committees now, can be done for all the weeks and months of the war with increasing smoothness, and will in its very nature do much to save and strengthen American democracy. On the basis of this public service, all are equal, to the limit of their capacities. My Lady sweeps the office if she finds it necessary, sits calmly knitting at the registration desk or acts on the reception committee, whose duties are described in the bulletin as "similar to those of floor walker in a department store."

In the general office there is an office staff manager who serves part of each day. She prepares the bulletin and posts it, assigning her assistants for one week in advance. She it is who is responsible for keeping constantly filled the five important positions of reception committee, information bureau, registration clerk, telephone girl, and stenographer. She finds eleven women for each of these offices. None serves for more than a half day at a time and the office closes at noon on Saturday.

It is a fundamental principle of this organization to use effectively the scraps of time which busy women can give to public service. So, while the Regent, Mrs. Myron Hunt, who organized the League, retains the general executive duties and the supervision of organization, important correspondence and all bills, she has six vice-regents, each in charge in the main office for one full day each week.

The buying department is in the hands of a head buyer who purchases all wool, yarn and needles and printed instructions for knitters.

No small degree of the success of the whole enterprise lies in a frank publicity and the known fact that careful business methods are used. Bills are passed upon, for instance, first by the head of the Purchasing Department, second by the bookkeeper, third by the Regent, and fourth by the auditor. Checks must be signed by both the treasurer and the auditor. And while no personal publicity is encouraged in the newspaper reports, and the democracy of the organization is fostered by the omission of all names except in the case of necessary announcement by executive officers, yet the community knows well who is handling its funds and responds with confidence.

Remarkable business capacity is often developed by this emergency work of the wives and daughters of our captains of industry. The men in war work are not alone in careful keeping of public accounts. The head of the Receiving Department is, in this case, one example of the effective individual work done. She has her own set of books recording all garments received and how, and to whom they are dispersed. This bookkeeping system is very complete and successful, and was developed by her to meet the new conditions of the department, in which she has entire supervision of the returned garments from the time they are received at the counter until they are turned over to the shipping department. She, too, must find her own eleven assistants, post their names and see that they are at the counter adjoining the cashier's desk each half day.

Even with all this careful organization of volunteers, the services of a professional secretary whose salary is paid by the Men's Navy League, were soon found indispensable, as are also those of a paid bookkeeper, made possible by a Men's Guarantee Fund. As ex-officio assistant to the heads of all departments, the Secretary serves full time. She acts as receiving clerk for all raw materials arriving. She delivers to and receives from the stock room and keeps a day book recording all such deliveries. In this and countless other ways she knits together the various departments.

It is well to consider the elaborate system of bookkeeping which men consider necessary in public work. Too often the work done by amateurs and volunteers becomes involved and ends in disaster because those in charge have no conception of the help which good bookkeeping accords. Here, the double entry system includes: 1, a cash book (day book for cash receipts and expenditures); 2, an open account book, (day book for goods bought by and charged to organizations; no credit accounts are allowed for individuals); 3, voucher register, (day book for payments made by checks); 4, journal; 5, ledger.

The free wool book is a single entry system keeping a daily balance on the free wool funds. All donations to this fund are kept segregated, and when free wool is issued over the counter it is paid for at the end of the day through the bookkeeper from the free wool fund at the same rate as the other sales of the day. In this one organization there are two thousand two hundred and ninety-four knitters who must have free wool if their skill is to be turned to account. A large proportion of the most rapid and experienced knitters in this community of small homes belongs in the free-wool class. Gladly they give their time and the deftness of their hands. Anxiously now many aged hands lie idle, while their owners long for wool to knit for the boys of the nation, for these once busy old people can now do nothing else for the cause of Liberty.

THE PERGOLA SHOPS OF THE MARYLAND HOTEL. MYRON HUNT, ARCHITECT

STATEMENT BY PASADENA'S WAR SAVINGS SOCIETY HEADQUARTERS

August 16, 1918

THE War Savings Societies of Pasadena occupy a rather unique position in the war work being done in the city, and, in fact, in the war work of the state. They are closely affiliated and work in harmony with the Pasadena War Finance Committee, occupying the same offices. The underlying idea on which their structure rests is that of bringing about the greatest possible war work efficiency, by relying on the newly awakened sense of patriotic responsibility of each member of the community.

The organization reaches each individual resident by a precinct division. The work is planned and carried out, as in the case of any efficient business corporation, with, first, a headquarters staff, assisted when necessary by an executive committee. The precinct head, known as a Commodore, is appointed by headquarters and is in fact a departmental superintendent. For the purpose of canvassing, the Commodore appoints Captains who are responsible to him and whose duties are to come in direct touch with the residents in the precinct for government collection work, such as selling Liberty Bonds, Thrift Stamps, Red Cross War Fund and other purposes requiring house to house work. The Captains, when in need of assistance, appoint Lieutenants who have a direct responsibility to such Captains. This system has created a nearly perfect and thoroughly expansible organization of over seven hundred trained workers who at necessity can be directed to any form of government war work. The entire fabric is founded on a delegation of specific lines of work to responsible workers who are answerable for results to central headquarters.

Paralleling this canvassing organization runs the society organization, having in common with the former the same headquarters, the same Commodores; but in place of the Captains there are presidents and secretaries of societies, the mutual and eventual responsibility in the end being the same in both cases. There may be one or more societies in a precinct, depending on the number of active members therein. The best results are obtained by keeping to the community idea of a small meeting of from fifteen to twenty-five neighbors. They already know, or grow to know, each other and find more partiotic stimulus in an intimate association and informal exchange of ideas than in a large impersonal gathering.

The large percentage of citizens are but waiting for a practical, present call for war work. The society supplies the call and the immediate opportunity. A bulletin is published monthly by headquarters, called "Your Opportunity for War Work," and is in fact what its name implies. As an instance, the August Bulletin has, first, an article on the call of the Society to the people and the opportunity it offers, which is directly followed by a statement from the different war relief organizations of Pasadena as to their needs for volunteers to carry on their work, and then a request, "Will You Volunteer Now?" The federal food administrator presents the present food regulations and requirements in a practical personal way, and closes with facts as to where and how further details may be obtained.

The headquarters organization suggests that meetings can be held at least once a month and that they last not more than an hour or an hour and a half, that they be practical in results in bringing actual volunteers for the work necessary to be done, that there be no entertainment or refreshments, that the meetings be serious and constructive in character and that the primary idea brought forward be that of patriotic service by each and every member of the community. Headquarters, through its corps of speakers, is represented at each meeting by some one who supplies by a short talk the patriotic inspiration necessary to make the members alive to the present call for work.

Through the monthly bulletins and other publications coming from headquarters, each meeting, and so eventually each one in the community, comes within direct call of the government for war endeavor, and through these channels the government can at will reach everyone at short notice on any desired subject.

SOUTHLAND

The Meaning of It

PROJECTED on the background of history, the struggle of today reveals perspectives not obvious from the distorting position of our own time. The course of civilization runs in recurrent periods. In two centers—the Nile valley and the region of the Tigris and Euphrates—the cycles of progress may be traced to remote epochs.

Lying between the edge of the continent and impassable wastes of the desert, the Nile is sheltered and protected. The race that spread itself along the fertile banks of the river lived for centuries unmolested; and yet in Egypt three great waves of development surged to crests of accomplishment. Written language was developed; government controlling millions of people was organized; metal was fashioned into tools for the working of stone, and quickly thereafter arose the greatest monuments of the Age of the Pyramids; ships were built, which, at first hesitatingly and then more boldly, ventured into the unknown waters of the Mediterranean, thus marking the beginnings of commerce.

These efforts typify the underlying forces in the ancient world, as they do in the world of to-day. Hospitably environed, the spirit of man is quickly responsive; but, lacking the warmth of a congenial atmosphere, it comes slowly into flower. Thus it was that fluctuating social and economic conditions, subtle of influence and often difficult to trace, were sufficient to bring about in Egypt the first of those extraordinary phenomena of civilization.

Meanwhile, events much more dramatic were occurring in the Land of the Two Rivers. The Tigris and Euphrates lie within the slender arable strip which, touching the head of the Persian Gulf and curving away to the northwest, ends in Southern Palestine. To the south, within the arms of this crescent, lie the grasslands fringing the Arabian desert, inhabited from time immemorial by wandering Semitic tribes, who at intervals have drifted in from the desert and become dwellers in villages and towns. Along the banks of the Two Rivers these nomads met in conflict other peoples, who had penetrated the mountains to the north and descended into the inviting plain which thus became a center of astonishing activity.

The achievements of Ancient Egypt were here repeated, though in a form expressing racial influence and the peculiar environmental conditions. Here, too, we find great waves of development, more impressive even than those which swept through the Nile valley, for superposed upon the subtler impulses were the tremendous conflicting forces which inevitably are let loose when strong races, with different habits of thought and differing ideals, come into contact. The splendor of Babylonia under Hammurapi was succeeded by the military might of the terrible Assyrian Empire. This was overthrown by the Chaldeans, and in quick reaction came a third period of splendid development which ended when the Persians under Cyrus swarmed in from the East. The Semitic rulers who had so long dominated the eastern world then disappeared, and the Indo-European race took possession of the land, bringing with them their own peculiar culture.

The scene now shifts to south-eastern Europe. Among a people inhabiting the Ægean Islands, the early Egyptian mariners had implanted seeds which, in foreign soil, were to spring into a new and wonderful civilization. Expanding commercial relations brought fresh stimulus, now from Asia as well as from Egypt. Applied to a receptive and responsive people, this quickly resulted in the exquisite accomplishment of the Cretan period, the perfection of whose art objects is the amazement of the modern world. Passing to the mainland, these people came finally into contact with Indo-European barbarians who had pushed through to the south from behind the Balkan Mountains. The shock of impact destroyed the Cretan and Mycenean civilization, but eventually the conquerors themselves, under the action of new impulses from Egypt and the Orient, were lifted out of their barbarism.

Then ensued the great intellectual development of classical times. It was a wonderful flowering of the spirit. Man acquired ideas of personal liberty and intellectual freedom, and an added sense of responsibility and duty. There were searchings of the human soul which resulted in an organized philosophic thought, and a literature and art which remain masterpieces of the creative instinct. But as always in the past, the germs of dissolution lay within. The political organization melted away and was absorbed in the Empire of Alexander, but Greek culture overspread the oriental world and made its way into the West.

It is needless to illustrate further the point to be emphasized. The forces of civilization never operate undisturbed; there are always conflicting aims and ideals. Sometimes the adjustment is peaceful and gradual, but more often, when the driving energies of racial ambition are thrown into play uncontrolled by the restraints of a common moral and ethical purpose, there is a period of gathering stress which at length passes the limit of resistance and ends in disaster.

The last decades have been such a period of gathering stress, and we are now in the midst of a new and fateful act of the human drama. The development, whose beginnings have been sketched, overflowed into America and Africa and the colonies of Britain; but Germany, because of delayed political and commercial organization, had little part in this movement. She accordingly planned, as a preliminary to a far wider and more selfish aggression, that her energies should be reflected from the shores of the North Sea and the Baltic back toward the Orient, and of this plan she made no concealment; but the remainder of the world thought the pan-Germanic scheme only a dream without substance, and roundly discounted this expression of her national ambition. The world failed also to recognize, much less to estimate the consequences of a moral perversion of the German people. Whatever their sense of ethical values once may have been, they have not now in common with other nations those ideals of justice and right and freedom, which we count among our chiefest treasures. But these facts are clear enough now. Germany's imperial plans were with the most serious intent, and the instincts of barbarism, reinforced by all the technical and scientific resources of the modern world, have been cast loose.

What is now occurring is to be distinguished sharply from other conflicts which we as a nation have experienced. The American Revolution and our own Civil War in no such sense involved questions of racial or national ambition, and they were fought by people who after all had the same standards of conduct and much the same outlook upon life. The points in dispute were details as compared with the issue now at stake—differences that, as experience has shown, could be composed. The parallel for today lies not here, but rather in the events of the more remote past—in the great upheavals of national existence which underlie those strange recurrences of development to which reference has been made.

Individually, and as a nation, we have been slow to recognize that we are concerned with what technically may be called a major operation of history; that, as with comparable disturbances in the past, the differences are such as cannot be composed; that the opposing ideals can no more coexist than can two objects occupy the same space.

And it must not be forgotten that the strip of land, including the Balkans, Asiatic Turkey, and the whole Mesopotamian region which connects the Central Empires with the Persian Gulf, is not only a preliminary but, in fact, the most important feature of Germany's plan for dominion. Its economic and military possibilities are so

OPINION

great that, no matter what happens in the West, Germany will become potentially the winner if she be permitted to gain control of this coveted region.

A Poet Passing Through In War Time

RICHARD BURTON has been with us for a brief six weeks, lecturing to crowded classes at the University of Southern California. The inspiration of his presence will remain and increase as the teachers who listened to his words go to their students with a firmer grasp on the things worth while.

He left this tribute to California with CALIFORNIA SOUTHLAND. Here's hoping that he too has been refreshed.

As I come again and again from the east to southern Californa, there is for me a never-failing renewed sense of the romance and poetry of this wonderful, this unique part of our country—"Our Italy," as Charles Dudley Warner so happily and truthfully called it. Blessed are they who live in the sun, for theirs is the cheerful heart. Californians seem to illustrate, whether consciously or unconsciously, the relation of climate (as contrasted with weather) to view of life. They are an optimistic and delightful people to have to do with. And Pasadena is simply the most beautiful residential city in the land, and, I believe, on the globe. Perhaps this sounds like tall talk. But it is a statement of the truth, as I see it. The Boston wit who said that good Americans go to Paris when they die, must have had the bad luck to be unfamiliar with southern California. But I should like to make it *before* I die; and intend to be here all I can while still able to breathe its balmy air, drink in its exquisite effects of scenery, bask in its caressing climate, and enjoy the whole-hearted, charming folk who have the good fortune to inhabit America's wonderland.

The Armenian Turkish Situation

THE Armenians in Turkey stood across the path of German ambition to dominate the country from Berlin to the Persian Gulf. This purpose of Germany became manifest in 1898 when the Kaiser visited Abdul Hamid of Constantinople and formed with him a compact of crime that should terminate only when Germany controlled a short cut to India. Turkey was not aware of the full expectation of Germany, but was made to understand that the Kaiser was then and ever would be the friend and defender of Mohammedanism.

Within the area over which Germany expected in time to hold domination, dwelt Turks, Arabs, Armenians, Syrians and Greeks. The Turks would be submissive to any strong Government, but not so the other races named. The Arabs, compactly located in Arabia, quickly saw the trend of affairs, joined the Allies, and turned against the Turks and Germans. The Armenians, widely scattered throughout the northeastern part of Turkey, dwelling among the Turks and surrounded by Turkish troops, were unable to organize or in any way identify themselves with the anti-German or anti-Turkish forces. It was upon these scattered, domestic, unarmed peoples that the dastardly blow of Germany and Turkey's foul plan of race annihilation fell.

If Germany were to dominate that country, the non-Moslem peoples must be eliminated; the Armenians were the first to receive the staggering stroke, and after these came the Syrians and the Greeks—the three races that constituted the brains, skill, industry and constructive genius of the entire country. Exiled from their homes without preparation for the journey, stripped of everything they possessed, families separated and, in many cases, the men murdered—driven like cattle at the point of the bayonet and under the lash, these millions, charged with no crime except that of not being Moslems, were forced across great stretches of barren wastes to perish by the way. The iron of our enemies' wrath has entered their soul. We must save them from annihilation because they represent the only anti-German forces in the Turkish Empire, the Trans-Caucasus and Persia, and also because they together will constitute the only peoples who can reconstruct that entire country, develop its vast resources and make it a substantial contributor to supply the needs of the world when the war is over.

The generous people of England are doing all they can, but that all is necessarily very limited. The responsibility and the high privilege of being the saviour of these races, staggering under the blow that would annihilate them, belong to the people of America, and we will not shrink from the task.

JAMES A. BARTON,
Chairman American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief; Foreign Secretary American Board of Foreign Missions.

Building Up a Food Reserve

THE following resolution, which was cabled to America from the conference of food controllers of the United States, Great Britain, France, and Italy, meeting in London, emphasizes the fact that California's excellent work in the saving of wheat must continue until the war is won:

Resolved, that while the increased production of the United States renders it possible to relax some of the restrictions which have borne with peculiar hardship upon all our peoples, yet it is absolutely necessary that rigid economy and elimination of waste in the consumption and handling of all foodstuffs, as well as increased production, should be maintained throughout the European Allied countries and in North America. It is only by such economy and elimination of waste that the transportation of the necessary men and supplies from North America to the European front can be accomplished, and that stocks of food can be built up in North America as an insurance against the ever-present danger of harvest failure and the possible necessity for large and emergency drafts to Europe. We can not administer the food problem on the basis of one year's war. We must prepare for its long continuance if we are to insure absolute victory.

We are now harvesting a large wheat crop, but with men steadily leaving our farms for direct war work, this year will probably see the top of our food production. The lesson is more than plain that out of this year's abundance we must lay up a big reserve of all essential food stuffs against inevitable shortages in the future.

The call on us is greater now than ever before. From our 1918 production we must supply a larger proportion of Europe's food deficit than hitherto. This is due principally to the shortage of ships. Right now we must rush to France enough more soldiers to make possible a smashing victory on the Western front, and ships cannot be spared to go to far distant countries for food. America is the nearest source of food supply—only half as far from France as Argentine, only a third as far as Australia. If we could withdraw all food ships from the longer trips we would immediately add a million and a half tons to the shipping available for the shorter trans-Atlantic trip. America must meet the need until more ships are available.

PAUL J. PITNER,
Food Administrator for Pasadena.

War Consciousness

It's all together and over the top,
It's all together, we never will stop,

sings Estelle Heartt Dreyfus in her little marching song dedicated to the California boys; and this is the song that rings through all of California's effort toward winning the war.

Pasadena is but one city organizing for work. Berkeley has already published a report of her first year, and the other cities are perfecting their organization or are too busy working to report on what they have done. CALIFORNIA SOUTHLAND hopes that its compilation of reports, so cheerfully furnished by officers of all the war organizations in Pasadena, will prove the value of stepping aside for a moment from the grind of departmental work into a quiet garden spot, there to look at war work as a whole and get that perspective whose converging lines meet in the far horizon point of victory.

THE COUNCIL OF NATIONAL DEFENSE

By HENRY M. ROBINSON

AT the outbreak of the war the Council of National Defense was created legislatively, and consists of the Secretaries of War, Navy, Agriculture, Commerce, Interior and Labor.

Attached to and part of the organization is an Advisory Committee of the Council of National Defense, consisting of civilians chosen by the Council itself. Many sub-committees, boards, sections and divisions have been created under the Advisory Committee.

At about the same time, the President, through the Council of National Defense, called upon the Governors of the various States of the Union to create State Councils of Defense.

These State Councils of Defense are the only legally authorized War bodies in the various states; particularly is this true where they have been created by legislative enactment. There has been great question as to what authority the various departments and administrations under the Federal Government have to carry on their work and enforce their orders in the various states, and it is assumed that most war activities could and should be carried on through State Councils of Defense. Oppotunity for carrying on most of the war activities exists in every State; but unfortunately the problems were not understood by the directing powers in some of the States, and, in these instances, they have proven weak, and the result is that in such States the Federal Departments and Administrations have been forced to create their own organizations. States like Washington, where Dr. Suzzalo is the head, Connectieut, Illinois, Indiana, Nebraska and Pennsylvania, are excellent examples of the greatest efficiency in organization and accomplishment. Practically no activity out of Washington, with the exception of the Red Cross, is carried on in these States, except through the machinery of the State Councils of Defense.

At the time of the organization of the Council of National Defense, the National Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense was also organized, and in each of the various States a State Division of the National Woman's Committee. In practically all of the States the work of the Woman s Division has been co-ordinated with that of the State Council of Defense through the appointment of one or more of the members of the Woman's Division as members of the State Council of Defense.

In all of the States mentioned the organization has been carried through the County Councils down through Community Councils, which is the ideal organization for war work, and the Woman's work has been co-ordinated in the County Councils and the Community Councils in like manner to that of the State Councils.

In many of the States, and particularly those mentioned, every problem emanating from Washington, whether put out by one of the departments representing the Council of National Defense, or by one of the administrations, such as the Fuel or Food Administration, or the Shipping Board, is taken up by the State Council and carried through to completion.

The possibilities of the machinery of a properly organized and co-ordinationg State Council of Defense during the war, and particularly at the close, are limited entirely by the wisdom and organizing ability of the people in control, particularly the head or chairman.

In the State of California we find a great many very remarkable organizations that have sprung up in various localities, each one being purely local in its character and extremely efficient, but with many other organizations in the same community, overlapping and interfering, and none of them co-ordinating with any definite and complete scheme, and all without legal standing.

In view of the fact that the men in charge of the reorganization of the State Council of Defense in California are men with vision and the highest organizing ability, it certainly can be expected that in a comparatively short time the work of the Woman's Division—State, County and locally, and of the various other organizations that have sprung up, can and will be co-ordinated, brought into and made a part of the State Council of Defense, the only organization in the State legally authorized to carry on war work, except such particular work as may be carried on directly from Washington.

On this last point there is room for discussion as to just what work could legally and properly be carried on from Washington, but all such questions the State Council of Defense is probably best able to determine, and I have no doubt will do it with fairness and firmness.

I add a copy of a letter just received, written by President Wilson to Secretary Baker, which expresses the President's attitude:

The White House,
Washington,
July 30, 1918.

My Dear Mr. Baker:

I have read with great interest your account of the achievements of the State Councils of Defense and your general summary of the activities in which they are now engaged. It is a notable record, and I shall be glad to have you express to the State Councils my appreciation of the service they have so usefully rendered. I am particularly struck by the value of extending our defense organization into the smallest communities and by the truly democratic character of a national system so organized.

I believe in the soundness of your contention that in the interest of economy and efficiency such machinery as that provided by the State Council system for the execution of many kinds of war work should be utilized as far as possible by Federal Departments and Administrations. May I suggest, therefore, that you communicate to the heads of all such departments and administrations my wish that when they are considering extensions of their organization into States or new work to be done in the States, they determine carefully whether they cannot utilize the State Council system, thus rendering unnecessary the creation of new machinery; and that they transmit all requests for action by the State Councils through the State Councils Section of the Council of National Defense?

Cordially and sincerely yours,
WOODROW WILSON

Hon. N. D. Baker,
Secretary of War.

PASADENA WAR FINANCE COMMITTEE

By Stuart W. French

THE Pasadena War Finance Committee is composed of twenty-five of the representative business and professional men of Pasadena. Its authority is delegated through the duly appointed County Chairman of the various Government financial war measures. Its function is to carry on the various "drives" and to endeavor to co-ordinate the necessary efforts to raise the different quotas asked of Pasadena and the immediately adjacent territory. To date these efforts have been confined to the three Liberty Loans and the Red Cross Second War Fund and the Thrift and War Savings drives.

In order to maintain a permanent organization, headquarters have been established and a manager appointed. A card index of the residents of Pasadena, Altadena, Lamanda Park, La Canada and Crescenta has been made and the record of each subscription to each of the various drives is recorded on the card of the resident. These cards are arranged by precincts, streets, and numbers,. so that a ready and complete reference is had as to what every individual has done in the different patriotic endeavors.

The soliciting for Liberty Bond subscriptions has been carried on through captains appointed to look after assigned precincts; these officers, in turn, being assisted by lieutenants. The Red Cross drive was carried through the War Savings Societies, as was the Savings Stamp campaign.

The organization perfected and maintained by the War Finance Committee has had much to do with the success of the various financial efforts of Pasadena, as it has not permitted the disintegration of the work after the completion of the different drives, but has brought together all the information gathered by solicitors and segregated it in such a manner that each successive effort has become less difficult. The record not only shows who of the community are doing their part to maintain the Government, but also brings to the front the most helpful workers.

The War Savings Societies have been an important outcome of the work of the Finance Committee. Under the supervision of Mr. W. H. Conklin, and later under that of Mr. Reginald D. Johnson, these neighborhood patriotic organizations are fast becoming the centers of the helpful and practical patriotic effort of Pasadena. Their pull-together spirit is the most effective and efficient means of keeping the community keenly alive to its responsibilities. These Societies are also carried on through precinct organizations.

Elizabeth Watkyns

BALLOONS DESCENDING AT THE ARCADIA CAMP

Pasadena has subscribed and contributed through the War Finance Committee the following amounts:

First Liberty Loan	$1,600,000
Second Liberty Loan	3,000,000
Third Liberty Loan	3,400,000
First Red Cross War Fund	105,000
Second Red Cross War Fund	244,000
Thrift and War Savings Stamps	651,000
Total	$9,000,000

Mr. J. B. Coulston was the organizer of the Pasadena War Finance Committee and acted as its Chairman until his departure for France. The present officers are: Chairman and Manager, Stuart W. French; Vice Chairman, John Willis Baer; Treasurer, H. I. Stuart; Chairman Publicity Committee, J. S. Macdonnell; Chairman Liberty Loan Committee, Lloyd Macy; Chairman War Stamp Committee, Reginald D. Johnson.

Through the consideration of the City Commissioners, the Headquarters of the Finance Committee and the War Societies are now in the commodious quarters in the City Hall Annex at 72 North Fair Oaks Avenue.

Ferdinand Ellerman

TELE-PHOTO FROM MOUNT WILSON. MILITARY BALLOONS OVER THE SAN GABRIEL VALLEY. PUENTE HILLS IN THE DISTANCE, WITH THE WASH OF THE SAN GABRIEL RIVER CROSSING THE CENTER OF THE PICTURE

WAR COMMUNITY SERVICE

Robert W. Weekes

THE half dozen or more sausage-shaped balloons now daily dotting the eastern sky of Pasadena, the humming of airplane motors over the city, and the crowds of khaki-clad men thronging the streets each evening are symbols of Pasadena's own war institution—the United States Army Balloon Camp.

Early in the spring it was rumored that the War Department intended to convert the old race track and its surrounding grounds on the Baldwin ranch into the largest army balloon station in the world. The rumor persisted, until, on June 10, it was announced that a contract for the construction of the camp had been signed at Washington, awarding the work to Los Angeles contractors.

Two days later, to the surprise of all, excepting, perhaps, Lieut. Col. W. N. Hensley, Jr., who had been on the grounds for several months awaiting the decision of the War Department, a train load of men and equipment was unloaded at the old race track, tents were raised, and drills started. Three days later the first balloon was soaring in the air and the contractors were erecting the first of the buildings.

Previous to this time, Pasadena had been removed from the stirring scenes of actual war preparation, and a direct opportunity for its citizens to express their appreciation to the men in service had been lacking. But with the announcement that the balloon camp was a certainty, the city's pent-up desire to "do something' was given an opportunity to express itself.

Within the week of the arrival of the first of the troops, the Pasadena chapter of the American Red Cross and the Los Angeles county unit of the War Camp Community Service, of which Mrs. Myron Hunt of Pasadena is chairman, announced that they would jointly build a bathhouse at the edge of an immense reservoir, 220 feet square, situated in a beautiful grove of live oaks and pines almost at the gate of the camp. Funds were immediately made available for the building of the bathhouse, diving towers and other swimming features, and the work is now completed.

Several days later the War Camp Community Service announced that it would erect a soldier's and officer's club house at the west end of the plunge, to cost more than $10,000. Work on this structure is now in progress and funds are being raised by private donations and benefits. Mrs. Clara Baldwin Stocker, who owned the reservoir, turned it over to the army officials, and Mrs. Anita Baldwin announced that she would beautify the grounds and erect a pergola along the edges of the pool. Army officers declare that no military establishment in the country will have a recreation center equal to the one, now practically completed, at the balloon camp.

In Pasadena, a group of individuals had thrown open to the men in uniform a large private bungalow on East Colorado street. The building had been transformed into a home-like clubhouse with every feature provided for the comfort and amusement of the men. The house is beautifully furnished, and is crowded every evening with soldiers and sailors.

The War Camp Community Service rented a large store and basement in the Chamber of Commerce building and converted it into a soldiers' and sailors' club, securing furnishings by private donations and establishing a canteen in connection with the club. Piano, piano player, phonographs, pool and billiard tables, lounges, library and writing facilities are provided, and a daily average of 175 boys in uniform visit the clubrooms.

Other organizations in Pasadena immediately responded to opportunities to assist the men at the camp. The Pasadena Board of Trade arranged with officials of the Pacific Electric railroad for direct transportation between Pasadena and the camp. The Pasadena Public Library, following a campaign for books for the soldiers, was able to turn over to the camp Y. M. C. A. over 5000 volumes of excellent books. The library also has made its store of technical books available to the men at the camp through a personal representative, who is camp librarian.

Since the first train load of men reached the camp, many others have arrived. Almost weekly new balloons are sent skyward, and eventually, it is said, ten or a dozen of the huge gas bags will be in the air at one time. The camp area has grown with the addition of Stocker Field, a large piece of level ground north of the main camp, and spacious enough to accommodate four balloons. It is possible, as at first rumored, that the camp will become the largest balloon station in the world.

From every section of the country men are coming to be greeted by the beauty of California's Southland and the cordiality of its people, and while the things that have been done for the men can be measured only in terms of patriotism, their effect is, indeed, an asset. One of the favorite pastimes of the soldiers, it is said, is picking sites for prospective homes. They have become Californians in every sense of the word, and California hopes to greet them again, after the war is over and they return to the homes awaiting them.

ORGANIZING A CITY ON BUSINESS PRINCIPLES

By A. L. HAMILTON, Chairman Pasadena City Commission

MUNICIPALITIES present a prolific field for the promotion of efficient methods in the administration of a big business.

The city is a more or less important big business enterprise in which all its citizens are interested stockholders. Its organization should be as simple as that of any other business and, at the same time, effective for the accomplishment of a city's functions. There is no apparent reason why its organization should not be based upon tried and approved business principles.

The machinery of government in most cities is and has been for many years unwieldy and bewilderingly complex. Usually it consists of a legislative body and a separate executive department. These are supplemented by a number of more or less unrelated and independent departments, whose heads may or may not be elected by the people, but, in either case, are practically responsible to no one because their duties are fixed by law, and certainly quite distinctly separated from each other. Though it is a difficult matter to change time-honored political organizations, many cities have taken steps in this direction. When a city, having a council which meets at stated times, appoints a manager to look after the unrelated departments and the general city business during the intervals between the meetings of the council, it takes a decided step forward. When a city, of sufficient size and population to warrant doing so, decreases the number in its council and gives that body both legislative and executive powers, adopting the commission form of government, it goes a long way by this act toward efficient government. It goes a long way, however, only if the law under which the commission works makes it possible for the commission to act as a unit on the general policies of the government, and gives the commission the power to change the governmental machinery to meet modern business requirements.

As probably more than ninety-five per cent of the legislation of a city relates to its business transactions, it seems a conservation of efficiency when the members of the body which puts the official sanction upon the business transacted, do themselves actually have intimate and personal knowledge of that business. This is done through a small commission in charge of the city's manifold operations, clothed with the power not only to legislate but also to execute.

The division of duties among the commissioners should not be regarded as a segregation of the city's business, but as an assignment for special study of conditions and for report and recommendation by each individual commissioner, on policies to be pursued after careful consideration.

Only with such an attitude of mind and such a unity of purpose, and with power to do so, could a body of officials charged with the management of a city bring about an evolution such as is now taking place in the governmental machinery of Pasadena.

With two experts, who have been studying the problems placed before them for several years, at work on the job, and actively engaged as a part of the city force in working them out during the past year, there is now emerging an organization such as no other city in the country has had the courage to attempt.

This new organization provides for a central accounting system and control under the direction of the controller of accounts, which will unify the work of the various city activities and place under one department all receipts of money, including light and water receipts, all accounting and statistical work, the authorized purchase of materials, and other related activities. A study of the organization of this department alone is interesting.

Already the duties of the auditor, the assessor and the tax collector have been discontinued as separate functions and have been assigned to the controller of accounts. The duties of the treasurer have been divided and assigned to the controller and the commissioner of public finance.

The organization of this central department affects about sixty-five officers and employees and, as one of the experts remarked, "not one of these will be able to identify in the new organization the duties heretofore performed by himself," so complete is the merging of the work in the new arrangement. When completed, the number of those affected will be reduced to about forty-five, a decrease of about 30 per cent.

Aside from and prior to this special organization now under way, the city took over the charity work and effected a consolidation, under the name "The Pasadena Welfare Bureau," of the work the city and the county were each doing within the corporate limits of Pasadena. Pasadena City and Los Angeles County appropriate about equal amounts annually for carrying on this work

The whole aim of the Bureau is to make self-supporting all people who possibly can be made so. An employment department is also a part of the Bureau.

Pasadena has a city physician who has been devoting practically all his time to the city's work. A supervising nurse has just been selected who, by agreement with the organizations interested, will have under her charge the nursing service of the free dispensary of the Pasadena hospital, that of the Red Cross, and the work of the Metropolitan Insurance, in addition to the two additional city nurses. Under this arrangement the city will be districted and the force of nurses distributed so that all duplication in this field shall be eliminated and the best and most effective service be made possible.

COLORADO STREET AND RAYMOND AVENUE IN 1878, LOOKING EAST TOWARD MARENGO AVENUE

PASADENA'S ROLL OF HONOR---*By George P. Whittlesey*

THE compilation of the Pasadena Roll of Honor was begun at the Board of Trade in June, 1917, about the time that the Pasadena Ambulance Corps No. 1 left for Allentown, Pa. It was thought that possibly there might be three or four hundred men going into the service from here, and that it would be convenient to have an alphabetical index of them, to facilitate payments from the Patriotic Fund and for other purposes. But the demands of the draft and the eagerness of men to get into the active work of the war soon swelled the list far beyond the figures first set, and by the end of July, 1918, it numbered 1850. This figure includes 25 or 30 Y. M. C. A. secretaries and workers, and also some 45 army nurses.

Of course the great majority of the men in uniform are in the Army, but the Navy and Marine Corps claim over 300, including 31 commissioned officers. In the Army there are 155 commissioned officers, among whom are 37 doctors. Pasadena has given of her best, and this is especially true of the physicians, all of whom, of course, are volunteers. Dr. Henry Sherry and others who remain are doing the work of several men, and all Pasadena is trying to help win the war by keeping fit.

It is difficult to mention individual names without seeming to draw unwarranted distinctions. But all will admit that among those whom Pasadena delights to honor is Dr. Charles H. Lockwood, now a Major in the Medical Corps and stationed with Camp Hospital No. 33, Base Section No. 5, somewhere in France. He will always be associated with the ambulance corps ("Number One") which he organized and trained. Dr. Robert Freeman is another well-beloved citizen, who left his pulpit in the Presbyterian Church to take up the active work of a field secretary of the Y. M. C. A. His splendid services in France during the past year have been followed with the deepest interest by the whole city. Mr. J. B. Coulston, president of the National Bank of Pasadena, is now on the other side, serving in an important capacity in Red Cross work. Commander J. J. Hunker was called from the retired list to active duty, and organized and set in running order the Naval Training Station at San Pedro. Lieutenant John Mel has been the Executive Officer of the station since its inception. Lieutenant Frederick J. Loomis has had charge of the Naval Training Station at San Diego.

Major Walter S. Volkmar, U. S. A., was until lately assistant to the commander of the Third District of the Western Department, but is now on temporary assignment as professor of military science at Stanford University and is commandant of the Reserve Officers' Training Camp at that institution. Captain Charles T. Leeds is division engineer in charge of army construction work along the coast of Southern California and also of certain flood-control work on the Colorado river. Captain Leeds is also professor of military science at Throop College and commandant of the engineer unit of the R. O. T. C. at that institution. Major Louis R. Ball is connected with the 12th U. S. Cavalry, and is stationed at Columbus, New Mexico.

Parker ORANGE GROVE AVENUE AT THE PRESENT TIME

A distinguished group of aviators hails from Pasadena. Our citizens have lately seen the graceful work of Lieutenants Herbert Chaffee and Clement Jacomini, who gave his life for liberty on August 2, 1918, while training the aviation students at North Island. Lieutenants Kenneth Bell, Wilbur E. Oliver, Walter M. Boadway and James McBride have seen active service both in Italy and France, having been among the first American troops to enter Italy. Lieutenants Donald F. Fox and Charles H. Wilcox have been specially honored by the bestowal of the Croix de Guerre. Lieutenant Alvin Goodale was recently mentioned in dispatches from the front.

A good many Pasadenans are rendering excellent service to their country in civilian positions, but these have not been included in the Roll of Honor, which is confined to those with the colors, either in full military capacities or in semi-military positions, like the army nursing service, the Red Cross, and Y. M. C. A. The civilian list includes Dr. James A. B. Scherer, president of Throop College, who until quite lately was a member of the Council of National Defense, and is still connected with the Shipping Board; Dr. George E. Hale, director of the Mount Wilson Observatory, who organized and is now chairman of the National Research Council, which is acting as the Department of Science and Research of the Council of National Defense; Mr. Henry M. Robinson, Mr. Arthur H. Fleming, and Mr. John S. Cravens, all connected with the Shipping Board.

The roll is kept in the form of a card index, alphabetically arranged. Each card contains the name, home address, date of entering the service, rank, service and location; and sometimes the former occupation or the name of the father or mother. A duplicate index, made out on smaller cards and containing only the name, home address, rank and service, is posted on the wall of the Board of Trade main office. Each card has a red border and bears the words "Pasadena Roll of Honor" at the top. The names of the men who have died are marked with a small gold star. The cards are held in wire racks, and cover a space 25 feet long and 4 feet high. Above them hang the flags of the United States and some of the Allied nations, and a service flag carrying in silver numbers the total enrollment in the list. The roll is in charge of the Chairman of the Military and Naval Committee of the Board of Trade.

THE HOME GUARD

THE gathering war clouds in the spring of 1917 led a few men to meet at the rooms of the Board of Trade on April 2 and talk over the advisability of forming an emergency defense corps for the protection of the city in case of trouble. A call was published in the Star-News the next day urging every citizen who owned a rifle to join such a corps. The response was instant and gratifying. Within a week two hundred men had enrolled, and Commissioner W. F. Creller was selected as commander. The city was divided into four districts, and the men in each district were formed into a company with an experienced officer as captain. The rifle range of the National Guard was put in condition for use by the several companies. Drills began immediately and were carried on regularly; on June 11 a battalion drill and review was held at Tournament Park. In July, the Corps voted to become a part of the California Home Guard, and elected E. H. Mulligan, Major.

The subject of a proper uniform agitated the command for some time, owing to the law forbidding the wearing of the U. S. Army uniform by persons not connected with the service. That finally adopted has a facing of dark blue on the collar of the blouse, and a narrow blue stripe down the outer seam of the breeches.

At present, the four companies number about three hundred men. The headquarters staff of the commanding officer are: Adjutant, E. B. Shideler; Sergeant-Major, C. S. Backus; Supply Sergeant, E. L. Elliott; and Chaplain, Leslie E. Learned. The officers of the four companies are: 40th, Captain, H. A. Murphy; First Lieutenant, E. D. Neff; Second Lieutenant, R. H. Smith. 41st, Captain, W. R. Jackson; First Lieutenant, R. A. Woodward; Second Lieutenant, R. C. Kennan. 42d, Captain C. H. Hunt; First Lieutenant, L. W. Mayo; Second Lieutenant, J. M. Sommerville. 43d, Captain, H. A. Tilden; First Lieutenant, J. T. Sumner; Second Lieutenant, E. O. Nay.

Probably there is no better equipped or drilled battalion of Home Guards in the State, and Major Mulligan and his officers are entitled to the thanks of the community for the persistent, faithful, and efficient work they have put into this fine organization.

IN THE SCHOOLS

THE effort of the School committee of the Junior Red Cross to standardize its work is crystallized in the suggestion of Dr. J. M. Rhodes, Superintendent of city schools, that this authorized teaching of patriotism be introduced into the curriculum through the supervisors of established departments. In this way no cut-and-dried addition will be made to our overcrowded program, but the whole fabric of school work may become permeated with the ideals of American democracy. Miss Junia Wolff gives the following brief summary of such work already done in her department of music in the elementary classes.

"Without any thought given to an organized program, the various patriotic activities in which the Pasadena public schools have this year engaged took the forms of co-operation with other departments, Junior Red Cross organization, and patriotic pageant.

The supervisor of agriculture found great momentum given the organization of classes for the production of Liberty gardens by the content of songs and the good fellowship engendered by choral singing. Several songs sanctioned by the government were substituted for material of less present value in the regular curriculum.

Such songs are also used when, at a time of organized relaxation, the children are employed in knitting or other quiet activities to the accompaniment of their own musical program or that of the victrola. When it became necessary to organize the Junior Red Cross in the various schools, the supervisor called upon several local musicians, who gave freely of their patriotic services, and who, by means of their art and a practical talk, helped to organize many schools.

The ever-increasing demand for patriotic pageant and an outlet in song has been met by assembly singing and by the drilling of squads of boys and girls marching and singing.

ORGANIZING FOR THRIFT

By WILLIAM H. CONKLIN

A local plan for teaching war service as well as thrift to young children was started on November 15, 1918, in Pasadena's Polytechnic Elementary school, which already had a large Junior Red Cross association, enthusiastic and alert. This campaign was later extended to the city schools under the direction of their superintendent, Dr. J. M. Rhodes, and the children became much interested. Children in the little town of San Gabriel, where there are many Mexicans, also used the plan and its record cards, and, though coming from families which seldom save, these public school pupils bought $448 worth of thrift stamps in six weeks' time.

On the condition that every pupil must obtain the stamps by his own efforts, two prizes were offered to the members of the Junior Red Cross in the originating school. To the first member who saved one-half of the amount necessary to purchase a war-savings certificate, a sum equivalent to the other half was given. Another prize, $10 in thrift stamps, was given to the child whose complete record of saving and earning showed the most ingenious methods. Interesting records were obtained. A fourth grade girl, the daughter of a well-known capitalist, has this:

Blackened mother's riding boots...	10 cents
Wiped dishes last night.....	15 cents
Swept floor twice.....	10 cents
Watered yard.....	5 cents
Swept courtyard.....	5 cents
Cleaned livingroom.....	5 cents

This was perhaps the first time that she had been allowed to have a broom in her hand, or had had the privilege of actually earning money.

A fourth grade boy showed ingenuity:

Polished grandmother's shoes.....	10 cents
Sold mother a stamp I found.....	2 cents
From my coin collection.....	85 cents
Interest on my Liberty bond.....	90 cents
Dressed quickly.....	2 cents
Fed the chickens five days.....	5 cents
Walked home from school 7 times.	35 cents
Stayed to church and saved.....	10 cents
Opened a bottle for grandmother..	2 cents
Sold a book to my aunt.....	3 cents
Swept the porch three times.....	9 cents
Cut wood for 6 weeks.....	75 cents
Total	$3.28

Here is another:

Rubbed grandfather's head.....	25 cents
Knitted one sock.....	25 cents
Knitted another.....	25 cents

In the Pasadena public schools the children earned and saved, through their own efforts, $5,500 in ten weeks. Teachers taking up the

idea of developing thrift in some such way as this are starting propaganda which will spread through the parents throughout the nation.

The success of the effort in Pasadena's schools led to an added interest in the organization of war saving societies for the whole city. The idea of "The Good Ship Thrift" originated at this time. It embodied the construction of a fabricated ship such as the country is turning out so rapidly to bridge the seas. It was built over the body of an automobile and led, in its spectacular trip through the precincts of the town, a campaign for membership which left in its wake a thorough organization with a membership of 21,067 citizens.

Some such plan is necessary in order to secure for the United States government the proper co-operation on the part of the public in prosecuting the war-meeting and in inducing the people to listen to government speakers. It has been demonstrated that about one-seventh of the people carry the principal burden of war work both in the matter of finance and otherwise. The war saving societies are

expected to reach the remaining six-sevenths and to enlist their services on behalf of Uncle Sam. The endeavor is to give them a duty of their own to which they will respond. War societies proved a great success in England. Through them members are brought in direct touch with the government and its purposes. Speakers take the government intelligence to the people and the inertia of their first effort is overcome. France responded because invaded; England took longer, but awoke when her wounded came home and zeppelins dropped bombs on unarmed inhabitants. America feels safe, but she has not waited for invasion. She is using the intelligence and education of her people and the town's people are responding to this organization in the same spirit as khaki-clad soldiers to the unusual training and the call to fight.

WAR ACTIVITIES OF THROOP COLLEGE

By EDWARD C. BARRETT

THROOP COLLEGE of Technology, nearly a year before America entered the war, introduced military training, and in January, 1917, an Engineer Unit of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps, Senior Division, was established at the College, the only such unit on the Pacific Coast. A United States Bureau of Education circular published in January, 1918 ("Higher Education Circular, No. 6"), contained the following statement in regard to subsequent war activities of the College:

"A circular sent out by the National Research Council set forth what had been done at the college. Among the items enumerated were: The passage of resolutions promising co-operation with the Council and providing that in the event of war with a first-class power all available research men and facilities might be counted upon; the provision of a new fund of $200,000 as an endowment for research in physics; co-operation with other agencies in the investigation of certain scientific problems; the provision of three research fellowships yielding $1,000 each, to be awarded to men who have shown exceptional ability in their research work for the doctor's degree; the provision of a wind tunnel and well-equipped aerodynamic laboratory for researches on the structure of aeroplanes.

"In addition to the above, the chemical research fund of the college, amounting to $200,000, is placed under the national service, together with the institution's research laboratories. The Director of Chemical Research is Chairman of the Committee on Nitrate Supply to advise the government in the expenditure of $20,000,000 appropriated by Congress, another member of the faculty is director of the Research Council, a member of the Board of Trustees is President, and another is Assistant Director.

"The President has been granted indefinite leave of absence for work with the Section on Co-operation with States of the Council of National Defense, and many members of the faculty are giving their services as members of committees of the State Council of Defense.

In addition to the war activities enumerated in the Bureau of Education bulletin, the College last summer installed a course in Ship Construction and Ocean Transportation for the purpose of giving its students an introduction to the shipbuilding industry; and a course in Radio Communication is now being given in co-operation with the Signal Corps, for the training of experts in the installation and maintenance of radio communication devices. This course will be given repeatedly during the war.

The work of the Department of Military Science and Taetics has in the past year undergone rapid expansion and development; the report of the annual inspection last Spring closed with the statement, "This institution is a distinct asset to the Government from a military point of view.

It is expected that under the new Students' Army Training Corps organization just formed that the military work at Throop will be still further developed and improved.

A large number of the graduates of Throop College are commissioned officers in the Army and a very large proportion of the graduates and former students are serving in the Army and Navy of the United States. From the faculty, leave of absence has been granted to thirteen, either to enter the army or to engage in scientific war work.

SUMMARY OF PASADENA'S WAR WORK

THE Pasadena Chapter of the American Red Cross was the first to organize. In November of 1914, Dr. James A. B. Scherer, President of Throop College, called a meeting of those who were impatient to prepare for what they then saw was inevitable. Mrs. James A. Garfield was the first to sign the petition for permission to organize the chapter. Its record is notable. It organized and equipped the first Red Cross Ambulance Corps in the United States. In workroom and gauze room, in the packing and shipping of supplies, and in the training of chapter and canteen workers, it has helped to standardize Red Cross work in this country.

Its yearly report made on July 1, 1918, states that from July 1, 1917, it has shipped 729 cases containing 570,590 surgical dressings, 26,148 hospital garments, 31,823 hospital supplies, 1,483 refugee garments, 19,781 articles for soldiers, and 16,926 miscellaneous articles for home camps. The receipts increased rapidly each year. Those of the first year were $21,895.25; of the second, $22,398.45; of the third, up to June 30, $68,721.52; and this year's report, starting with a balance of $12,277.19 on June 1, 1917, shows receipts amounting to $133,072.57. The Chapter membership grew from 1,000 in 1915 to 16,000 in 1918, not including the 13,000 Junior Red Cross children. This Chapter has enlisted the whole city in work for the wounded and led in an educational campaign which determined our attitude as a sane one toward the winning of this great crusader's war.

The Pasadena Navy League is a name to conjure with in local circles. Its organization of the whole knitting force of the community is a remarkable piece of work, and has set the example for subsequent mobilization of volunteer aid. From May 17, 1917, to August, 1918, 14,639 sweaters, 24,192 pairs of socks, and enough mufflers, helmets and other knitted articles to make a grand total of 61,734, have been received from its thousands of knitters. The actual money handled in that time is $93,083.85. Donations for the purchase and distribution of free wool to regular knitters amounted to $38,600.

The French Relief sent 92,043 garments to France and $2111.29 in funds.

Before the United States entered the war, the Friends of the Allies gave entertainments and raised funds for the foreign relief work, and all through this time the Committee for Relief of the Permanent Blind and other special committees have done their bit.

The Clubs of Pasadena were the first channels through which war work was carried on The Shakespeare Club, for example, has bought, at each Liberty Loan drive, a thousand dollar bond in addition to the subscriptions of its members. Its president was called on to organize the Woman's Committee, C. N. D., and is now one of its vice-chairmen. This Unit of the Committee for National Defense is composed of women from the Civic League and other societies—women who have been carrying the burden of Pasadena's improvement and its organized charity for many years, before the war brought the whole town into active service for our government.

As an example of the part men's clubs have taken, the Overland Club is a leader. Its report to the members showed on Nov. 1, 1917, the sum of $208,475 subscribed to war work by a membership of 225. This club has backed the Woman's Navy League and given to many other enterprises its steady help and untiring business energy.

The work of the churches and of the Y. M. C. A. cannot be put down in dollars; but the fund raised for the latter was $8000, and for the Salvation Army $12,000, in addition to that given in the report of the War Finance Committee as the city's contribution to war funds.

The Pasadena Council, Knights of Columbus, has a membership of 110 and twenty men with the colors. In 1917 it raised $1,500 for this vital work and is now making a general canvass of the city which has resulted in the sum of $9,730 with high hopes of reaching the mark of ten thousand.

The Pasadena Library did its share in the million-dollar library war fund and has co-operated with all work relating to books for the camps.

This is but a glimpse of the activities of a war-winning drive to which Pasadena, in common with every other town in the country, is more and more giving its undivided attention.

LIGHTNING FLASHES PHOTOGRAPHED FROM MOUNT WILSON BY FERDINAND ELLERMAN OF THE SOLAR OBSERVATORY DURING THE REMARKABLE ELECTRICAL STORM OF JUNE 30. THE LARGE BOLT AT THE LEFT STRUCK A TREE ON MOUNT HARVARD AND STARTED A FIRE. THE BLACK BRANCHES AT THE LEFT AND ABOVE ARE SO-CALLED DARK LIGHTNING. IN REALITY THEY ARE NOT DARK, BUT APPEAR SO ONLY IN THE PHOTOGRAPH.

BOOKS OF THE GREAT WAR—*Marjorie Charles Driscoll*

Mabel Watson

MARJORIE C. DRISCOLL

Author of "The White Bird" and Other Plays

LITERATURE has enlisted in the war. Almost from the first days of conflict there has been a steady outpouring of the written word concerning the thing that is never far from the thoughts of anyone, until now a book without at least a uniform or two is unique enough to attract attention.

For the average reader, whose time is too limited to permit him to read all the war books, the problem has come to be what to select. He finds the bookstores and the shelves of the library filled with volumes of military theory, innumerable books explaining why the war occurred, even more speculating on how it will end. A survey of the shelves leads him to think that writing a book is part of the required duty of every man and woman who goes abroad, whether as a soldier, an ambulance driver, a canteen worker, or what not. Among the novels he finds that the hero now wears khaki, while the villain invariably speaks with a Teutonic accent, and spies bristle on every page. The poets have tuned their songs to a martial note. Plays deal with military themes. Magazines are full of the war. The only sure way of escaping from war reading—if anyone wants to—is to retire into the dim depths of a dusty library, where the latest battles described are Crecy and Agincourt.

However, nobody whose reading amounts to anything wants to escape reading of the war, if only for the end of being able to keep up with the latest military terms that have captured the average modern conversation without a struggle.

To list all the war books, even all the good war books, would be a monumental task. There is no purpose in this brief discussion to include every valuable or even every interesting war volume. Doubtless each reader will wonder why some books were included or others omitted, but as it stands the list is fairly representative of the general field.

Histories of the war will, of course, come later, but even now there are some excellent serial histories in course of appearance, volume by volume as the war progresses. Collier's *Story of the Great War*, Conan Doyle's two-volume *History of the Great War*, Hilaire Belloc's detailed studies of military operations, Frank H. Simonds' five-volume *History of the World War* and similar books give a general survey of the situation.

An excellent book as a preliminary for further war reading is Arthur Bullard's *Diplomacy of the Great War*, published in 1915, and outlining in considerable detail the diplomatic background of later developments. The relationship existing between the countries involved, the details of treaties, negotiations and pledges, and the intricate diplomatic understandings that seldom see the light, are clearly set forth in this book.

There are several very excellent collections of state papers, notably *President Wilson's State Papers and Addresses*, which is a most comprehensive and carefully edited collection.

The New York Times publishes a monthly magazine, *The Current History Magazine*, which is a most valuable month-by-month survey of the world's progress and includes notable state papers, messages, addresses and similar features.

Exposés of German methods and German thought have become popular with writers who are qualified to deal with this theme. James W. Gerard's two books, *My Four Years in Germany* and *Face to Face With Kaiserism*, are perhaps the best known. Professor Thomas Curtin has written an exceedingly interesting volume in *The Land of Deepening Shadow*, a picture of Germany in the third year of war. There are many others, some more authoritative than others, some merely a resumé of what has already been said many times. *Christine*, *The Devil's Cradle* and *The Light Above the Crossroads* are three of the typical novels which have as their theme a picture of German thought and German life.

The writers whose pleasure lies in seeking the why and the how of things have found the war an inexhaustible field for the exercise of their particular gifts. Many, many books have been written to explain "Why we are at war," and many, many more to try to solve the problem of "When will it end and how?" The "why" books are of value when they are something more than high-sounding phrases about the glory of democracy, and many of them have sound philosophy as their basis. But after all President Wilson has said the last word on this subject in his noble messages, and it seems almost useless for other writers to attempt to theorize on the topic unless their point of view or their background may be so unusual as to give their words particular weight.

As for the books that speculate on the end of the war, the most of them are a vast deal of chaff for a little wheat. The League of Nations has been discussed and re-discussed, again and again. Countless plans have been worked out in detaail and instantly arguments have developed over this or that minor point, leading to books and more books. After all, a book about such a subject can be scarcely more than the opinion of one man, interesting and valuable as the man himself entitles it to be so considered. So H. G. Wells' *What Is Coming?* is interesting as showing how the Wells mind reacts to the war; valuable, too, since the past has shown that Mr. Wells' opinion is likely to be well worth considering.

The world has been studying history and geography since the war taught us that the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates really do exist outside of a Sunday school lesson, and that the tumultuous little Balkans are not merely backgrounds for romantic novels. So the books that deal with the other fronts—not the western front, not France, which one ordinarily thinks of first—but Russia, the Balkans, Italy, Greece, Palestine, Albania, Africa, these are opening new vistas of interest to the reader.

The Russian revolution has been a fruitful theme for writers, particularly for the Russian writers or those who have lived there and have at last an opportunity to write the story of that unaccountable country. The largest and perhaps the most valuable of these books is *The Birth of the Russian Democracy*, prepared by A. J. Sack of the Russian Information Bureau in New York, and telling in much detail the story of the revolution with its historical background and accompanying develop-

Trotzky's book, *The Bolsheviki and the World Peace*, is a curious study in its self-revelation. This shows the idealistic side of the Bolsheviki movement, Bolshevism as seen by a man who is after all—if his book does reveal the real man—a dreamer and a visionary.

That new and tremendous baby of the service, aviation, has come in for a large share of the literary interest. Its fascination instantly caught the fancy of the writers, and a surprising number of the aviators themselves have written books of unusual interest and value. There is no need to create adventures when writing of the air service; the adventures are there, and the mere telling of them is sufficient. Such stories as Lieut. Pat O'Brien's marvelous tale of *Outwitting the Hun*, Edgar Middleton's collection of *Glorious Exploits of the Air*, and similar books represent the personal side. There are, too, valuable volumes to initiate the layman into the mysteries of joy-sticks, side slips, fuselages, zooming, tail spins and other strange undiscovered countries. Many of these, while scarcely giving the reader a technical education in the art of flying, will at least enable him to talk intelligently about it and to understand what is being done.

By far the largest proportion of the war books are the stories of personal experiences and adventures, and here is, perhaps, the most interesting reading of all—not only because of the story, but because of the human interest, the opportunity to see what the war

(Continued on Page 20)

DR. RICHARD BURTON

OF Richard Burton's work in general, Hamilton W. Mabie has said: "He has shown originality and force, both in prose and verse, but it is in verse that one gets the full flavor of his personality. He is a trained man . . . but there is nothing conventional in his thought or work: he speaks with simple sincerity, from a nature which has a delightful out-of-doors breeziness and buoyancy. . . . Honesty, veracity, and frankness pervade his work, and give it a marked ethical quality without making it didactic."

His published works are: *Literary Likings*, *Dumb in June*, *Memorial Day and Other Poems*, *Lyrics of Brotherhood*, *Message and Melody*, *Three of a Kind*, *From The Book of Life*, *Rahab*, *Masters of The English Novel*, *Forces in Fiction*, *Life of Whittier*, *Literary Leaders of America*, *A Midsummer Memory: An Elegy on the Death of Arthur Upson*, *The New American Drama*, *Little Essays in Literature and Life*, *How to See a Play*, *Poems of Earth's Meaning*, *Bernard Shaw: The Man and the Mask*. *Dickens: How to Know Him*, will be out at Christmas time.

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MARYLAND APARTMENTS, 95 SOUTH LOS ROBLES AVENUE

PASADENA APARTMENTS

WAR work which brings down town every morning scores of women tends to direct attention anew to apartments.

Pasadena has only lately built her handsome houses for this purpose, and they are a revelation to the majority of her citizens.

Artistic is a word so constantly misused that one hesitates to apply it even truthfully. Yet no other adjective so fullly describes the subtle charm of detail and finish in the beautiful house built by Greene and Greene for Mrs. Parker Earle and known as Herkimer Arms. Especially suited to our semi-tropical surroundings, its soft-toned plastered walls with their quiet decorative detail are a delight to the eye of the passerby; and the carrying out of the architect's ideas in interior finish and built-in furniture are most satisfying to its guests. Even the furniture which is not built in was designed by the architect, and the hall and stairway, made to occupy the least space, give pleasure in their proportions.

Marking this new era in apartment houses, the attractive garden-court built for Mr. Charles Baxter on West California Street, offers unusual opportunity for small families to live in a purely residential district. Designed in the style of the French Mansard, it suggests the Luxembourg palace and garden on the south side of Paris. Its plan and its situation combine to make sunshine and air its constant good features. Each of the ten apartments is as simple and as livable as a well-designed bungalow. Here there is little built-in furniture, but the kitchen is supplied with everything of the sort customary in the best appointed houses, and sleeping porches are built wherever possible.

Just around the corner from Hotel Maryland are the comfortable quarters and delightful patio, the first of our modern apartments, and across the street stands the dignified Victoria apartment house of R. D. Davis. Its interior is beautiful in its reserved English style, intimated by the first glimpse of baronial design in the wide entrance hall. Every apartment, whether large or small, is planned for the utmost convenience. Large closets and fascinating buffet kitchens delight the housekeeper and make comfortable homes for the bachelor. A large sun-room on the top floor makes the house complete. All of these apartment houses are near convenient car lines.

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is doing to the minds and thoughts of men. Men and women who, in their wildest dreams, would never have thought of writing a book, have suddenly found themselves with something to say and they have said it, the more effectively, perhaps, because they did not know all the rules of English composition. Soldiers and sailors have told their stories, ambulance drivers workers, travelers, men and women of all classes of thought and interest have contributed to what is probably the most extraordinary body of literature ever written. Previous wars have been seen only through the eyes of historians or an occasional participant, but Froissarts, De Joinvilles and their like have been few. Never before has the rank and file of an army told its story. The reader need not now try to visualize what happened as he reads the second-hand account of a historian; he can wade through the trench mud, go over the top, work uncounted hours in a field dressing station with a flickering candle for his light, soar through the clouds with the aviators, watch for periscopes with the sailors, go through the wrecked villages with the relief workers. Books are bringing the war to his fireside.

Not the least of the literary results of the war has been the magnificent contribution of the poets. With the greatest themes that have ever been afforded writers of songs, the poets, men and women, have responded gloriously. Not all of them are writing from the shelter of their homes; more than one singer of songs has gone out to do battle, more than one has laid down his life. No longer may the scornful say that poets are known by their soulful expression and the lilies in their hand. Rupert Brooke, John McCrea, Joyce Kilmer, many another have found the sword ready to their hand and have fought a brave fight.

And the inextinguishable humor of humanity has not been forgotten. The pessimists may drone in their favorite monotones of the evil of a world where such a thing as a world war could happen, but surely a world which can laugh in the midst of its tragedy is not altogether beyond hope.

The following list, by no means complete, may suggest in a general way some of the books available and interesting to the reader.

Story of the Great War. Collier's.

Elements of the Great War and other books. Hilaire Belloc.

President Wilson's State Papers and Addresses. (Doran.)

History of the Great War. Conan Doyle.

In Our First Year of War, and other books containing addresses and messages by President Wilson. (Harper.)

My Four Years in Germany and *Face to Face With Kaiserism.* James W. Gerard. (Doran.)

Diplomacy of the Great War. Arthur Bullard. (Macmillan.)

Great Britain at War. Jeffrey Farnol. (Little, Brown & Co.)

Note Book of an Attache. Eric Fisher Wood. (Century.)

Women of the War. The story of British women in warfare. Mrs. Francis McLaren.

My Year of the Great War. Frederick Palmer. (Dodd, Mead.)

Letters to the Mother of a Soldier. Richardson Wright. (Stokes.)

Thoughts for the Kit Bag. Elizabeth Grinnell. (Y. M. C. A. Press.)

The Air Line to Liberty. Gerald Stanley Lee, author of *Crowds*, etc. (Mitchell Kennerly.)

The Altar of Freedom. An appeal to mothers. Mary Roberts Rinehart.

The Birth of the Russian Democracy. A. J. Sack. (Russian Information Bureau, Woolworth Building, New York.)

Russia in Pharaoh Edward Alsworth Ross.

The Russian Revolution. Isaac Don Levine.

The Dardanelles. Norman Wilkinson. (Longmans, Green.)

The War and the Bagdad Railway. Morris Jastrow, Jr. (Lippincott.)

To Bagdad With the British. Arthur Tillotson Clark. (Appleton.)

Russia, Then and Now. Francis Reeves. (Putnam.)

A Nation at Bay. Sergeant Ruth Farnam. The story of Serbia, told by a woman who saw it with the Serbian army. (Bobbs-Merrill.)

Southeastern Europe. Vladislav Savic. (Revell.) A valuable presentation of the Balkan question.

The Cross at the Front. Thomas Tiplady. (Revell.)

Over Periscope Pond. Esther Sayles Root and Marjorie Crocker. (Houghton Mifflin.) Letters as delightful as the book's title.

Private Peat. Private H. R. Peat. (Bobbs-Merrill.)

Student in Arms. Donald Hankey. (Dutton.) Also second series.

The Real Front. Arthur Hunt Chute.

Marching on Tanga. F. Brett Young. (Dutton.) The story of the campaigning in Africa.

Why Italy Entered the Great War. Luigi Carnovale. Italian-American Publishing Company, Chicago.

The White Road to Verdun. Kathleen Burke. (Doran.)

Letters of a Canadian Stretcher Bearer. R. A. L. (Little Brown.)

Gunner Depew. Albert M. Depew. (Reilly Britton.)

Covered With Mud and Glory. Georges Lafond. (Small Maynard.) The story of a French soldier.

A Minstrel in France. Harry Lauder. (Hearst's International Library.)

The Escape of a Princess Pat. George Pearson. (Doran.) Real war adventures.

Camion Letters. Letters of American college men with the American Field Service in France. (Henry Holt.)

Over There and Back. Lieut. J. S. Smith. (Dutton.)

The First Hundred Thousand and *All in It.* Ian Hay Beith. (Houghton Mifflin.)

Flashes From the Front. Charles H. Grasty.

Tales From a Famished Land. Edward Eyre Hunt. Stories of Belgium.

A Yankee in the Trenches. Corp. R. Derby Holmes. (Little, Brown.)

The A. E. F. Heywood Broun.

Kings, Queens and Pawns. Mary Roberts Rinehart. (Grosset & Dunlap.)

Ambulance 464. Julien Bryan. Letters of a 17-year-old boy at the front.

Ambulancing on the French Front. Edward R. Coyle. (Britton.)

With the First Ambulance in Belgium. Arthur Gleason. (Burt.)

A Surgeon in Arms. Robert J. Manion. (Appleton.)

Surgeon Grow. Capt. Malcolm Grow. (Stokes.) An American surgeon with the Russian army.

My Four Weeks in France. Ring W. Lardner. (Bobbs-Merrill.)

Under Four Flags for France. George Clarke Musgrave. (Appleton.)

Under the Red Cross Flag at Home and Abroad. Mabel Boardman. (Lippincott.)

Outwitting the Hun. Lieut. Pat O'Brien. (Harper.)

Miss Amerikanka. Olive Gilbreath. (Harper.) A novel which catches the Russian atmosphere most remarkably.

Gallipoli. John Masefield. (Macmillan.)

The Martial Adventures of Henry and Me. William Allen White. (Macmillan.)

Out to Win, Carry On and *Letters in War-Time.* Consingsby Dawson. (Lane.)

How to Live at the Front. Hector McQuarrie. A book for every soldier and the family of every soldier.

Over Here. Hector McQuarrie. Impressions of America.

Winged Warfare. Maj. A. W. Bishop, V.C., D.S.O., M.C.

Glorious Exploits of the Air. Edgar Middleton. (Appleton.)

Adventures of Arnold Adair, the American Ace. Laurence La Tourette Driggs.

Cavalry of the Clouds. Contact. (Doubleday Page.)

Warfare of Today. Lieut. Col. Paul Azan. A valuable non-technical military textbook.

The Flying Fighter. Lieut. E. M. Roberts, R.F.C. (Harper.)

My Home in the Field of Honor and *My Home in the Field of Mercy.* Frances Wilson Huard. (Doran.)

The War After the War. Isaac Marcosson. Effect of the war on commerce.

A Crusader of France. Capt. Ferdinand Belmont. (Dutton.) Translations of the letters of a French aviator.

Letters From an American Soldier to His Father. Lieut. Curtis Wheeler. (Bobbs-Merrill.) One of the best and most delightful books of the kind.

Over the Seas for Uncle Sam. Elaine Stern. Sea stories, told to Elaine Stern by the sailors themselves and written as they told them. (Britton.)

Open Boats. Alfred Noyes. (Stokes.)

The Fleets at War. Archibald Hurd. (Doran.)

The Fighting Fleet. Ralph D. Paine.

Stirring Deeds of Britain's Sea Dogs. Harold F. B. Wheeler (McBride.)

Conscript 2989. (Dodd, Mead.)

The New Spirit of the New Army. Joseph Odell. (Revell.) A book for the family and friends of every drafted man.

The Book of Artemas. Anon. (Doran.)

Little Journeys to Paris. Simeon Strunsky.

Dere Mabel. E. Streeter. (Stokes.)

Treasury of War Poetry. G. H. Clarke. (Houghton Mifflin.)

Poems of the Great War. J. W. Cunliffe, editor. (Macmillan.)

Songs of Shrapnel and Shell. Capt. Cyril Morton Horne . (Harper.)

The Muse in Arms. E. B. Osborn. (Stokes.)

Soldier Songs. Patrick MacGill. (Dutton.)

Sea Dogs and Men at Arms. Edgar Middleton. (Putnam.)

DEAR FLAG

Words and Music by Clarence Urmy

I.

HARK! Our country loudly calling
Bids the nation up and fight;
Freedom from her throne is falling,
She has need of Truth and Right;
Hark! The cries of Pain and Terror—
God is surely still above!
Onward! That the hordes of Error
May be downed by Faith and Love!

Refrain:

Dear Flag! By the stars that shine above us,
Dear Flag! By the faith of those who love us,
We shall raise thy glorious form on Freedom's lofty crag!
Wave, wave! Float in silent blessing o'er us,
Brave, brave hearts have fought and won before us,
Guide, guide! Into perfect peace, O guide us, dear, dear Flag!

II.

Though the earth by War be shaken,
Ruled by Fear and sore Distress,
Never yet has God forsaken
Armored ranks of Righteousness!
Victory shall crown high action,
Victory that ne'er shall cease—
Fight! Demanding satisfaction
In a pledge of world-wide peace!
Refrain:

INDUSTRIES AT PASADENA'S DOOR

IN the glare of that amazing searchlight which war has turned on our efficiency and inefficiency as well, the one unlovely spot in Pasadena stands out in strange contrast to the all but universal beauty of the place. Lying neglected yet in the sight of all, between two of the great hostelries which help in an unusual way to build up population out of contented tourist patronage, the district called in half scornful way "industrial," is in reality the service section of the town.

Convenience has determined that these service sections of a beautiful city should occupy the low land along the entering railroads. Transportation has chosen logically the valley between the high and beautifully-shaded Marengo Avenue, sloping toward Oak Knoll, and the Orange Grove Avenue ridge to the west, both finished and full of handsome homes. Yet this low-lying district, so convenient to the shopping district and embracing all the entering railroads and car-lines, is Pasadena's inevitable main entrance where the stranger gets his first view and impression of the city.

Many of our modern houses set the city an example of how an architect may solve this problem of treating the back yard in close proximity to the front door. The simple livable home built on the fine site of the old Shorb ranch house by Mr. Howard Huntington had this problem to solve. The view to the northeast, east and south left no alternative but that of placing the main entrance and the service door on the same facade. The residence designed by Mr. Reginald Johnson for Lieutenant Tod Ford, which is now lifting its beautiful blank walls on the edge of our Arroyo, must perforce have its garage and its service yard on the entrance street. These houses are no less beautiful, but, rather, more interesting and unique on this very account. Pasadena may make a new name for herself by designing the most beautiful, tree-covered and flower-trimmed service section that any city has yet attained.

A FIREBACK IN BATCHELDER TILE

The great laundries, led by the Royal, have shown the way. Here lawns and pergolas make attractive out-door luncheon places for the employees, and vines cover the necessary outbuildings and high walls. Tall eucalyptus trees and deodars, planted when show places lined the banks below Marengo Avenue, can easily be multiplied until even the tall chimneys and the gas tanks become but a part of a good-looking view.

Pasadena is a name to conjure with, but, as many are finding out, it is a good name to advertise with too. The Batchelder Tiles Company, which now builds practically every fireplace of worthy design in our new houses, has done much to make Pasadena famous for beauty and has set the standard of art in industry very high. Yet in the wet season its employees must pick their steps because of the adobe mud with which the adjoining street is paved.

Among the other industries of Pasadena that have been quietly building up a manufacturing business, the Art Concrete Works deserves a special note. This company was established here about seven years ago after extensive experience in the east. An entirely new line of products was devised and is being made from local raw materials. These prod-

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uets are an original and essential contribution to present-day needs and the requirements of conservation. In originating a concrete water-meter box, entirely new to the market, the company progressively improved and perfected it to standard types which now meet the local conditions of practically every water-works system on the Pacific coast. It has been adopted by 150 cities, including all the largest communities between Seattle and San Diego. As these boxes are placed in front of the numerous homes of these distant cities, Pasadena receives what is virtually a permanent advertisement from this aggressive industrial concern. Of other original products which have also been thoroughly perfected and patented, the park and garden benches are probably best known. In public and private use, they represent a comfortable and practical combination of concrete and wood.

A neat plaster and frame office and factory building houses the Art Concrete Company, which is now furnishing steady employment to a dozen Pasadena citizens. Ninety per cent of this business represents shipments to distant cities in carload, less than carload, or by motor truck. Such a plant is worthy of our support. As expressed by one of our prominent bankers lately, such plants as these, clean and free from noise and smoke, are the kind wanted in Pasadena and are a valuable asset and a credit to the town.

Maizarina, the Flour for Tortillas

By GRACE FISHER, Director Home Economics

THE Pasadena City Food Conservation Center, established June 15 as an emergency war measure, gives one day a week to food problems of the foreign population. Mexican families constitute the major part of this group and their chief problem is the substitution of corn for wheat in the making of tortillas, the staff of life of the Mexican.

Tortillas were formerly made entirely of corn prepared by the Mexican woman, who soaked off the coating of the grain and crushed the kernel and heart of the corn on the metata or grinding stone. Modern milled corn meal, however, will not make a dough that will stick together enough to make tortillas. The Mexican has therefore resorted to wheat flour for this purpose.

A Mexican firm, realizing the need of a corn preparation suitable for tortillas, put on the market a corn product under the name of "Maizarina," which has since been put out by the Globe Milling Company. This flour, demonstrated to the Mexican housewife, proved apparently as satisfactory as the wheat flour, and the women seemed willing to take a more active part in the conservation of wheat in wartime.

In addition to the substitution of corn for wheat in tortillas, the Food Center is endeavoring to teach the Mexican population to use more of the vegetables, more cereals cooked as mush and served with milk for children, and to buy and use skimmed milk.

A WHEATLESS BREAD.—In his search for a bread that could patriotically be used for sandwiches, William Howe, one of Pasadena's leading restaurant men, has developed a loaf containing no wheat whatever. It is extremely palatable and much more attractive than much of the "fifty-fifty" bread now on the market. By the omission of all sorghums and molasses this bread is made to keep well and, according to Mrs C. H. Ritchie at the City Food Center, it does not mold.

William Cook, the experienced chef at Howe's, received for this recipe the prize of $100 offered by the Hotel Maryland management for the best wheatless bread formula. As demonstrated by Mrs. Ritchie, the recipe follows:

1. Two tablespoons potato flour mixed to a smooth paste with ¼ cup of cold water. Stir this into 2¾ cups boiling water.

2. Three-fourths cake of compressed yeast dissolved in slightly cooled No. 1 mixture; add ½ cup of tapioca flour (or corn starch); mix well and add 3½ cups barley flour.

Mix thoroughly and let stand in a warm place about 1½ hours, or until it stops rising and falls a little.

3. One tablespoon salt; 1½ tablespoons shortening; 3 tablespoons sugar.

Rub these together thoroughly and add the above mixture a little at a time until all is well mixed, then stir in 2½ cups milo maize flour sifted with 1 tablespoon baking powder.

Mix thoroughly, put in greased pan (the mixture is a little thicker than cake dough); let it rise fully (as it will not rise in the oven) and bake in covered tin. This makes one very large loaf.

OLD VIRGINIA BATTER BREAD.—There are many things which are best cooked in the old South. Soft corn bread is one of these delicious southern breads, which now help to conserve wheat flour. Miss Elizabeth Gaither, a patriotic southern woman who finds the black breads trying, gives the following recipe for a corn bread which resembles custard.

"Two eggs, one pint of milk near boiling point. Stir two cups corn meal into the milk. One cup cooked rice, two tablespoonfuls of sugar (or a substitute), salt to taste, butter size of an egg. One heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake about half an hour and serve in the pan it is cooked in."

Rubaiyat of a War-Husband

A loaf of war-bread underneath the bough,
A jug of watered milk, a prune—and thou
Beside me knitting. But what's THAT if we
Can win the war? 'Twere Paradise enow!

—*Unknown.*

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No. 2 1918---HOLIDAY NUMBER---1919 20 Cents

TO THE ARMY, THE NAVY, AND THE MERCHANT MARINE

PASADENA

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PASADENA is a city of the home the church and the school. Its churches number more than fifty. Its theatres, clubs and hotels are of a high grade. Its fine Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A.; its public library and splendid group of high school buildings, and other educational institutions are important influences. Its modest and beautiful bungalow homes are as great an attraction as are its magnificent residences. It is without saloons and is especially attractive as a residence city. Living expenses are not higher than elsewhere in this section of the country.

Lying near the beautiful Sierra Madre mountains, it has the advantages of mountain scenery, mountain water, refreshing breezes, and recreational opportunity. Situated in the far-famed San Gabriel valley, it is within easy reach of Los Angeles.

Electric light and water plants are municipally owned—the service is satisfactory and the price for both light and water is reasonable. The fire department is entirely equipped with motor-driven apparatus, and, with its six completely outfitted fire stations in various parts of the city, gives ample protection in case of fire. The city covers more than fourteen square miles and is from eight hundred to twelve hundred feet above sea level. The present population is between forty-five and fifty thousand.

Five parks furnish athletic fields, tennis courts, an open air plunge, picnic grounds and other recreational facilities. A parking space, with water and other conveniences is furnished for automobilists on touring trips.

Pasadena is noted for its clean and well-kept streets, its miles of trees in parkings, and the general cleanliness and safety provided for its citizens. It is linked up with Southern California's great boulevard system, affording the finest motoring in the world. The great Colorado street bridge over the Arroyo Seco, within the city, is notable in size, design and picturesque setting, and forms an important link in this system.

The city is governed by a commission of five members, who apportion its various activities and administer its affairs. It has been under this form of government for more than five years, and has experienced a most successful administration—much money has been expended for permanent improvements, tax values have been reduced, and the tax levy has been lowered. No bonds have been issued since 1912, when the water system was acquired. Few cities can show a more successful government.

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Home makers have come to this coast by hundreds during the last few decades and have here found the houses they have dreamed of for years. Every known style has been tried, but eventually the influence of the Mediterranean Sea, so like our Pacific, is proving the strongest factor.

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Throughout the house and grounds the taste of architect, builder and owner have worked in perfect unison to bring an atmosphere of old Spain into modern surroundings. Batchelder tiles have been used to unusual advantage in fireplaces, corbels, pavements and fountain. Delightful wrought-iron work in the form of electroliers and in the railings and balconies add picturesqueness to the interior and old-world distinction to the facade. Altogether this house forms a distinct addition to the architecture of Southern California and embodies anew the charm of living under sunny skies in this favored, peaceful land.

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California Southland

MABEL URMY SEARES - - - - *Editor and Publisher*

No. 2 DECEMBER, 1918

CONTENTS

LAUNCHING OF A SHIP, LOS ANGELES HARBOR - *Cover Design*
THE STATE COUNCIL OF DEFENSE - - - *Frank P. Flint* 5
WITH THE FLEET IN CHANNEL WATERS - - - *Lieut. Paul A. Scherer, U. S. N.* 6
THE CONCRETE SHIP - - - *Franklin Thomas* 6 and 15
WAR CAMP COMMUNITY SERVICE - - - - *Charles Lloyd* 7
WAR SKETCHES - - - - - - - *R. Montalboddi* 8
COUNCIL OF DEFENSE NOTES - - - - - - - 8, 11, 15
SACRIFICE THE PRICE OF VICTORY - *Captain Frank Edwards* 9
HOUSING - - - - - - - *Dr. James H. McBride* 10
FOOD SAVED AT HOME SAVES LIVES ABROAD - *Paul J. Pitner* 11
HOMES FOR THE SMALL LOT - - - - - - - - - - 11
SOUTHLAND OPINION - - - - - - - - 12, 13
THE LIBRARY SERVICE - - *Mrs. Frances M. Carlton Harmon* 14
BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS - - - - *Marjorie C. Driscoll* 15
A WAR-TIME TROUBADOUR WITH POEMS BY CLARENCE URMY - 16
SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA, A PICTURESQUE TOWN - - - - - 17
MAINTENANCE AND CLEANING OF STREETS - *Thomas D. Allin* 18
PUBLIC LAND FOR RETURNED SOLDIERS - - *Council Note* 19
THE ART OF PLANNING A RESIDENCE TRACT - - - - - 21

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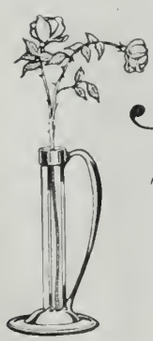

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CALIFORNIA SOUTHLAND
A WAR-TIME MAGAZINE FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

THE STATE COUNCIL OF DEFENSE

By FRANK P. FLINT

SINCE the appointment of Mr. Charles C. Moore as Director of the State Council of Defense, this body has been reorganized so that it represents all war activities in the state. In fact, the heads of all the war acivities form the real council, having the control and management of the state defense work. This war council includes the heads of the Liberty Loan organization, Red Cross, Food Administration, Fuel Administration, War Savings Stamps and the other war activities, together with representatives from the California Woman's Committee of the Councils of National and State Defense.

Until a short time ago the Councils of Defense in the various states reported to the National Council through the chief of that body's State Councils Division. A change, however, has been made, and there has been created a Field Division of the National Council of Defense with Mr. Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, as chairman. The Field Committee is composed in addition, of Daniel Willard, Chairman of the Advisory Commission of The National Council; Grosvenor B. Clarkson, Secretary of the Council; Fuller Callaway of Lagrange, Georgia; George L. Berry, President of the International Printing-Pressmen and Assistants Union of America; Henry M. Robinson of Pasadena, California; R. M. Bissell, Chairman of the Connecticut Council of Defense; Mrs. Joseph Lamar, Mrs. Stanley McCormick, Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, Miss Agnes Nestor, Miss Ida Tarbell, Miss Hannah J. Patterson, all of the Woman's Committee at Washington. As I understand it, the purpose in forming this committee was to co-ordinate the work of the men and the women by placing upon this Field Division a majority of the women who form the board of directors of the Woman's Committee. The war activities in which men and women are engaged have thus been consolidated, so that now community councils can be formed.

FRANK P. FLINT, ASSOCIATE DIRECTOR
STATE COUNCIL OF DEFENSE FOR CALIFORNIA

These community councils will be made up of men and women representing the identical war activities that constitute the State Council of Defense. In other words the representative in each community of the Liberty Loan, War Savings Stamps, and so forth, will be a member of this community organization, and the result will be that in some communities, women will be in charge and in others men, —according to circumstances and conditions. During the last Liberty Loan drive in Los Angeles, the heads of a majority of the precinct organizations were women, and it was a most successful and effective organization.

In the State Council of Defense the consolidation of war activities has been effected. The War Council was organized July 10 and has been meeting regularly every Wednesday since. Its twenty or more committees completed their organization about the middle of September. Through the operation of the plan, each separate war bureau works in co-operation with every other. Facts learned by the Labor Committee are at the service of the Food Administration, and men and women in charge of Americanization advise in financial campaigns including the foreigner or alien. In addition to the work which has been taken up in the past by the State Councils of Defense there is now the work of the War Donations Boards. These boards have control of all solicitation of funds for war activities, and it is expected that no solicitation for such purpose will be engaged in without first obtaining a permit from the State Council of Defense.

The State Council has also taken charge, at the request of the Government, of building permits, and no structure of any kind can now be erected without first having the approval of the Priorities Committee of the State Council of Defense.

Another important committee is that on "Work or Fight." It will be the duty of this committee to see that no person within draft age engages in non-essential work,—that men engage in essential work or enter the service.

The Stanislaus plan of emergency farm loans has also been adopted in this state and a pamphlet explaining it has been issued by the State Council. It is, in brief, a plan to assist farmers in the planting and harvesting of their crops, when their financial condition is such that they cannot borrow money. The farmer's success means not only war success but business success, and with this thought the California Development Board has accepted the responsibility, placed upon it by the State Council of Defense, of introducing this Stanislaus Plan of Emergency War Loans in the various counties of the state, and it will have the earnest co-operation of the Department of Emergency Crop Production and the respective County Divisions of the State Council of Defense.

The War Council includes Charles C. Moore, Frank P. Flint, William Sproule, Mortimer Fleishacker and P. H. McCarthy on its executive unit. The members include Ralph P. Merritt, food administrator; Albert Schwabacher, fuel administrator; H. C. Butters, power administrator; A. B. C. Dohrmann, Red Cross; James K. Lynch, chairman Liberty Loan Committee, and twenty other leaders in War Work.

WITH THE FLEET IN CHANNEL WATERS

By LIEUTENANT PAUL A. SCHERER, U. S. N.

A FEW days in Pasadena, the incomparable, have the effect of casting a veil of forgetfulness over the incidents of the war zone; and the channel waters seem remote and far away indeed. But through some touch of interest, certain details of a year with the flotilla remain indelibly impressed on my memory.

The picture of my own ship, the destroyer "Davis," will always be vivid. From her stem to her stern she is a thoroughbred with the fine lines of a race horse; as trim and as well kept as the best of the Kentucky breed. Just a shade longer than one hundred yards and a trifle under ten yards of beam, with more horse-power stowed away under her light decks than the best of the trans-Atlantic liners of ten years ago; she is a picture of speed and endurance:

She's stepping along with a "bone in her teeth"
Through the morning-mirrored bay.
Her bows are sharp and her lines are clear,
She's the "Davis" underway.
She's camauflaged in a blue and a gray,
Her stacks and her decks are low.
Her guns and tubes trained fore-and-aft
And a wake of beaten snow.
Her wireless rig and her nests aloft
On her light and seasoned "sticks,"
She's a delicate ship with a delicate step,
And a delicate lady's tricks.

Of course the whole experience was new to me, and for the first few days the ship's motions governed my emotions. The "Davis" has been known to roll until her masts were at an angle of only seventeen degrees with the horizontal. On the first trip the good ship was rolling through a total angle of one hundred and twenty degrees and pitching through a bit more than thirty-five. At least so I was told afterwards.

But on a destroyer you live in the sea as a part of the sea. As you stand on the deck some twelve feet above the water line, you look straight up, so it seems, to the towering crest of a breaking sea; but the ship, just in time, with a rush, leaps up like a dolphin and plunges "over the top." Then down she goes in a whirl of spray, her crews kicking up a lather of white water as she rushes on her way. Sometimes when she is crashing along at full speed into a choppy head sea she trembles, it seems, from the sheer excitement of the chase.

But a picture of a destroyer in these waters is not complete without mention of the British Admiral, Sir Lewis Bayly, who handles our ships as though they were his own, and who depends on "his ships" in time of need just as we depend on the "C. in C." (Commander in Chief). He is "hard" and drives the ships under his command; but our flotilla went over to work. Once in a while the Admiral himself is our guest for a trip.

Until the war is finally, and conclusively, won the "stories of the seas brought up to date," as we say, must remain veiled in the folds of mystery. We only hope to draw some rough picture of the sea, and by the time our "friends at home" have retouched it with their live imaginations, as frequently is the case in our newspapers, we will have but little to add.

LIEUTENANT PAUL A. SCHERER, U. S. N.

Do not think that "it's all work and no play." Our work is play and the last year has been the most enjoyable of my life.

THE CONCRETE SHIP

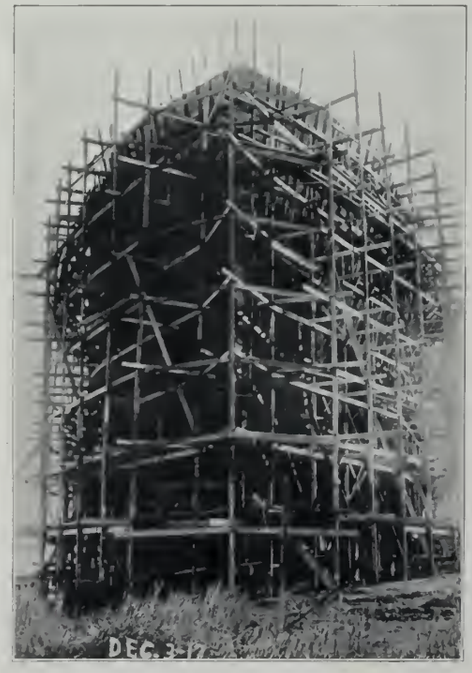
By FRANKLIN THOMAS

Professor of Civil Engineering, Throop College of Technology

WE have become so accustomed to the use of reinforced concrete in many varieties of stationary structures that it is of peculiar interest in connection with the development of large size concrete ships to recall that the first use of iron and concrete in combination was in the construction of a small boat. M. Lambot at Carces, France, in 1849 evolved the idea and built a rowboat which was exhibited at the Paris Exposition in 1855. The successors of this inventor applied the new type of construction so exclusively to the spanning of distances and the support of loads that the original application was disregarded.

In 1900, France saw concrete barges built and used with success for river and canal service. About the same time at Rome, Carlo Cabellini began building barges and scows and by the opening of the Great War had constructed nearly 100 vessels. Germany produced a 220-ton freighter with water tight bulkheads and its own power plant. On account of the scarcity of metal in Germany it is fair to suspect that concrete shipbuilding has made marked progress behind the blockade of the Grand Fleet.

Canada first in America built and used in the Welland Canal for maintenance, a concrete barge 80 feet long of 200 ton capacity. Built in 1910 and subjected to violent treatment while receiving loads of large size rock dumped upon its deck, it is still in service. In this same year concrete barges were built for use in dredging operations on the Panama Canal. Great Britain has recently built a number of barges and small boats while Spain has built some small ships carrying both engines and sails and has plans for the construction of freighters of capacity up to 6000 tons. The Steel Concrete Shipbuilding Company headed by Nicoli Foyner at Morss, Norway, in 1917 built one of the first sea-going vessels, a boat of 84 feet in length and having 200 tons deadweight capacity.



BUILDING A CONCRETE SHIP

The year 1917 marked the inauguration of the large shipbuilding program of the United States, and coincidently witnessed the successful trial of several concrete vessels of small size in various parts of the world. This combination of circumstances gave the encouragement necessary for the construction of concrete ships in sizes not previously undertaken. To the Pacific Coast belongs the credit of building the first large concrete freighter, a boat of 5000 tons, and appropriately named the "Faith." Its successful launching at Redwood City and trial voyage early in 1918 were epoch making in the shipbuilding industry. Moved largely by the performance of the "Faith" in with-

WAR CAMP COMMUNITY SERVICE

By CHARLES LLOYD
Executive Secretary, Los Angeles, Representing War Department and Navy Department Commissions

OPENING OF THE WAR CAMP COMMUNITY SERVICE SWIMMING POOL
BALLOON CAMP, ARCADIA, CALIFORNIA
CANTEEN AND CLUBHOUSE ON THE RIGHT. MYRON HUNT, ARCHITECT

"THE most slashing and convincing argument thus far disclosed that the nation is behind her sons in this war"; "One of the important instruments through which the Commission on Training Camp Activities is doing its work for the soldiers and sailors"; "A most significant factor in the war"; The organization that "surrounds the camps with hospitality"; and "makes any camp-town like home"; more than that, one of the greatest contributions to community life and community development in the entire history of social service. This is WAR CAMP COMMUNITY SERVICE.

Its effectiveness is largely due to the fact that it was born not out of a dream but in answer to a great, definite and existing need. In the summer of 1916 the Government was forced to dump 5000 soldiers down in a desert waste on the border of Mexico. There were 5000 red blooded American boys, fresh from home, home pleasures and home town activities and interests. There was little here for them outside of the camp but a flourishing red-light district and a number of over-worked saloons. During the days of the Civil War, or even the Spanish-American War, this would have been accepted as the natural thing in war time and the conditions under which it was necessary to train and develop soldiers. But now human comfort and human life have a greater value. Even human souls are occasionally considered. So a real problem was presented. Even at that it was not thought of primarily as a great moral or social problem, but rather a problem of how best to entertain the men and keep them contented so that their work would be the more efficient. It has been demonstrated that the one great cause of discontent, inefficiency and even desertions themselves is homesickness. So, in the mud and sand and in the bleakness of the unfinished cantonments the need was for HOME activities for the boys when off duty.

To meet the need, the War, and later, the Navy Departments, through the Commission on Training Camp Activities called upon the only organization that was doing anything along the line of organized public play and recreation, the Playground and Recreation Association of America, to assume this responsibility. For years the organization had been going before the public agitating and directing this sort of community effort. They had the nucleus about which could be built a large and effective organization such as would be needed.

Here was a field by itself. There were other agencies at work in the camps where all of the work time and part of the play time was spent, but there was nothing in this great "NO MAN'S LAND" where the men went to throw off the restraints of camp life with its endless drill, detailed routine and deadly monotony. If there is a foundation in fact in the report of our social psychologists that ninety-five per cent of the people who go wrong do so in their play time, then here was the most important period in the time of the new soldier and one that called for the best brains and effort that could be given.

While the work started as a means of furnishing entertainment and play for the men when outside of the camps, it has developed until now it embraces more than two hundred and fifty distinct activities. Where there was originally a small group of men and women there is now an efficient and well co-ordinated force of men and women splendidly trained for every branch of a very definite service.

In places like St. Louis, Boston and Buffalo was work of a different nature. Not many men are actually stationed in these cities but a great many pass through and stop for a few hours or a few days. There the work is organized with this in mind. Rest rooms, game rooms, reading rooms, showers, laundries, eating places, are furnished as well as a line on the best entertainment in the city.

In New York City, the Mecca of possibly 200,000 men stationed within easy reaching distance, was still another problem. Here about forty clubhouses are thrown wide open to the men, hotel accommodations where a man can get a room from twenty-five to thirty-five cents per night, free tickets to theatres, movies, dances, rides and summer resorts, are secured for the men. They come to New York for what they can see. The effort is directed to the end that they see the things that are wholesome and clean.

These are but two instances of the different kinds of work to be found in operation in about SIX HUNDRED communities near the various camps. It is organized to bring about five things, Community Service, Community Hospitality, Community Recreation, Community Betterment, and Community Organization. At all times it is working in the "NO MAN'S LAND,"

between the camp itself and battle fields of France.

It has been said that war is 20 per cent fighting and 80 per cent morale. President Wilson has said regarding this work that "the spirit with which our soldiers leave America, and their efficiency on the battle fronts of Europe will be vitally effected by the environment surrounding our military camps." War Camp Community Service is aiming to promote the spirit and morale of its armies. Incidentally it is building better communities, a work that will last and grow even greater long after the immediate need of war work is a thing of the past. Just now only one feature is emphasized, the aid that it gives in preparing the boys to help win the war.

The wonderful ideas expressed above are being worked out in Pasadena under the able leadership of Mrs. Myron Hunt, who is Chairman of the Pasadena Branch of the Los Angeles County War Camp Community Service. The Pasadena committee is doing very active work in the neighborhood of the Army Balloon School at Arcadia, where a large clubhouse is being built, the cost of which is approximately $27,000. The ground on which this building is located is donated on a dollar a year lease by Mrs. Anita M. Baldwin. The funds were raised by subscription in Los Angeles and Pasadena, which contributed $5000 and $22,000, respectively. This building is located on the west side of a swimming pool 220 feet square, where floats, bath-house and two diving towers and five spring boards have been erected. A pergola around three sides of the pool has been built and planted with flowers and shrubbery. The funds for the pergola and planting were furnished by Mrs. Anita M. Baldwin, at a cost of approximately $2000. The club room proper includes a large library, study room and the usual canteen and club-room space, which is for the enlisted men; and a clubhouse for officers, with well equipped kitchen, ladies rest-room and helpers' quarters between the two, the kitchen serving both ways. This building is about 180 feet long and furnished by donations from the Los Angeles and Pasadena people, and was formally opened with a dance and swimming meet on the afternoon and evening of August 31st. The attendance of this club is rapidly increasing and at the present time, approximately 3500 enlisted men attend per week. Approximately 1200 a week are served with meals. When the number of enlisted men at the Balloon School is double, as is provided for, the club building will not be any too large.

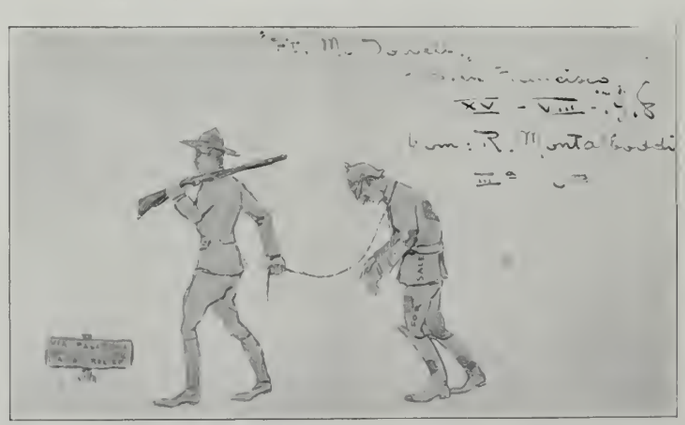
INTERIOR, CAMP COMMUNITY SERVICE CANTEEN
ARCADIA BALLOON CAMP, CALIFORNIA

Funds to be Raised

The United War Work Campaign, like every other patriotic campaign since the war started, is a drive in the interests of the United States and of every citizen in the country, as well as for the welfare of all the people—all the Allied countries. Every drive in America is a drive against the Hun. In America, it has been and will continue to be, just one drive after another until the deluge of defeat shall descend upon Germany. The glory of these so-called drives is that they are not drives at all, because every State, every community, and nearly every citizen, wants to lead and when everyone desires to lead in an accomplishment of a world enterprise, the word "drive" is a misnomer.

The United War Work Campaign will begin November 11th and last for one week and will be participated in by the following agencies: Young Men's Christian Association $100,000,000; Knights of Columbus, $30,000,000; War Camp Community Service, $15,000,000; Young Women's Christian Association, $15,000,000; Jewish Welfare Board, $3,500,000; Salvation Army, $3,500,000; American Library Association, $3,500,000. The quota assigned to California is nearly $5,000,000. This great sum can only be secured by the complete organization of our State. The organization is now complete and in a very short time, the entire country will be ablaze with its publicity.

We are all interested in the welfare of our boys. Never before have we had so many of them answering the call of the Country at one time. Never before were so many homes with a missing member, and never before were so many eyes turned to see and ears turned to hear all that concerns them. Not only when they go across, perhaps to make the great sacrifice, but here in the time that they are in the hands of Uncle Sam and going through the strenuous period of preparation. Are we not deeply grateful then that such organizations as the Y. M. C. A., the K. of C., and the Jewish Society are caring for their physical and moral welfare in the camps and that the War Camp Community Service is out there in that hitherto untouched field, the field in which they have their relaxation, their period of danger, to watch and guard and help. All this, that we shall send men in the fullest sense of the word, to meet the foe; and that when the war is over, our boys and men may return to us unspoiled, and undimmed, but athrob with a new vision, a new impulse ready and fit to take up the great task that is remaining before us, the reconstruction that comes when war is no more.



SKETCHES FROM THE CANTONMENTS BY R. MONTALBODDI *Postals sent to Pasadena Committee, Italian Relief*

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS

THIS is an announcement the War Department asks the State Council of Defense to convey to local communities, whose support of the plan the Governments asks:

"In the early future, in all likelihood, conscientious objectors to fighting, will be sent in detachments to France to do necessary agricultural and non-military work."

The new policy will open a greater channel for man-power, in such cases, will involve no persecution of men who are sincere, and yet will not allow shirking in time of need of the full strength of the citizenship of America.

SACRIFICE—THE PRICE OF VICTORY

Extract from an address delivered by Captain Frank Edwards, Royal Fusiliers. at the Convention of the Minnesota Bankers Association at Minneapolis

I HAVE been in your country now four weeks, I left France on the 17th of April, in the middle or, rather, the latter part of that terrific drive at Cambrai. The first two weeks I spent in Iowa, and I saw some boys going away as you say, on draft. The whole town was filled with enthusiasm and great excitement prevailed. Those boys, twenty of them, were going away to the camp to be trained; and when I saw the enthusiasm and the excitement and the partings, I thought of the drafted men I had taken. During the Cambrai fight I came to England three times in ten days, and once I had to take back 2000 men to stop the breach. I marched those 2000 men through one of our southern ports on a Sunday morning. The people were standing along the streets, there were thousands of them there, but as I marched those men to the boat I marched silent men through silent streets, the street was as silent as you are this morning. There were 2000 men going over, but they were going there to die. They knew it, and others knew it; and I remember seeing an old gray-haired man with a gray suit and a black band on his arm that told its own story, raising his hat reverently to the lads as they went by, and the women standing there fluttering their black-edged handkerchiefs which told their own story. Men marching in silence through spectators in silence, men going to die,—we drank the cup of bitterness to the dregs. There is no glamor, no halo, no romance about war for England today.

You know war is a sordid thing, but it calls for splendid qualities. You know war calls for courage, for resolution, for self-denial, for sacrifice. It calls for these qualities, not only from our lads in the line but from our men and women in the nation that sent them there. Yes, America, the war has called out splendid qualities from you, too. You know that your nation, great as it was in the past, was never so great as in the hour when you stepped down from your pedestal of neutrality and took your part in this world conflict for right and God.

Some of you here this morning, fathers and mothers of boys who are gone, you know your boys, much as you love them in the past, were never so worthy of your love as in the day you sent them out knight-errants of God, to take part to fight for right and truth. But you know this great war, its cost in sacrifice to your Allies perhaps has never really been brought home to your homes, you don't know what it has cost England. You know, I never sit down to a meal in your country without a feeling of sadness. Oh, the plenty of your boards pains me, when I remember England.

* * * * * * * * *

You don't know what it has cost us in man power. You know that in the first two years of the war Great Britain by voluntary enlistment without conscription of any kind, had brought five million men to the colors, and at the end of 1917 we had placed in the field in France—in the field—an army of six million men. Six million men out of a population of forty-two millions, that is one man in seven of the whole of our population, old people, women and little children, one in seven. Your population in America is one hundred and ten millions, one-seventh of one hundred and ten millions is nearly sixteen million. When you have placed sixteen million men in the field, you will then have done what we were compelled to do in 1917.

* * * * * * * * *

But oh, how much it has cost France, that line 400 miles long! What is the breadth of the area of devastation?

Thank God, you fathers and mothers of America, that your home is in this land. When your American lads are fighting they can face their front and say, "It is all right behind." Look at that Frenchman, fighting in the front line, a young married man. All married men of England and France are called up; you call yours "boys," do you not? We call ours "men," our men are gone. Think of that young Frenchman fighting the line a married man. His home,—he has no home,—his home in enemy hands, his wife taken away, he knows not where, to be a slave or worse, his little children pariahs and outcasts save as they are picked up by the tender, the wonderful, the merciful ministrations of your great American Red Cross. But that man can't think of home.

VENICE, ITALY, CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DEGLI SCALZI
CEILING BY TIEPOLO, DESTROYED BY GERMAN BOMB

* * * * * * * * *

Look here, men and women, there is only one nation on the face of this earth that is morally responsible before God and humanity for the compensation due to these people of France. It is a solemn duty devolving sacredly upon every man in this liberty-loving land to do his utmost to the point of extreme sacrifice to gain such a victory, so compelling and decisive that Germany, the author of all this pain and suffering, shall be compelled to pay for that havoc and destruction.

* * * * * * * * *

Thank God, America, war has never touched you in that sense; and the women of France, they are wonderful, but they are carrying on. May I say in passing that the women of England are wonderful also? I leave it to you. I was in the line in 1915 and my trenches on one occasion were so bombarded they were beaten down to the ground during the day and all night my lads toiled to rebuild them to save their lives, and again the bombardment continued. Men were maimed, blown out of existence, casualties, casualties, casualties, repeated all the time with heart-breaking regularity. The enemy's guns never ceased and the fire never faltered, but our guns were silent. And I phoned back to our batteries behind the line, the batteries there for our protection. I phoned back to retaliate, and then we crouched down behind our broken mass of trenches, waiting to hear the scream of our shells going over to protect us. But we heard nothing. I phone back again: "Retaliate, bombardment heavy, casualties serious," and we waited and waited but heard nothing. And again I sent an even more urgent message because we were almost beaten, and then the reply came, the old English reply: "Carry on, carry on! Hold the line at all costs, but we can't retaliate, we have got no shells."

Ah, you people of America, you don't know what this war meant to us in the beginning in all our unpreparedness. "We have got no shells,"—and there are some fools today who still say that England wanted war.

Mr. Lloyd George, my great fellow-countryman, called together the women of England. He asked: "Will you save the line?" They said: "Yes." Eight hundred thousand of them went into our factories, transformed into munition works; and today we have five million women working for England, to save England and save the line, and 70 per cent of all the machine work on our shells and fuses and trench warfare equipment is the product of the labor of women. Women saved the line in 1915, and, saving the line, they saved the world.

* * * * * *

That is why I am so confident, men of America, that we are going to win. This is not a mere flam-buoyant boast, I am confident we are going to win for this reason. I can not understand why Germany did not win in 1915, I am wondering if I shall ever understand. In 1915 and the beginning of 1916, in that awful time, I took 250 men in the line. They worked for the greater part of the time waist deep in melted snow, water and ice with me and we were kept there for twenty-three days because there were no forces behind us to relieve us. Out of that 250 men I brought out 60 staggering cripples, and I wondered why the enemy had not got through. But I know this, that if he could not beat us in 1915 and 1916 when he had everything in his favor and we had nothing in our favor, then, men of America, I know he can not beat us in 1918 and 1919 when we have everything in our favor and he has nothing in his favor. We are bound to win.

May I ask you, in order to win, will you put your patriotism before everything? Look here—is it right that one man should give his son to die that another man should selfishly grow rich in the shelter of the first man's sacrifice. Is it right, America? I do not say anything about your getting your profits but I do say this,—for God's sake, America, use them rightly, use them rightly! It is blood and sacrifice that makes it posisble for profits to be made in this country today.

Put your patriotism before your profits, play the game, America; hurry up, America, I know you will, I know you will. And I know that when this great nation realizes as it will the real nature of war, your men will be as grand as the men of your Allies have been and as grand as your lads in the line today are and have already proved themselves to be, and your women will be as splendid and as heroic as the women of England and of France.

HOUSING—HOW THE WAR WILL BRING BETTER HOMES TO WORKING PEOPLE

By Dr. James H. McBride, Special Representative of the Housing Commission jor the Emergy Fleet Corporation

IT has only been within recent decades that society has seen the advantage of comfortable and sanitary homes for workers. There has never been a time since men quit their tents and took to living in houses, that bad housing eonditions did not exist. From Babylon and Rome to London and New York there has ever been the same contrast of palaces, tenements and slums. Caesar tried to regulate house rents in Rome, and Trajan wrestled with the problem, but the job was too big even for a Caesar and Rome went on her way of slum houses, high rents and national deeay.

All cities have bad housing, and the amount of bad housing determines very largely the death rate and also the amount of crime. New York City has enacted five housing laws since 1867, each one more stringent than the preced ing. Each new housing ordinance has been followed by a lessening of the death rate. In 1867 the death rate was thirty-five per thousand; it is now fourteen per thousand.

The condition of the workman's home has much to do with his efficiency. The man who goes daily to his work from a dirty and insanitary home will not work as well as the man whose home is clean and attractive. Man carries his home in his mind.

The investigations of infant mortality in Johnstown have shown that the infant death rate is higher in damp and insanitary homes. One could predict there with approach to accuracy what the infant death rate would be in any home if he were given the amount of the parental ineome and the sanitary condition of the home.

In all cities where investigations have been made it has been shown that crime, drunkenness and insanity are directly connected with bad housing. There is much bad housing on farms and in villages—contrary to what one might expeet—old, dirty houses, bad ventilation, insufficient room space, and overcrowding, with mueh acute sickness and tuberculosis. Much of the typhoid fever of the cities is carried by people who were infected in the country, by unelean food, polluted well water or dirty milk. The old oaken bueket of fond memory not infrequently dips typhoid or diphtheria germs from a farm well. The cows that wind homeward o'er the lea give clean milk, but careless handling and unclean hands only too frequently pollute it with the germs of scarlet fever. One person in perfect health gave typhoid fever to ninety-two people in a California town by handling food with unclean hands. The county physician of Los Angeles county found four ehildren sick with diphtheria in a slum house, both parents being away from home working for private families, and possible carriers of disease. People who live in slum houses come as messengers or workers to the homes of the prosperous. It is not possible for those who live in good homes to keep entirely free from those who live in quarters where disease is being bred by bad conditions.

The housing problem has assumed new importance since the war, for war industries have made neeessary the building of entire new towns in this country and in Europe, the houses being well located and sanitary. The British government met the new demand with promptness. Thousands of houses have been built and hundreds of thousands of workers have been quickly and comfortably provided for. At Woolwich, fifteen hundred houses have been built for workers, and a city complete in every point has been created, with comfortable and roomy cottages, cement walks, lawns, street parking planted with trees, paved streets, playgrounds, swimming pools, schools, churches and community amusement halls. This has been duplicated in many entirely new villages in England and Scotland, and all this has been done while Britain has been fighting for her life in the great war. It has been reeently stated that the British government is to appropriate four hundred million dollars for building cottages on farms and in villages in order to supply new and sanitary homes for soldiers returning from war.

There is a striking illustration of what good housing may do for health of people in the history of the English Garden Villages. The general death rate of these villages is one-third and less than that of other towns and cities.

The infant death rate is also less by one-half and in some eases three-fourths less than in the cities of England. In Port Sunlight, a garden village, a boy of fourteen is five inches taller and weighs thirty pounds more than a boy of the same age and elass in Liverpool. This is not due to any magic process applied to child life, it is simply the result of decent housing, good food, pure air. It shows what good living conditions may do for a community.

Last spring Congress appropriated a hundred and ten million dollars for building homes for war workers. Ten million of this is to be spent in Washington City for persons working in the Government departments, and much of this new building is now far advanced. Fifty millions each are to be used for workers engaged by the shipping board, and for those engaged in what is called industrial war work. A bill has recently been introduced in Congress to appropriate two hundred million additional. In the eastern and southern Atlantie states, hundreds of villages are being built for war workers, the money in many cases being loaned builders by the Government at a low rate of interest. In some cases investment companies are furnishing the money. These homes for workers are planned by experienced architects and are substantially built.

Cuts on this Page Loaned by B. O. Kendall Company

Many have thought that there is danger of over-building during the war, and that there would be an over-supply of houses later. It is not probable that this fear will be realized. The new houses will raise the workman's standard of living and the result will be that the poor houses and slum shacks that many working people had been living in before the war will be torn down, as they should be. This war building of homes will be the beginning of a nation-wide movement for good housing, and from this day the worker will demand decent living conditions, and where necessary the eommunity or the state will have to help him to obtain them.

We are beginning to see that in spite of the losses and tragedies of this war, there will be certain compensations—far-reaching and humanizing. Among them will be better homes for the workers, homes that will establish a new standard for the next fifty years.

More than any other influenee the home is the maker of eharaeter. There is first the material side of the home, its roominess, its ventilation, its privacy, and in addition to this is the neatness and attractiveness that brings peaee and rest and contentment after the toiling day. These are things that belong to the imponderables of life, that enter into the souls of men and women. They will be healthier and happier, and more efficient because of these better conditions, and what is quite as important, out of these homes will come the boys and girls who will remake the nation.

FOOD SAVED AT HOME SAVES LIVES ABROAD

By PAUL J. PITNER, *Food Administrator for Pasadena*

BECAUSE a good wheat crop enabled the Food Administration to modify the wheat restrictions, a dangerous and erroneous impression has become general, that it is no longer necessary to conserve rigidly all stable foods. The actual fact is quite the contrary.

By winning the war at once, we save a million American lives, that would surely be lost of we had to continue until 1920. But in order that we may do this, our army, the Allied armies and the Allied civil populations, absolutely must have ample food in the meantime to maintain their strength. It is possible for us to furnish this food, but only with the daily co-operation of every patriotic American.

In plain terms the situation is this: It is absolutely essential that we furnish to our armies and Allies, during the year ending July 1, 1919, 17,550,000 tons of food supplies, as against 11,820,000 furnished during the year ending July 1, 1918, and even that increased amount will call for further self-denial by the Allies during the year. We are pledged to furnish at least this amount, and we will prove ourselves utterly unworthy if we fail.

A survey of our resources shows that, to meet this need, we must reduce both consumption and waste in two great food groups, first, bread stuffs, and second, meats and fats:—that is, in all bread and cereals, and in beef, pork, poultry, dairy and vegetable oil products. Our average consumption of bread stuffs and cereals now amounts to about six pounds per person per week, and of all meats and fats four pounds a week for each person. A reduction in consumption and waste of less than half a pound per person per week in each of these two great groups would accomplish our purpose, and at the same time leave us an abundance of these food stuffs for the maintenance of our own health and strength. Some of our people cannot maintain health on less food than they now use, but the great majority can do materially more saving than the amount suggested.

It is vital that every family in the United States study its food budget and food ways most carefully, to see if it cannot contribute to the food saving necessary for the saving of our soldiers' lives. The recent and continuing Allied victories should stimulate us to greater saving, not lull us into less. They increase our chances of winning the war a million American lives sooner, but only if we at home do our part. Let us show by our increased saving of the necessary food, how much those lives mean to us!

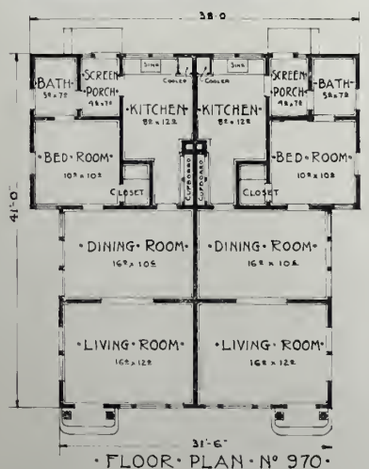
HOMES FOR THE SMALL LOT

The accompanying photographs and plans for small houses are selected from two hundred and fifty similar plans shown by the Pasadena building firm of Godber and Gates.

Mr. H. H. Godber has, through many years of experience and careful study, developed the small house in a remarkably efficient way. The comfort and convenience of the home-maker are looked out for to the smallest detail. Alternate plans accompany every house photograph.

Actual houses built according to these plans may be found in all Southern California cities, and this visualizing of the plan and facade is one of the company's strong points.

Beauty as well as sanitation deserves the consideration of the Government in developing the workingman's cottage. No more beautiful small houses can be found than these California homes fitted with every convenience the modern housewife may demand.



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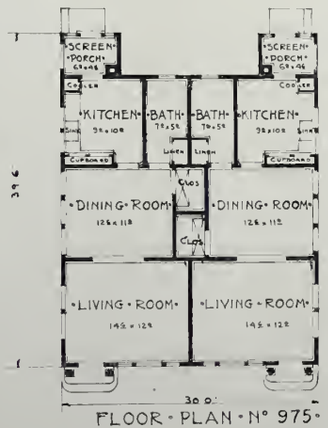

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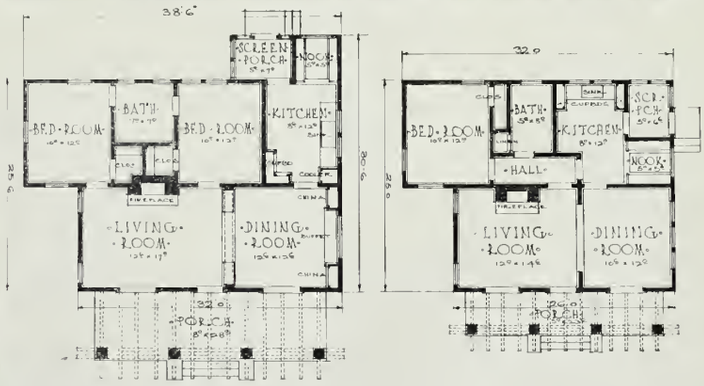

FLOOR PLAN NO. 520 — FLOOR PLAN NO. 525

NON-WAR CONSTRUCTION

WHEN Washington asked the State Council of Defense to take over the restriction of building and other constructional work during war time, that men, material and transportation might be more easily limited to purposes deemed essential by the War Industries Board, a responsibility of the greatest magnitude was imposed.

But the State Council fortunately found available a volunteer commissioner of the experience required, for the Non-War Construction Department, namely, L. E. W. Pioda of San Francisco. From the first the labor of this department has been growing so rapidly that an ever-increasing force of experts has been used. Necessarily, men of skill and experience have been wanted to decide upon the many intricate questions arising with regard to the present essentiality of private and public work. It speaks much for the spirit of men of professions and business that volunteers have come to the call of Commissioner Pioda, and their example will bring others as needed.

The secretary of the State Non-War Construction Department is John S. Mitchell, born at Sacramento, now residing at his Los Gatos ranch. He is interested in hotel business in San Francisco and Los Angeles, President of the National Hotel Men's Benefit Association, former President of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, former President of the Ocean-to-Ocean Highway Association, and an active worker in the interests of good roads and highways.

SOUTHLAND

Christmas and War

Glory to God in the Highest and on Earth peace to Men of Goodwill.

ABOUT the time of the Roosevelt administration Christian thought pierced the steel armor of big business. Driven out by that doughty leader in righteousness, the idea that corporations could have no souls was ostracized.

Because of the present war the thought of the people has penetrated the mysterious veil of international diplomacy and has brought to such problems the same Christian ideals, which are so simple that they are taught to the mass of American children at their mother's knee.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and *thy neighbor as thyself*. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

Concentrated in this form as a growing and vital view of the relations of life, lies the Spirit of Christmas, now calling on the people of Christendom to master selfishness, whether found in individual, corporation, or nation.

In the business world, employers are seen to share their profits with the hewers of wood and the drawers of water. Employees are found who use their brains as well as their hands to further the goodwill of the corporation. Among rival companies it takes the form of "live and let live"; and now among nations the establishment of the simple rule of treating one's neighbor at least as well as one's self has become the foundation for the terms of peace.

Viewed from this simple standpoint, Germany is seen to have acted in direct and terrible opposition to this golden rule for nations.

Put into a homely simile, the whole history of the war may be stated in terms of a big boy bully in the school-yard. With iron fists and stupid selfish head he strikes out at other smaller boys near him. Boasting of his strength he struts the common playground, domineering and abusing all whom he does not fear.

Tied now hand and foot by the wide-flung lariat of the British Army and Navy reaching from the North Sea through the Mediterranean, the African colonies, the Persian Gulf, Bagdad, Salonica, and Archangel, and beaten daily by the Allied hosts of Europe and America, the bully of the world is taking his punishment as a bully always does. Blubbering at every stroke of the whipping and appealing to the kind heart of those least acquainted with his bad record, he cries out for sympathy.

What shall the world do with such a fellow? Shall she continue to address him as "The Imperial German Government," and setting him upon a throne among the nations of a common humanity, ask his opinion as to how the victims of his fists shall be healed?

It is a man's job to deal with this upsetter of the peace of Christendom. Our khaki-clad sheriffs have gone to Europe by the million to help administer the proper punishment and establish law and order.

A big stick wielded skillfully back in the shameful time of our indecision would have cowed the bully and prevented the war. For if Germany had known how the world has outgrown her and that even her boasted "reservists" in the United States of America would go to fight the Fatherland for world freedom as eagerly as England's sons once fought their mother country, there would probably have been no war.

There is then no place in modern Christmas thought for such expressions as "the rules and practices of civilized warfare." Bullying nations may still in the future need to be clubbed into a decent consideration of others; but to openly manufacture their burglarizing tools must be denied them. War, identified as it is with the degraded nation which now represents it, must with its accompanying peace table, be ostracized forever. A righteous victory will not crown the Allied effort until the making of war with all its rules and regulations has been vanquished in a world which celebrates the birth of Christ.

Ships

THE other day I talked with a young lieutenant, fresh from a year's service on one of our fastest destroyers in the submarine zone. He told a story that illustrates better than anything else I have heard the acute need we have suffered for ships. One of our destroyers had caught on fire, and to save her it was necessary to batten down the hatches and steam "full speed ahead" for the nearest port. As one of the hatches was being closed an officer suddenly remembered that four men were down there in the dark. It turned out that three of them were already unconscious; one was still very much alive. Raising the almost closed hatch, an officer called down: "You men below there, shan't we throw you down a line?" "Hell, no!" came the instant response; "shut the damn' thing up!" This was no bravado; it was a simple cool recognition of the fact that for the spokesman and his companions to be saved would mean a delay involving sending the destroyer into drydock for at least six months at a time when destroyers were worth their weight in platinum. Without the slightest touch of self-consciousness, this unnamed hero of the sea, in the rough language of the sea, chose death rather than imperil the service. The hatch was battened down and the destroyer got back to her supremely important duties in a jiffy.

It sounds banal to say that it should not have been necessary to sacrifice the lives of our men because of the delay in our shipbuilding programme. Destroyers are still acutely needed "over there," where they have rendered an absolutely invaluable service, but they are not so badly needed as they were. The best answer to the politically defunct Count Hertling's recent boast of U-boat efficiency is found in a few authentic figures that have just reached me from Washington. Take the single month of July, for illustration. During that month in 1917, 535,000 tons of Allied shipping were sunk, but in 1918 the sunk tonnage was reduced for July to 270,000. In that same month in 1918, Allied shipbuilding accomplished the construction of 280,000 tons of shipping in excess of what was destroyed. The United States alone is now turning out every week-day an average of 10,000 tons of ships. It would seem, therefore, that Mr. Charles M. Schwab was justified in dismissing Count Hertling's boast with "the short and ugly word," preceded by a condemnatory adjective.

In July, 1918, American shipyards launched a greater tonnage than during any previous twelve-month period in our history. One hundred and twenty-three ships totalling 631,944 tons left the ways. Of this total 67 vessels were steel aggregating 433,244 tons; 53 ships were wood, totalling 178,700 tons; three composite vessels of wood and steel making up the balance. During this same month of July, 41 vessels, totalling 235,025 tons, were completed and delivered to the Shipping Board. Of this number, 36 were steel vessels of 217,025 tons, and 5 were wooden vessels of 18,000 deadweight tonnage. If the ships delivered from Japanese yards are counted, the grand total becomes 43 ships of 250,880 deadweight tons.

It took Uncle Sam a long time to get started, but at last he has swung into his stride.

JAMES A. B. SCHERER,
Special Representative of the United States Shipping Board, Emergency Fleet Corporation.

Science, Materialism, and Ethics

THE devotees of religion and philosophy have always looked askance upon science, and have not hesitated to employ drastic methods of repression when they had the power. Today the force of this attack is almost spent, but there are many who are still convinced that the scientist is a materialist who ignores all spiritual values, is oblivious to beauty, and absorbed in means for securing material wealth and selfish gratification. In an article in the Saturday Review, Stephen Coleridge makes a bitter attack upon sci-

OPINION

ence, concluding with the statement: "Its one positive perfected concrete human production in the modern world is the German." In a recent address a prominent American divine made remarks implying that the Germans had developed science beyond other people, and that in turn science had made the German what he is. Such statements are typical of those who mean well, but who have no notion of scientific methods of arriving at the truth—who, in other words, allow their prejudices to blind them to the facts. The modern German is morally what he was in the time of Cæsar and of Frederick the Great, when science had made little impression upon mankind; science cannot be held responsible for German ethics. Moreover, the Germans have not made science, for few of the great fundamental scientific discoveries or inventions were made by them. They have been zealous in the application of science, and also in its brutal misapplication. It is true that German men of science have supported their government in this war, but even more virulently has it been supported by German clergymen and philosophers; and in other countries, particularly in America, many humanistic scholars have been leaders in the adulation of all things German. It has been stated that the Kaiser is sincerely religious, but no one has called him a scientist. If science incites the desire for the sordid aims of materialism, scientists should exhibit this quality above all other men; but can anyone name a single scientist of any reputation who has made wealth or power or anything materialistic his aim? The scientist studies material things, it is true; but the Creator made matter as well as mind and spirit, and established the laws of physics and chemistry as well as those of mind. Surely there can be no moral degradation in reverently studying any of these things. Truth alone is what the scientist seeks, and herein really lies his great offense; for all the beliefs and traditions and customs which rest upon authority fear the light of reason. Religion may impel men to do what is right, but only too often it fails to tell them what is right. In all ages the orthodox have fought against ethical reforms which threatened the established order; consider the abolition of slavery, for example. It is not too much to say that science is one of the great ethical forces, for only the scientific method, free from prejudice and blind respect for authority, can unravel the truth from the complex tissues of modern life.

Never in the world's history has science had such an opportunity to help mankind as now, and mankind is becoming aware of the fact. While the war lasts science will furnish the Allies with indispensable means for defense and offense, for feeding the allied people, and for curing the sick and wounded. The doctors, the nurses, the engineers, and all those who are applying the principles of science are showing as much courage and self-sacrifice as the men in the trenches. When the war is over scientific knowledge is needed for the efficient and just rebuilding of a shattered civilization. The practical fruits of scientific discovery will be of immense assistance in this work; but even more valuable will be the application of the scientific method of ascertaining truth to the diagnosis and remedy of economic and political ills due to ignorance, prejudice, and blind adherence to tradition. If such services are materialistic, the Good Samaritan was a materialist.

E. Percival Lewis,
Professor of Physics, University of California.

Welfare Work and the Government Commissions

THE twin Commissions on Training Camp Activities—one for the War Department and one for the Navy Department—which were appointed by Secretary Baker and Secretary Daniels early in the war, are charged with the responsibility of cultivating and conserving the manhood and man power of America's fighting forces. By a comprehensive recreational and educational program, and by strict enforcement of vice and liquor laws, the Commissions aim to surround the men in service with an environment which is not only clean and wholesome but positively inspiring—the kind of environment which a democracy owes to those who fight in its behalf.

When one considers that the hundreds of thousands of men who are pouring into army and navy camps have left behind them their families, friends, clubs, church and college gatherings, their dances, their athletic fields, their theaters and town libraries—in fact all the normal social relationships to which they have been accustomed—and have entered the bewildering environment of a war camp, the absolute need of some sort of substitute becomes apparent. Contentment for the average man cannot be maintained without the normal relationships of life, and it is only a contented army and navy which is in real fighting trim.

That is why the Government has supplied, through the Commissions and through the organizations which they co-ordinate, abundant recreation in the form of theatrical entertainment, athletics, mass singing, club life, educational opportunities within camps, and organized hospitality in war camp communities. The Commissions' athletic directors, boxing instructors, song leaders, theatre managers and dramatic entertainment coaches, who are on the payroll of the Government, together with the thousands of representatives of the Y. M. C. A., Knights of Columbus, Jewish Welfare Board, American Library Association, Y. W. C. A. and War Camp Community Service, are busy today ministering to the social needs of the million and a half men training in our camps. And behind it all is one big purpose—*to win the war.*

The work of the Commissions on Training Camp Activities is a movement for the improvement of the nation, and it is utterly devoid of sentimentality. To make the men fit for fighting—and after, to bring them back from war as fine and clean as they went, is just plain efficiency.

Edward Frank Allen,
Of the Commissions on Training Camp Activities.

THE WOMEN OF SEVENTY-SIX

There are interesting letters current besides those so eagerly welcomed from the Front. Inspiration, wisdom and guidance for the future are found therein if we but heed such thoughts as these:

We are doing our best, but we feel the strain and stress of these "terrible times." We do not care for personal feelings or conditions except as they help or hinder the one thing we do care for, which is to *win the war.*

What a wonderful world we are beginning to look out on! There are so many wonderful things that are on their way, all held in the hands of the Lord, for us, if we are true to the high call made us. The impulse is strong to go out and do great things, but the order that is Heaven's first law, is that "everyone faithfully perform what belongs to his calling and so become his own use in the general body."

It is in consideration of this truth that I force myself to be contented with the labors that belong to my present time of life. But I look at some of the things that others are doing with longing eyes.

* * * * * * * *

The signs of Victory appear along the horizon; the Day of Peace may not be far away. We thank Thee, O Blessed Lord for all that Thou art doing for the human race. "Watch and pray," so comes the answer. With peace may come relaxation from the ardor and enthusiasm of the struggle and O, terrible thought! a failure to carry out in perfect integrity and to the perfect end, the promises made to the little nations. There may be a return to the love of luxury, of class distinctions, of the lust for power that has for years threatened to destroy in our land the love, pure and simple, for freedom for all; for the small nations as well as, certainly, for the great; for the poor and weak as surely as for the rich and strong.

So, I am asking myself, do I find within me a desire to give to all nations perfect freedom to work out their own salvation in their own way and in accord with their own natures; or do I dream that it would be better to bring them to *my* ideals—to my way of doing things. Gor forbid that for a moment I forget my one duty is to save them from the terrors without so that they may grow and flourish as the Lord, who made them, wills that they should.

Let us watch the thoughts that invade us—the desires that would creep on us unawares and pray for pure hearts and clean hands and the strength and help that will carry us each one and all—all of our nation—and all nations, on to the realization and fulfillment of the Glorious Gospel delivered to us from the Lord.

With many hopes and some fears, Mary Halsey Jarboe.

REPORT OF THE LIBRARY SERVICE

Read at the Mills College Conference of the Woman's Committee, Council of Defense, September, 1918, by Mrs. Frances M. Carlton Harmon, Chairman of Information and Library Service, member of the State Library Board.

YOU have heard so much this morning and you will hear so much more that is both wise and brilliant, that it will be salutory discipline just now to serve you a few dull figures. The attack will be sharp and swift—but inevitable.

As its Committee of Information and Library Service, the 3000 libraries of California operate as an arm of the Defense Council work.

A library center has been established in each county, and the Chairman of the Women's Committees of the Councils of Defense have been asked to appoint the librarians who are administering those centers as County Chairmen of Information and Library Service. In addition to these county chairmen, there are 114 municipal units, many of them having their own branches, with whom the State Chairman is in communication and who receive letters that are sent to the county chairmen. (This is necessitated by some of the municipal libraries not co-operating wih the county system.) Besides these various library centers, there are school libraries, making a total, in all, of 3000. The county chairmen and local chairmen are in the active service of the department, receiving letters, monthly and oftener, from the State Chairman and responding in full reports from time to time with evidences of accomplishment.

There have been distributed to libraries throughout the state, for reference use, 550,000 pieces of literature, it being the aim of the department that bulletins issued by the Food Administration, the Committee on Public Information and other governmental agencies, be found in the library files. If it were possible to extract from Washington enough copies for popular distribution, the librarians stand ready to perform that service, and in so far as material is available, have rendered it; as it is, the information sent us has found its way into the remotest corners of the state.

Twenty-eight of the Food Administration posters have been issued to the libraries, totalling 60,000. Besides these, six other posters have been distributed to the number of 2000. Twenty-three circular letters have been sent, and individual letters to the number of 600.

The bulletins disributed have covered 103 separate publications.

The Department has featured and advertised food conservation (which developed into Food Administration propaganda), Liberty Loan drives ,the food pledge campaigns, war risk insurance, income tax, Red Cross work and the Children's Year, and has furthered training camp activities, especially the campaign for money and books for the establishment of camp libraries. It has held various meetings of librarians, notably those arranged for the Washington representatives of library service. Two hundred librarians attended those meetings.

Exhibits have been planned for over 200 libraries, and material for exhibition sent to the California Federation of Women's Clubs Convention, held in Oakland; to the California Library Association Convention in Del Monte; to the American Library Association, Saratoga Springs, New York, and local exhibits for various fairs and conventions have been featured by the librarians. Lectures and community meetings have been arranged, and in over 100 libraries of the state, exhibits are being held regularly and continually.

LIBRARY OF MILLS COLLEGE. JULIA MORGAN, ARCHITECT

Card catalogs of the California Library system segregated into county organization, municipal, school and subscription libraries, with branches noted and apportionment of literature indicated, have been made. Copies of this catalog have been furnished the National Food Administration, Federal Food Administration for California, State Council of Defense, National Department of Child Welfare and the Committee on Public Information, as a direct mailing list, and others are in process of preparation for other sources of supplies.

Librarians have stood in readiness to lend their expert help to writers and speakers in their communities, and have featured all war literature of a stimulating nature.

. In the meantime, every effort has been made to preserve for historical reference, all publication, posters, etc., that have been brought out because of the war.

The Federal Food Administration was quick to recognize the value of library publicity and has placed upon the staff of each State Administrator a Library Educational Director. In this State your Chairman of Information and Library Service is also that Library Educational Director of the Food Administration. It sounds like real California brag to assert that we have kept well ahead of the field in all our library activities, but it is nevertheless true, and we have received no suggestions up to date save those to which we have been able to make reply "We have been doing **that** for months."

It has been possible to accomplish more obvious results in the Food Conservation work because of the franking privilege and plentiful supplies. Each library is asked to assign a definite space for the period of the war for a Food Conservation section. The following uses of this space are suggested:

1. One Bulletin Board to be reserved for food facts and only timely up-to-date material to be posted.
2. Have on shelves a permanent collection of books on Food Production and Conservation, these not to circulate, in order that they may at any time be accessible to any one wanting the information.
3. Attention is to be called to articles appearing in current magazines, bearing on the Food Problem.
4. Have on hand, pamphlets issued by the United States or State Governments and all valid information to be obtained regardless of its source.
5. Start a file of economical recipes featuring local food products.
6. Where a Library has an auditorium, see that it is used as frequently as possible by speakers talking on the food problem. When practicable, have food demonstrations.
7. Arrange for exhibitions to arrest attention and arouse interest with the idea of following up with information of more constructive and permanent value.
8. Ask for space in any Food Show or State Fair for a Library booth in order to demonstrate to the public the Library's possibilities as an information bureau.
9. In co-operation with local schools call for posters and compositions on food subjects, to be exhibited in Libraries.

So much for our prowess. This much for our plans for the future:

It is hoped that one library in each county will display a crop and industry map of the county in order that the local resources of a district may be called to the attention of the people.

All libraries will be asked to make card catalogs of the agencies in their vicinity doing war service work, and of all agencies printing anything of value relating to the war.

Such directories of agencies in definite places all over the state would be of enormous value and save the time lost wandering about from place to place in search of the **right** place. This too would be of permanent value as a record of individuals and accomplishment after the war, and be an authoritative way to preserve fleeting data.

And one thing more—there is something seriously the matter with our whole system of distribution of war printed matter. We all know it, but sit helplessly by and rail if we see duplication, and rave when we can't get the much needed material. I believe that the libraries are the solution. In California nine-tenths of the population could be reached. There is a library for every thousand inhabitants. If bulletins could be sent by a population pro rata to each library, and letters sent to different people interested in the distribution, directing them to call at their library, naming the allotment for each, duplication at least would be avoided. Surplus material could be returned to the library to be available in quarters where there was a shortage.

Our California librarians were the first to be organized as a committee of any State Council of Defense, and California's plan found quick endorsement and recommendation by the National Council through the States' Relations Committee. I am not **sure** that it was not the first committee fully organized in the California Women's Committee. Of course, this quick mobilization would not have been possible except for the uniform organization of the county library system. Wherever the county library obtained, the county librarian was ready-made county chairman—the working unit of our organization. The librarians of today have brought the libraries up into the present tense. We don't go to the library today to learn "how great **was** Alexander," the librarian goes out and entices Alexander in and teaches him how to **be** great. The fusty book-worm, whom our imagination used to figure as the typical librarian, has emerged from the crysalis of silence and solemnity, and we have the vivid, vital, soaring soul of the modern librarian.

CAMPANILE ON THE MILLS CAMPUS
JULIA MORGAN, ARCHITECT

THE State Council of Defense received by telegraph the following extract from a letter from President Wilson, just received by Secretary Franklin K. Lane, chairman of the Field Division of the Council of National Defense:

"I am very glad to hear of the creation of the Field Division of the Council of National Defense, amalgamating the executive functions of the State Council's Section and the Woman's Committee of the Council."

California was one of the pioneering states in regard to this new form of organization. When the announcement was made of the creation of the Field Division, Mrs. Herbert Cable, chairman of the Woman's Committee, pointed out that the suggested plan followed very closely the lines upon which the Woman's Committee of the California State Council of Defense has been working for a long time.

(Continued from page 6)

standing the strains of launching, and in weathering an especially severe storm at sea, the Shipping Board authorized the construction of six yards for the building of concrete ships. Two of these yards are assigned to the Pacific Coast: one at San Francisco, and one at San Diego. In addition to the Government yards there are a number of private shipbuilding plants which are now undertaking the production of concrete ships following the demonstration that the concrete vessel of a size comparable to many ocean going freighters of wood and steel is feasible. About 50 ships of concrete are now being built or are contracted for in this country.

The problems of design in the concrete ship are structural rather than pertaining to naval architecture, for the lines of the hull are characterized by simplicity, and, as yet, no attempt has been made to have the concrete ship qualify for fast schedules. As is the case in all ship design, there are standard strength requirements for all component parts of the hull largely based upon Lloyd's rules and the concrete ship engineer must provide in a combination of steel and concrete the same strength which would be afforded by the similar members if wood or steel were used. The "Faith" has a length of 336 feet and a beam of 45 feet; its mid cross section is almost rectangular. The shell thickness is 4 inches on the sides and 5 inches on the bottom. The vessel is designed for a speed of 10.5 knots.

Concrete is heavier than steel for equivalent strength, hence one of the important considerations is the reduction of weight and a very careful proportioning of the ingredients has been adopted which decreases the weight while at the same time the strength is increased. The use of cement with greater fineness increases the strength of the concrete mixture and an aggregate of burnt clay used instead of gravel is effective in reducing the weight. It is estimated by the engineers of the Emergency Fleet Corporation that an empty concrete ship will weigh twice as much as a steel ship of 10 per cent larger capacity. From a construction standpoint there are some advantages for the concrete ship in certain localities. The materials of which the concrete is made are available in practically all regions. Limestone quarries provide the main constituent needed for the manufacture of cement while sand and crushed rock are easily obtainable. Although the more complicated steel beams, columns and other rolled shapes are often difficult to secure, rods and bars which are used in reinforced concrete are produced in many more localities and are the most elementary form of the material. The shipbuilding plant required for concrete ships consists of little else than the area necessary for construction, and the storage of materials equipped with the concrete mixers and distributing devices.

In regard to first cost, at the present time concrete ships range from $100 to $125 per ton, wooden ships about $165 and steel ships range from $180 to $220. The latter figure is two or more times that which prevailed early in 1914.

Without doubt the concrete ship has permanently qualified for a place in the shipping world. It has the limitation of additional weight and the refinement of the hull lines of the vessels will be necessary before the concrete ship can become a serious competitor of the steel boat in other classes of service than freight carrying. During the war, bottoms for the transportation of freight are the urgent need and to meet this need the concrete ship is an effective response.

FOLLOWING a series of conferences between representatives of the various building material industries and the Non-War Construction Department of the State Council of Defense, a meeting was held at the Ferry building, attended by the following: Mr. Henderson, Pacific Portland Cement Co.; Mr. George Cameron, Santa Cruz Portland Cement Co.; Mr. Irwin, Bass-Hueter Paint Co.; Mr. M. A. Harris, and Mr. C. S. Tripler of the Van Arsdale-Harris Lumber Co.; Mr. W. W. Dennis, McNear Brick Agency, and Mr. Vere Hunter.

The building material men throughout the State are patriotically co-operating with the Non-War Construction Department, but many difficult questions are constantly being presented for determination, involving the application of instruction from Washington and rulings of the local department.

For the purpose of securing more direct co-operation of the material men, Commissioner Pioda announces that the State Council of Defense will select some man to represent the interests of the industry in his department. This proposal has been approved by the industries affected and the announcement of the appointment will be made within a few days.

MABEL WATSON

·STUDIO·
249·EAST
COLORADO
PASADENA

Portraits by Photography

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS—*Marjorie Charles Driscoll*

THE useful Christmas gift ruling has brought no dismay to the heart of the booklover, for he is confident that no ruling, however drastic, could by any possibility list books among the non-essentials which are to be conspicuous by their absence this year. Consequently he is as eager in his anticipation of new book lists as he has ever been, and as delighted with the outlook for a long and varied list of good books, old and new, from which to choose.

The new books announced for the coming months offer an unusually tempting array. Many of them, of course, are war books, but there is a goodly supply of books dealing with other subjects, so that no library needs to be one-sided in its growth just now. Many of the leading writers both of England and America are contributing books to the fall lists, and from the advance announcements some of these new volumes are likely to be exceptionally interesting.

Among the authors who are publishing new war books are Henry Morgenthau, Rudyard Kipling, Major Frederick Palmer, Woods Hutchinson, Reginald Wright Kauffman, Laurence La Tourette Driggs, Madeleine Z. Doty, Herman Whitaker, William Y. Stevenson and others. Mr. Morgenthau tells the story of his days as ambassador; Kipling has written "The Eyes of Asia"; Major Frederick Palmer's book is to be called "America in France"; Laurence Driggs, author of another most interesting book on aviation, contributes "Heroes of Aviation"; "From 'Poilu' to 'Sammie'" is the promising title of W. Y. Stevenson's book, and Madeleine Doty has written "Around the World in War Time." Two stories of naval affairs are "Our Flag Afloat" by Reginald Wright Kauffman, and "Hunting the German Shark" by Herman Whitaker. Woods Hutchinson's book is to be called "The Doctor in War."

CLARENCE THOMAS URMY
Author of *A Rosary of Rhyme, A Vintage of Verse, A California Troubador*

New fiction offers a most attractive field for the book buyer. With such authors as William de Morgan, Booth Tarkington, Arnold Bennett, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Robert Chambers, Samuel Hopkins Adams, and a host of others contributing new columes, there is indeed a feast for the reader. Even an unadorned list of authors and titles shows what is coming.

William de Morgan has written "The Old Madhouse," a title to provoke keen anticipation among lovers of his chatty, discursive stories; Arnold Bennett's book is "The Roll Call" and Mrs. Humphry Ward has written the story of a most interesting and unusual young woman in "Elizabeth's Campaign."

Algernon Blackwood's new volume is "John Silence," Booth Tarkington has "The Magnificent Ambersons," and Kathleen Norris contributes "Josselyn's Wife." Promise of delightful stories is found in the announcement of "Edgewater People" by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, and Gertrude Atherton has "The Avalanche."

Books that promise good entertainment of a vigorous sort, judging from past stories by the authors, are "The Sagebrusher" by Emerson Hough, "The Valley of the Giants" by Peter B. Kyne, "Shyrider" by B. M. Bower, "Everyman's Land" by the perennially popular Williamsons, "Fortune" by Albert Payson Terhune, "The Treasure Trail" by Marah Ellis Ryan, "Three of Them" by Conan Doyle, "The Human Touch" by "Sapper," author of some of the best of the war stories; "The Laughing Girl" by Robert

W. Chambers, and any number of others.

Samuel Hopkins Adams has "Common Cause," Mary Johnston's book will be called "Foes," Marjorie Benton Cooke has written "The Clutch of Circumstance," Cyrus Townsend Brady has "Waif o' the Sea," William Allen White contributes "In the Heart of a Fool," and Joseph C. Lincoln promises new entertainment in "Shavings."

Books of the current month which promise to continue in unabated popularity are "Joan and Peter" by the indefatigable H. G. Wells whose output of literature appears endless; "The City of Masks," George Barr McCutcheon's entertaining story of people who are not what they seem to be; "Cheerful by Request," a typical Edna Ferber volume; "Harbor Tales," new stories by Norman Duncan of Labrador fame; "The Tang of Life," an energetic western story by Henry Herbert Knibbs; "Home Fires in France," Dorothy Canfield's latest book; "An American Family" by Henry Kitchell Webster; "The Earthquake," Arthur Train's story of the awakening which the war brings to a wealthy American family; "The Amazing Interlude," a characteristic Mary Roberts Rinehart story which has found innumerable admirers; these to mention only a few of the recent books.

War books that continue popular represent a wide field. Among them are the Coningsby Dawson books, notably "Out to Win" and "The Glory of the Trenches." Harry Lauder's unusual story of "A Minstrel at the Front" finds many readers, and the Gerard books are still sought.

James Norman Hall's stirring book, "High Adventure," that tells of the experiences of the Lafayette escadrille, is companioned by "Outwitting the Hun" by Pat O'Brien, hero of the marvelous escape from Germany; "A Flying Fighter" by Lieut. E. M. Roberts and "Winged Warfare" by Major W. A. Bishop. All four books are written by men who have done the things they write about.

Ralph D. Paine's story of "The Fighting Fleets" is interesting for those who follow the career of the navy, and for general war books some of the best are "Private Peat" by Harold R. Peat, "In the Fourth Year" by H. G. Wells, "Warfare Today" by Lieut. Col. Paul Azan, a valuable summary of how modern war is waged;; "The Land of Deepening Shadow," a vivid and comprehensive study of Germany in the early days of the war by D. T. Curtin; "Comrades in Courage" by Lieut. Antoine Redier, and "Over Periscope Pond" by Marjorie Crocker and Esther S. Root.

The younger readers are by no means forgotten in the list of new books. For the very little people nothing could be more delightful than the Rackham-Illustrated volume, "Little Brother and Little Sister. A less elaborate and less expensive book is the "Little Mother Goose" with pictures by Jessie Wilcox Smith.

A book by Pasadena writers, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Moon (Grace and Carl Moon) that is a delight for young and older readers alike is "Lost Magic," a story of the Indian life that the authors know so well. The story itself is most interesting and enthralling, and the pictures by Carl Moon add to its value.

Another Indian book that the boys will enjoy is "Indian Heroes and Great Chieftains" by Charles Eastman.

There are numerous good stories for girls, including several war time volumes of Red Cross and similar work abroad that would be both interesting and valuable.

A War-Time Troubadour

The poet has his part in this world war. His spirit, by its prayers, its powers of insight, and its strength of love, join that innumerable host of heavenly spirits pressing behind the Allied ranks toward victory over wrong.

At home he must preserve the things worth while, hold fast the Faith, and fix the thought of conquering heroes on the high and holy aim of their endeavor.

Thus one who finds himself among the gentle foothills of the Montebello ridge in California has sung these lays while walking lowly paths along the willowed streams. Some days he mounts the hills and calls his fellowmen to prayer. Some times he finds a source of comfort in a wayside flower.

At night he stops at inn or farmhouse numerous in this pleasant land where orchards clamber up the oak-trimmed hills. Here he catches glimpses of our battlefields and cries out his regret for wanton waste of old world beauy, or exhorts to faith and courage in the fight.

THE SPIRIT OF MUSIC. PAINTING BY WILLIAM KEITH
Courtesy of the Keith Galleries, San Francisco

Selections from Wild Willow

By CLARENCE THOMAS URMY,
Dramatic Critic, San José Mercury

EL QUITO ROAD

Here starts the road—this bridge with bay
And alder boughs entwined,
Invites our pilgrim feet to stray
Where softly on its seaward way
San Tomas' waters wind.

The Mountains of the Holy Cross
In purple haze grow dim;
Great oaks o'er-grown with tangled moss
On high their giant branches toss
And sing with seraphim!

* * * * * * *

And then, to crown the journey's end,
An olive grove spreads far,
Where tranquil, twilight dews descend,
And peaceful thoughts of vesper blend
With evening's first, faint star.

VALE

Vanishing towers and chimes of Flanders,
Shades of the heel-grind, mad commanders,
Attilas, Caesars, Alexanders,
Why all this havoc and ruin?
Forms that were fair as men might make them,
Sounds that were sweet as angels wake them,
Why should the peace of God forsake them?
What words shall we say our adieu in?
Pressed against skies proud of their presence,
Wonderful stalks of stone florescence,
Poetry wrapped in iridesence,
Dust-trodden, bereft, and beseechless;
Lone the places that made skies fairer,
Tears of the moon their vigil-sharer,
Naught may amend—Time, the repairer,
Now shakes his drooped head, and is speechless.

AN OLD CANDLESTICK

I made it mine one lucky day
When through a street I chanced to stray
Where curios bedecked the way—
"GOODS SECOND HANDED"
I wakened from his noontide nap
A Shylock in a velvet cap,
And dropped within his lazy lap
The price demanded.
The top unscrews, and all apart
Comes this rare piece of brazen art;
Now, guess what on its inmost heart
Is deeply graven;
A name that thrills one with the sound
Of footsteps pacing holy ground,
A name that bids the heartstrings bound,
And nerves the craven.
"Rouget de Lisle—son chandelier."
No wonder that the candle's ray
Lights in my room a hallowed way
Of consecration!
I raise aloft the tallow dip,
La Marseillaise is on my lip:
"Allons, enfants!" with firmer grip
For God and Nation!

A SONG OF THE ROAD

Hello, you little, unexpected, curving, country road,
You look as though you might, perchance, lead on to Joy's abode;
What is there just beyond the turn down by that redwood tree?
You will not tell? Oh, very well, I'll just walk down and see!

Oho! A valley view superb of Santa Clara's vale,
Enclosed by amethystine hills that fairy dreams exhale;
With little rivers orchard-edged, and slopes with vineyards blent,
The Bay a field of silver, and the sky a turquoise tent.

THE BLOSSOM WAY, SANTA CLARA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

Leading south from Saratoga, on past Bonnie Brae,
Runs the path of springtime blossoms, Flora decked to-day.

Make a little turn at Farwell, on past Three Oaks Way,
Here's Glen Una—rest, and gaze on mountain, valley, Bay.

Stirling Neuk and Bainter—home of elfin, sprite, and fay,
Cross the bridge, and Nippon Mura crowns The Blossom Way.

LONG BRIDGE, ON ROAD TO BIG BASIN

Well, well! You mean to say that you creep
to that mountain crest?
And do you lead, as good roads should, to
dreamful realms of rest?
Your lips are sealed! Azaleas nod, and ham-
adryads call,
Their voices tuned to dulcet strains of canyon
waterfall.

Praise be! How like the bold Ortega, years and
years ago,
Upon Montara's height rejoicing o'er the scene
below!
The calm, Pacific, sunset sea before me lies
unrolled,
Its blue waves white with shore-set dreams of
Argonauts and gold.

Good night, you little, joy-diffusing, peace-dis-
pensing road,
The world from you might learn a lesson rich
in Nature's code;
To-morrow you shall lead me back to haunts
of battle scars,
To-night I couch with Silence in the Tavern
of the Stars.

ENTRANCE TO WILDWOOD, SARATOGA
BEAUTIFUL HOME SITES ARE FOUND HERE

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THE GREAT PEPPER TREE AT SARATOGA INN

One of the most comfortable and attractive country inns is found in the charming little town of Saratoga, Santa Clara County. Situated on the peninsular trolley line between San Francisco and Los Gatos and near the path of touring parties going north along the foothills of Santa Cruz and the Big Basin, the town of Saratoga makes an unusual setting for such a pleasant inn.

An unlimited supply of pure water, magnificent views of the nearby Santa Cruz Mountains and of the sweep of the Santa Clara Valley, attractive grounds planted with orange, lemon and other semitropical growths, all lure the tourist and hold the guest.

Although set in the midst of orchards and farms, the town of Saratoga has, in the Inn and in its beautiful villas, all the modern appurtenances of life.

Its enterprising Improvement Club has planned a model park at the cross roads and set the trolley station, the bank, the postoffice and telephone exchange around it conveniently.

A type of tiled roof architecture characterizes all the newer store buildings and kept uniform but interesting, will make the place a model for new towns.

BELLGROVE, RESIDENCE OF MR. DAVID C. BELL
OF MINNEAPOLIS AND SARATOGA

Shaping up the Roadway With Caterpillar Tractor and Road Grader

Manipulating the Oil-spreader on North Lake Avenue

Removing the Sweepings From Concrete Pit to the Pick-up Truck

The Planer Used to Remove Uneveness From Oil-Macadam Streets

Street Equipment Used by the City of Pasadena

MAINTENANCE AND CLEANING OF STREETS IN PASADENA

By THOMAS D. ALLIN
Commissioner of Public Works

THE necessary requisites for successful and efficient street cleaning and maintenance are: First, adequate funds; second, intelligent supervision, and third, good equipment.

A good appearance may be had by the use of bountiful funds with only mediocre supervision and antiquated equipment, and again, intelligent supervision may bring surprising results with both sufficient funds and the best of equipment lacking, but the best of equipment will not avail if both sufficient funds and intelligent supervision are not provided.

In Pasadena, the writer believes, the three necessary requisites prevail and the results speak for themselves. This belief is not a mere off-hand conclusion but is based upon data and personal observations in various cities, not alone on the Pacific Coast, but also from personal visits and observations in the best cities of various sizes and conditions throughout the United States.

In street cleaning it is important that the roadways be hard and smooth and this is easy to secure when we make use of asphaltic oils, even on outlying and little used streets. Pasadena has a great variety of street surfaces ranging from the most high-class pavements with concrete base and sheet asphalt, or bitulithic wearing surface, costing from 18 to 20 cents per square foot, down to the lightest application of asphaltic oils, costing a small fraction of one cent per square foot.

Our down-town streets and also our better improved residential streets are hand swept. Our down-town streets are swept twice a day, other streets are swept once a day, others every other day; others twice a week, and others once a week by sweepers having defined routes, while our more cheaply improved streets are hand swept at longer intervals by our roving sweepers. All sweepers having defined routes are provided with broom, scoop-shovel, and push cart.

On a number of the most prominent streets concrete pits have been constructed in the parkings or in the sidewalks in the down-town district, in which are placed the sweepings until the pick-up truck arrives. These pits are covered with a metal hinged lid, and the sweepings are removed with a close-tined fork.

A motor-driven suction sweeper is also used. The down-town streets are swept once every day except Sundays, and other high-class paved streets are swept at intervals of from every other day to once a week. This sweeper is made in Southern California, and sweeps on an average 180,000 square yards per day of eight hours, at an average cost of 3.83 cents per 1000 square yards, for operator and maintenance, or at a cost of a little less than 5 cents per 1000 square yards including depreciation.

This cost is much less than the cost with any other make of sweeper that has come to our attention.

All street parkings not maintained by abutting property owners in grass or otherwise, are cleaned by the city, by hoeing from once to twice a year, or by plowing as is the case on many of the outlying streets having sufficient width of parking to permit plowing. In many places one plowing and once over with a cultivator is sufficient at a cost far less than is the cost of hoeing.

There are 177 miles of streets and 15 miles of alleys in the city, and the cost of cleaning, the last fiscal year, was $39,600, or 75 cents per mile per day for 300 working days. As our streets average about 7.5 acres per mile the cost is practically 10 cents per acre per working day, which is a very low cost compared with the service and cost in other cities.

But a little over a year ago we had thirty-two regularly routed hand sweepers. Later the number was reduced to twenty-nine, and at the present time we have but nineteen. Not that the nineteen can give as good service as the thirty-two but because we believe the reduced service and the corresponding reduction in cost is justifiable in war times. Street traffic has been somewhat reduced by war conditions, but the growth of weeds this summer by reason of the summer

rains, has been more prolific than in other years, and thereby has increased the weed cleaning expense on the street parkings. This abnormal growth of weeds also applies to vacant lots cleaned by the street department at the owner's expense.

Increased salary to workmen and higher cost of supplies adds very materially to the expense, but careful supervision with an intelligent and loyal corps of workmen is enabling the street departmen to operate successfully on a reduced war-time yearly budget.

In street maintenance much new equipment has been purchased in the past five years in the way of steam rollers, an auto truck with oil spreader which is alternated with a rock bed whereby the same truck is used for hauling rock or spreading oil as the necessities demand; an auto pick-up truck for removing sweepings from the streets; an auto repair truck with oil heater equipped as a trailer; an auto truck for the cement repair workmen; a street planer, and lastly, a caterpillar tractor for drawing street machinery.

Our last steam roller purchased is equipped with an automatically controlled rooter, whereby the operator also controls the rooter instead of drawing a separate rooter requiring an extra man to manipulate the same.

The oil spreader is under such complete control that by reference to tables, prepared from experience, into which enters the factors of grades, speed, and outlet gauging, the quantity of oil desired per square yard can be applied to within two or three per cent, and oftimes to within one per cent of the quantity desired.

On ordinary repair work the truck with trailing oil heater carries sufficient rock for a half day's work. We find this method more efficient and satisfactory than the old method of mixing in the yard and then transporting to the place of application.

The tractor eliminates the use of horses for plows, street planer, pulverizer, and other road machinery; and where four years ago we had twenty-three horses in the street department, we have, by the substitution of trucks and tractor, reduced the number to six, even though we have added many miles of streets to our up-keep since that time.

The planer is for the purpose of planing off unevenness from oil macadam streets. This overcomes the necessity of rooting up and reshaping this class of streets when they become uneven, which is a tendency in some of the earlier streets by reason of the application of too much oil, or an oil of inferior quality, or both. This device has forty-eight highly tempered disks arranged in four groups, and is made use of to the best advantage in hot weather.

All of the street equipment shown in the picture at the head of this article, and some other street equipment not therein shown, has been purchased since the writer has been Commissioner of Public Works, and we believe such an equipment to be a very great factor in obtaining maximum results with a minimum of expense.

"California." Painting by Benjamin Brown, Pasadena

Public Lands for Returned Soldiers

THE Committee on Public Lands of the Senate has unanimously reported in favor of a bill appropriating a million dollars to make surveys of farms for returning soldiers. In its report the Committee says:

"The proposed legislation is for the purpose of providing an opportunity to procure homes for those of our returning sailors and soldiers who may wish them upon their return from the war, as well as giving a like opportunity to thousands of workers in munitions factories and other war industries who at the conclusion of the war will be out of employment. There will be hundreds of thousands of young men who will have returned from service in our Army or Navy who will be out of employment and for whom there will be no jobs or positions. In addition there will be thousands and thousands of men and women, now employed in munitions factories and other war industries which will have to close at the end of the war, who will be out of employment. Many of them will have some means which they will have saved at their employment and with which they could locate upon and improve land and engage in agriculture, horticulture, or livestock raising. All of the above-described classes of people will be needed on the land. The land will need them and they will need the land. It should be the object of the Government and it is the object of this proposed legislation to provide them with the opportunity of getting on the land. Furthermore, the undertaking which this proposed legislation contemplates, if embarked upon by the Government, would afford employment to thousands of men

California Landscape. Painting by Orrin White

The California Coast. Painting by Guy Rose

A Well-developed Residence Tract *Courtesy of Staats-Macy Company*

The Art *of* Planning a Residence Tract

WHEN the Secretary of the Interior planned to open up the desert lands for returning soldiers, he gave opportunity for the ideal country center to be realized.

All of the city planning done in the last decade should now bear fruit. Here on land made to blossom as the rose, where fruit and flowers are irrigated in the most approved and modern way, the planning of the residence tracts and civic center should be worked out by those who by experience have mastered the details of their art. Here with no shacks or shanties to remove, no narrow streets to widen, or selfish interests to combat, the coast is clear, the slate is clean and something fine and surpassingly intelligent should be done. All the aroused intelligence and all the training of the army life can now be put to thinking out and building up the perfect country town. Surveys, balloon observation and airplane flights will lend their aid; and living in the country with the conveniences and pleasures of town life be realized and planned on paper before a house is built.

Oaks Are Made a Part of the Plan

Set Among the Orange Orchard Trees

The central town with roads like spokes running out to farm lands will find its earnest advocates. Any plan that makes the center of our country life conveniently reached, well set with resting places, and provided with a theater, and auditoruim as well as banks, post office, stores and comfortable hotel or country inn will make our country life worth seeking.

In California are found such ideal spots where country life is joined to city interest by the trolley or the motor road. But never before has such an opportunity appeared for perfecting this idea.

The men who made the Southland finished off to live in are past masters in the art of laying out a residence addition to a growing town. They should be well equipped to aid the government in making this to-be-watered desert a success in holding the people settling there.

Oak Knoll Heights, Pasadena

In Southern California there was beauty, climate, water, long before man came with concrete mixer, spade and hoe. But to preserve that beauty, and to make the water guard instead of mar it, has been a herculean task.

An engineer's trained thought must plan the gutters and lay out a system of control and conservation, or the hills will slide and orchards, fields and lawns be washed away. Each tree, each canyon, every slope of lawn or rocky hillside must be studied scientifically and made to hold the natural beauty it has gained.

The Oak Knoll district is remarkable even in far-famed Pasadena. Partly because it offers such variety of canyon, hill and ridge for residence, and partly because its trees have been preserved and made a feature of its sites. Old orange orchards are not ruthlessly cut down; but cultivated carefully they form orangeries and lanes down which one looks to snow-clad mountains in the San Jacinto Range. Curved streets abound, because the hills are curved and also to give each home a better outlook and a sense of space.

Oak Knoll consists of over three hundred acres, comprising what was once the Allendale, Oak Knoll and Richardson Ranchos, and the golf course of the old Pasadena Country Club. Ably handled by the long-established firm of Staats-Macy, it may be taken as an example of excellent landscape and street engineering and should be studied with profit by the novice in real estate.

Up on the mesa above Pasadena lies a stretch of property where those who love a view delight to live. To the south, on a clear day, there is an uninterrupted sweep of valley reaching to the beach. Sometimes a faint blue strip of mountain land is seen across the sea at Catalina and the water of the Pacific gleams like silver in the sun. Fortunately this residence tract has been laid out by competent engineers under the direction of the Hogan Company. With the mountains for background beautiful homes built by our best architects are rising one by one. Sincere study is necessary to adapt the architecture to the site. Square, city houses jar when placed against these molded hills, and glaring white cannot be used with good effect unless the live-oaks lend their softening shade. All these problems have been studied by the experts who laid out the Altadena Country Club Park. They should be consulted and their experience used before a house is built. Then, with an eye to general effect, the whole mesa will be made more beautiful by man's occupation; rather than reduced in beauty by the hit-or-miss methods of the casual builder of merely one house.

The Wide Curves of Altadena Club Tract

The Southern Entrance to Altadena Country Club Park Tract

In places there are many oaks, and the banks of the washes show delightful natural parks of desert flora, exquisite in their soft colorings whether in leaf or bloom. Here the tourist may study desert flowers without leaving civilization. It is hoped by many that a strip of this interesting natural park will be left along the foot-

hill boulevard and preserved forever by the county for posterity.

This preservation of natural park land has been carefully executed in another portion of the upper valley. West of the Arroyo Seco among the hills and canyons leading out to the coast there is a remarkable example of expert landscape engineering and successful residence sites. Flintridge is planned to live in, and yet it has emphasized rather than obliterated nature's best effects.

It is close to the urban advantages of the city, yet it is a retreat from urban life. No more ideal situation could be found for a residence tract.

Here is an excellent example of the best use of our southland hills.

Through wide openings in the hills charming vistas are obtained. The world seems far away. The calm of the mountains pervades, Nature soothes the tired worker and invites him out of doors.

THE CURVING ROADS OF FLINTRIDGE PARK *Courtesy of Flintridge Company*

COUNCIL OF DEFENSE NOTE

Mobilization by communities of every man, woman and child in California, is the new task given to William V. Cowan, State Director of the Four Minute Men, by the State Council of Defense.

It is claimed that the reconstruction period will require even a more careful organization than has been necessary during the war. It enables the busy farmer and laboring man to keep in closer touch with the work of Federal and State officials, and to receive authorative information direct from them.

A letter has been sent by Director Chas. C. Moore to all Chairmen of County Divisions of the State Council, asking that they immediately recommend to him the names of three highly qualified persons in each county to be appointed as the County Committee on Community Councils. Chairman R. W. Pridham will appoint for Los Angeles County.

There are 200,000 willing California boys and girls, ready to make gardens at home, instead of on school grounds if they can be provided with the necessary supervision and direction. The problem of financing Garden Directors is to be put squarely up to the Boards of Education.

From his office at the Sate Council of Defense, Mr. C. A. Stebbins, a State War Garden Director, has sent out instructions to the County War Garden Directors to establish in each County a War Garden Bureau.

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A SCIENTIFIC ENTERPRISE

BY ELLIS BISHOP

AS ONE enters Pasadena from Los Angeles by way of the Colorado Street bridge, one is impressed by the beauty on all sides. The new approach to the bridge, Orange Grove Avenue, and then, as one descends the hill, the Harkness place with its extensive grounds, and on the right, the fine Elks Club, each in turn attracts attention.

At the foot of the hill on the right, is a comparatively new building which, because of the fineness of its architecture and the unusual name it bears, arrests the attention. It is The Vitalait Laboratory of California.

THE VITALAIT LABORATORY OF CALIFORNIA

The work carried on here is unique so far as the West is concerned, the parent Vitalait Laboratory being in Boston, Mass.

The mission of The Vitalait Laboratory is to cultivate and distribute a true and vigorous culture of the bacillus Bulgaricus. Many who read this will say, "Oh, yes! I know. That's what Prof. Metchnikoff did at the Pasteur Institute in Paris." You are right. It was Prof. Metchnikoff, then director of the Pasteur Institute, with Prof. Massol of the University of Geneva and their disciples, who discovered the value of the bacillus Bulgaricus in its relation to the prolongation of life and increase in human efficiency. This tiny invisible friend

THE LABORATORY WORK ROOM

possesses the peculiar ability to transform a portion of the waste matter in the intestine into helpful lactic acid. It is the presence of this lactic acid in the intestines which largely prevents the multiplication of disease-producing microbes and greatly retards the action of the germs of decay. What bathing does for the body, this helpful bacterium does for the digestive tract. It makes for colon hygiene. The work of The Vitalait Laboratory and those associated with it brings this helpful bacterium within the reach of all who desire it.

There are two ways of using Vitalait. Either in the form of a concentrated pure culture or a delicious Bulgarian milk. The former is distributed direct from the laboratory, usually at the direction of a physician. The latter is made and distributed for Pasadena by The

THE COLD SPRING DAIRY FARM

THE COLD SPRING HERD

Cold Spring Dairy Farm, Certified, San Pasqual Street, East . At this unique dairy, which has an enviable reputation for its certified milk and cream, Vitalait is made daily. It is delivered to your door by their efficient delivery system.

Vitalait is made from whole milk and is delicious in flavor. A drinker of Vitalait has the food value of whole milk and the therapeutic value of the bacillus Bulgaricus combined. For those who wish, the laboratory provides a culture for making Vitalait in the home.

At 178 East Colorado Street, there is an attractive little place known as The Vitalait Shop where Vitalait may be had by the glass or in bottles to be taken home. The Vitalait Shop has chosen Venetian blue as its color, the bluebird as its emblem and Superior as its watchword. Here not only Vitalait may be had, but a satisfying and delicious luncheon is served throughout the day. Home made eatables of the highest quality in materials and workmanship may be procured.

Vitalait has chosen as its motto Emerson's "Do one thing incomparably well, and the world will make a path to your door though you live in a forest."

A visit to the laboratory, the Cold Spring Dairy Farm and The Vitalait Shop, will well repay you.

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California Southland

Mabel Urmy Seares - - - - *Editor and Publisher*
No. 3 FEBRUARY-MARCH, 1919

CONTENTS

Tournament Float, Merchants Association, 1918....*Cover Design*
Twin Lakes, Painting by Benjamin Brown.....*Contents Design*
The Aqueduct—A Dream and Its Realization .....*Frederick W. Lyman* 5
Down the River Moselle..... 7
The Tournament—An Outdoor Festival.....*Grace G. Wotkyns* 9
The Origin of the Tournament.....*Dr. Francis F. Rowland* 10
Southland Opinion—
Roosevelt 11
The Will to Serve.....*C. Rankin Barnes* 11
Theodore Roosevelt—A Tribute.....*James A. B. Scherer* 12-13
The Story of a Float.....*Edwin R. Sorver* 14-15
The Queen's Fund for Belgian Children..... 16
The Purpose Programs of Estelle Heartt Dreyfus..... 16
The Garden of Mr. Arthur Noble..... 17
The Conservation of Water..... 18
The Richard Miller Studio Garden, Stickney School of Art... 18
Books and Book Reviews..... 18
The Foothill Boulevard Towns..... 19
Flood Control.....*Mabel Urmy Seares* 19
The Development of Water.....*Ralph Vanderhoof* 20
The U. S. Balloon Camp at Arcadia....*Mary Stewart Daggett* 20
On Down the Boulevard—Glendora.....*H. H. Sellers* 21
A Scientific Enterprise.....*Ellis Bishop* 3

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In this number, the portraits of Mr. Hunter, President of the Annandale Club, and of Dr. Rowland, First Marshal of the Tournament of Roses, were taken by

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CALIFORNIA SOUTHLAND
A WAR-TIME MAGAZINE FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

THE LOS ANGELES AQUEDUCT

A DREAM AND ITS REALIZATION

By FREDERICK W. LYMAN

Photographs by J. W. Bludsoe

THE SOURCE OF THE WATERS—LOS ANGELES AQUEDUCT

IT was my privilege some years ago to hear the romance and the reality of the Los Angeles Aqueduct so vividly presented by Mr. Burt A. Heinly of the Engineering Department, that what had been to me only a name, became a living thing, and the interest then awakened still remains.

Though a new account of this great enterprise be a twice-told tale, it is still worth the telling, for though the conception of the plan was so daring, and its execution so successful as to challenge the wonder and admiration of engineers the country over, yet many of our visitors, to say nothing of new residents, know little of its history or the great results attained.

In 1903 when Hon. Frederick Eaton, ex-Mayor of Los Angeles, said to Mr. William Mulholland, Chief Engineer of the Water Department, "Bill, why don't you use the Owens River as a water supply?" the Los Angeles Aqueduct was born; but for reasons which will appear later the birth was not announced.

Los Angeles already had an excellent water supply adequate for two hundred and fifty thousand people, which had cost some six million dollars, but she was suffering from—or enjoying—her growing pains and must be ready for the great day already dawning.

The City was fortunate in the personnel of its Board of Water Commissioners and its Chief Engineer, William Mulholland, and also in having about one million dollars available for the purchase of water properties without further legislation. This combination of brains, money and authority—rare in city affairs—made possible the securing of some eighty thousand acres of water-bearing lands and reservoir

By-Pass at Power House No. 2

sites before the land shark woke up and found himself too late to buy or option large tracts to be disposed of later an an enormous profit, as has alas been too often the case in other cities.

By 1905 this vitally important preliminary work had been done, and the Commissioners were ready to go before the people and ask for a bond issue of one million, five hundred thousand dollars to be followed by other issues aggregating a total of twenty-four million five hundred thousand dollars.

Let us try to see this undertaking in its true perspective. What were the conditions, and what did the Commissioners contemplate? Los Angeles in 1905 had a population of about two hundred thousand. The Owens River where it must be tapped was two hundred and sixty miles away hidden among the rocky fastnesses of the Sierras, and the probable cost of bringing city and water together was twenty to twenty-five millions of dollars. Where can another city be found that would have dreamed of attempting a task of such relative magnitude? New York, to be sure, in 1903 was planning to enlarge her water supply at an expense of sixty million dollars, but she had a population of three million seven hundred thousand, which gave a per capita cost of about sixteen dollars against a contemplated expense for Los Angeles of one hundred twenty dollars per capita. Nothing, however, seemed impossible to those who already visioned the coming metropolis of this Southland Empire.

The engineering problems presented by these two hundred and sixty miles that separated the city from the water it so greatly coveted were many and serious. For sixty miles the aqueduct had to be carried far up along the side of the Sierra Nevada mountains—a task requiring engineering skill of a high order. Some of the country traversed was exceedingly rough and broken, while for a hundred miles the route lay across the hot sands of the desert, and then at last came the crowning obstacle, the Sierra Madre range, which must be tunneled. It is hardly too much to say that every type of trouble incident to such enterprises was encountered and overcome before the great endeavor was brought to a successful issue.

In summing up what was accomplished, but without going into wearying detail, we may say that the city eventually secured water-bearing lands in excess of one hundred thousand acres; has the right to take twenty thousand miner's inches from the Owens River which has a drainage area of more than twenty-eight hundred square miles; and has the rights thereto secured and made perpetual by purchase from the original owners, or by filings acknowledged by the United States government, and the State of California. Freedom from human contamination is assured by the paucity of population in the Valley, the large area which is in possession of the City, and by the fact that the whole face of the Sierra has been placed in a forest reserve by the United States government for this very purpose. Invaluable as these conditions are, one essential factor remains to be determined. What assurance is there of an abundant and continuous flow? This query brings us to a situation which probably has no parallel. Within the drainage area, or contributing to it, are twenty-three mountain peaks, exceeding thirteen thousand feet in elevation—one, Mt. Whitney, being the highest in the United States—and probably more than three times that number which exceed ten thousand feet. The snow fall throughout that section is almost uniformly heavy, and many of these peaks are snow covered throughout the year, affording an unfailing supply of water. The present storage capacity of the reservoirs is about thirty-five billion gallons, which means that nearly one hundred and fifty million gallons a day, which is the present maximum summer consumption including irrigation,—could be furnished for eight months if not a drop of water flowed into the reservoirs during all that time.

In these days we talk glibly of billions, and yet we little comprehend their magnitude. Will it help us to say that the thirty-five billions of gallons impounded in these reservoirs are sufficient to give every one of our million soldiers who were in France a hundred gallons a day for a year; which, to say the least, exceeds the trench allowance.

The primary purpose of the enterprise was to give Los Angeles a supply of good water adequate to meet for many years the needs of a rapidly growing city. Is it fulfilling that purpose? Can those who conceived and carried forward the work come with clean hands before their constituency—the people of Los Angeles—and say we have made good? What are the concrete facts? First—The Aqueduct cost about two million dollars less than the estimate, if allowance is made for one million dollars of work not originally contemplated and not essential to the completion of the system, and also for the salvage, estimated to be worth one million dollars. Second—The work was completed in considerably less than the allotted time. Third—The supply is adequate to meet the needs of two million people on the basis of per capita consumption accepted by the experts of the New York Commission. These facts fully vindicate the judgment of those who were responsible for the undertaking, and is surely a happy outcome as compared with the experience of many other cities.

But there is another phase of the subject that must not pass unnoticed. One question protrudes into almost every twentieth century problem, what are the by-products—are there secondary values which may be of large ultimate worth?

The needs of the primitive man were food, water, shelter; given these and he was happy. But advancing civilization brought new desires, and the demand for light and power became almost as insistent

Jaw Bone Siphon, Vertical Rise 800 Feet

FLOATING THE DREDGER DOWN STREAM

PART OF THE OPEN AQUEDUCT

EXIT NEWHALL TUNNEL—THE OPENING DAY

as the primal needs. The writer vividly recalls the era of the tallow dip, the whale oil lamp and that precursor of the "Donkey Engine," wherein the motive power was indeed a donkey walking endlessly on a revolving platform that left the patient beast at the end of the day no whit advanced beyond the point of his departure in the morning. That day has long gone by. A new force, silent, unseen, unknown, but capable of transmission into every form of energy—heat, light, sound, power, in their endless ramifications—Electricity, the only king today who really wields a sceptre. What of this dynamic? What relation does our silent water flowing down from its unseen sources far away in the Sierras sustain to this new giant? Only the relation of parent: the relation, shall we say, of cause and of effect. Experts tell us that when harnessed, its ceaseless current will do the work of 90,000 horses, that its impelling power driving the great electric dynamos, will force this giant to light our cities, turn the wheels of commerce, carry the artisan to his work, the shopper to the market, the tourist on his round of sight seeing, and bring all back when the day is done to the warmth and comfort of an electric fireside. All this will be accomplished without the loss of one drop of the precious water for which the mountains were reserved, the rivers impounded, the valleys traversed, that the great city of the southland might have an abundance for her use.

But there is another by-product of incalculable value, for who can estimate in terms of the market place the value of a home with its garden and fruits and flowers tempting one into all the richness and beauty of God's out-of-doors? And many such homes there are where once was only desert; for the magic of water has touched the land.

If the old saw of the philanthropist and the blades of grass is economically sound, do not those deserve well of the people, who, whether in public station or as private citizens, have worked together fostering and carrying forward to a successful consummation an undertaking which gives a great city water in abundance for all its needs, while transforming a hundred thousand acres into fruitful fields and orchards yielding yearly a golden harvest of eight million dollars?

As we try to realize something of what water means to this southland and what is being accomplished through its instrumentality we may fitly quote the words ascribed to the Hebrew Jehovah in depicting the beloved Canaan of the Israelite, "For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig trees and pomegranates; a land of olive oil, and honey: a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness; thou shalt not lack anything in it."

PALACE OF THE CAESARS

DOWN THE RIVER MOSELLE

TRIER, where the ruined palace of the Caesars marks a northern post of Roman occupation, now stamps its impress on the territory forming a barrier between the modern world and a more cruel, more ambitious scheme of domination from the North. The Roman law is still a factor in the slowly built-up sum of human progress; and from out the wreck of German empire we shall retain her vital music of the past, the loyalty of her people and other worthy characteristics of the race. West of the Rhine, however, there lies a lovely country which through selfishness and base aggression Germany has surely forfeited until, at least, she make amends and prove herself repentant and a fit member of the Christian world.

There is no lovelier portion of this neutral country than that lying along the Moselle River down which the American army passed on its way to Coblentz. Descriptions come from members of the occupying many has surely forfeited until, at least, she make amends and prove which the following extracts, and more to be printed in later numbers of California Southland, have been culled.

Bacharach on the Rhine, September, 18, '99.

We had a perfectly lovely trip up the Moselle on our wheels and back to Coblentz by train. Now we are at our first stopping place on the Rhine above Coblentz and expect to wheel to Frankfort on the Main. When we were at Carden on the Moselle I wrote the two inside pages of this letter in order that I might be your reporter on the spot. So I will bring that sheet right into this missive and tell you about

the Moselle before I go on about the Rhine. You see, Coblentz is from the old Roman name for confluence, and the city is on a peninsula between the two rivers. It is a beautiful site. Across the Rhine on a high cliff is a great fortress so strong that it has never been taken, although it was surrendered to the French in 1632. That means a great deal here where wars have raged up and down the river, and most of the old robber castles and forts are in ruins. On the very point of the peninsula, with a great promenade in front of it, stands a colossal statue of William the First of Germany. It is an equestrian statue with the figure of an attendant angel carrying a crown. We saw it as we came up the Rhine and at first I thought it was another castle, it was so large. The whole promentory it stands on is made its pedestal, being kept clear of everything except the huge stairway and the esplanade.

We left the great Kaiser behind us and started up the smaller of the two rivers. As I rode along I kept comparing the scenery with something in California so that I could tell you how it looks. I wish I had an attachment on my wheel that would jot down what I think of while I ride.

The hills are about as high as the highest of those at Berkeley. The river is clear—we could see the fish sometimes when we stopped and looked down from the bank. It is about as wide as the Yuba river at Freeman's crossing, only not so swift. If you can imagine the Yuba running slowly along through Livermore Pass, and through country like that near Monte Diablo, with hills often steep and rocky, terraced and planted with vines nearly to the top, you will have about as good a picture as I can give you. If you will imagine the old Livermore railroad turned into a highway, macadamized, watered and on one even grade so that it is never steep, it would be like the road we have been wheeling on; then if you took, in your imagination, all the brush out of Livermore Pass and put a tow-path down by the river you will have something in mind like the Moselle Valley. Only you must remember that people have lived here for hundreds and hundreds of years and there have been good highways running along the sides of the river as long. The Romans came down here about the year one, and the French occupied it a thousand years later.

Sometimes the valley widens a little and there are meadows or an orchard or two between us and the river. Most of the grapes are grown on the hillside, trained up on bean poles. Between the vines the ground is covered with slatey rock, I suppose to keep in the moisture. Along the road are fruit trees for shade trees—apples and cherries; and one day we bought some plums that men were picking along the way. On the side of the road next the river are placed stone posts painted white to show that it is a highway, and it is quite convenient. One day we came to a place where we saw the white stones on the opposite side and so we were ferried across.

(Continued on Page 22)

BETWEEN MOSELWEISS AND LAY

COCHEM, THE CASTLE AND THE TOWN BELOW

COBERN, TERRACED VINEYARDS AND RIVER JETTIES

IN THE TOWN OF ALKEN

THE VALLEY HUNT CLUB ENTRY, THIRD TOURNAMENT OF ROSES

The Tournament *of* Roses---An Outdoor Festival

By GRACE G. WOTKYNS

THE visitor to Southern California who has not seen a Tournament of Roses has missed the joy of celebrating a genuine festival of the open air. On January 1, 1919, the thirtieth Tournament was held in Pasadena, and since January 1, 1888, the day of the first, there has not been one of more individual importance. For one of the charms of these festivals has been the diversity of their attractions and audiences.

None of the worthy group of men and women who planned and carried out so successfully that first Tournament could have visualized in their most ambitious dreams of success, the procession, the games, and the eager throngs of people, including the countless soldier boys and sailor lads who were the guests of the Tournament Association this year.

The primary intention of the Valley Hunt Club of Pasadena in planning the Tournament was to provide an entertainment for all the townspeople on New Year's Day. Pasadena had become a well established town in the 80's with noticeably cosmopolitan citizenry. A vague desire to declare in some fashion their relief from winter storms and discomforts may have had a part in prompting these early townspeople to plan this New Year's Day picnic; for those were the days before county fairs and state picnics. But if we had no chosen day to celebrate in the open, we had every feature to make such a day a success: a beautiful background of mountains with snow enough on the distant peaks to remind us of what hardships of climate we had been set free from; almost a certainty of clear skies and warm sun; and, best of all, plenty of lovely gardens in which, even in January, roses were the predominant flowers.

For entertainment in the field, Mr. Arturo Bandini proposed reviving some of the sports popular during the period of the Spanish occupation of California. All Pasadena was invited to come, to decorate their carriages and horses and forming in procession on Orange Grove Avenue and Colorado Street, drive to the Tournament Field—which had been prepared for the games.

There were no convenient florists then to supply the flowers for covering the vehicles. One who had in mind a choice scheme of decoration kept on very friendly terms with owners of the flowers of his choice, and also kept a jealous watch over the movements of rival decorators.

Mabel Watson

MR. FRANK M. HUNTER, MARSHAL OF THE DAY, 1919

Before dawn on January 1, there were many cold and reluctant early risers—New Year's Day at dawn can be distressingly cold—who assembled in retired portions of gardens, quiet streets and chilly stables, to decorate the carriages that appeared later, filled with pretty girls and young matrons in charming costumes, and calling forth enthusiastic applause from the spectators on the curbstone. Various kind-hearted housewives provided delicious hot coffee for these cold but zealous decorators, whose fingers were often too numb to feel the pricks of the rose thorns.

All this strenuous labor was without hope of reward, unless it might be in the satisfaction of a good deed well done; for at the first Rose Tournament prizes were not offered for decorations. The prizes then were for the winners of the games at the Field.

ENTRY OF LIEUT. JACKSON W. KENDALL, COAST ARTILLERY, DEPICTING ONE OF THE 6-INCH "TERRORS" THAT HELPED TO DRIVE THE GERMANS BACK. DESIGNED IN SMILAX AND POINSETTIAS BY ELLIOT LEE ELLINGWOOD. LIEUT. KENDALL WAS ACCOMPANIED BY MISS DOROTHY O. DAVIDS AND B. O. KENDALL, JR.

Under Mr. Bandini's supervision the Spanish games were played with much spirit by the young men who took part in them. They flew around the race track on lively ponies at top speed, stooping from their saddles to pick up objects from the ground; and they tilted with spears at rings suspended at intervals over the course, riding all the time at full gallop. All kinds and sorts of horse flesh were represented, some of quite choice pedigree and others of calico type, but all were decorated more or less with flowers. Greyhounds were also trained to run races; and these, by the way, wore collars of scarlet geraniums, while the hurdles were made of calla lillies instead of common brush. At the luncheon hour there was much visiting among the groups of people, and much dust was distributed over the Field during the afternoon.

When the day was over there were tired householders, withered flowers and many scratched fingers, but the whole day out of doors, crammed full of the spirit of freedom and enjoyment, compensated for any fatigue; and at the next meeting of the Valley Hunt Club it was decided to make the Tournament of Roses an annual event. Its fame grew with the years, the processions lengthened and the crowds multiplied. For several years the neighborhood spirit continued to prevail, and then one New Year's Day, Pasadena impressed us with the fact that she had become a big town equal to entertaining an unlimited number of people, and bestowing prizes that constitute a show in themselves. The Rose Tournaments have had many distinguished guests, but none more welcome than the soldiers and sailors of our great Victory Army who were present at the Tournament of 1919.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ROSE TOURNAMENT

By DR. FRANCIS F. ROWLAND

THIRTY years ago, Charles Frederick Holder, scholar, author, gentleman, friend, was walking with the writer of this article after an exhilerating day on horseback. We had enjoyed a delicious luncheon, served in the seclusion of a nearby canyon by members of the Valley Hunt Club, whose two or three score men and women had that day made the clever and almost human strategist, the fleet and roguish jack-rabbit, an excuse to follow the hounds.

Both of us were of one mind concerning the unchallenged delights of our recently adopted home, and it occurred to us to suggest to the Valley Hunt, of which Mr. Holder was then President, that under its auspices, it would be highly proper to give a meet to which the public should be invited. New Year's Day was only five weeks off. That gala day in the year would be the most appropriate time to invite the people to celebrate in a way we felt then, and now know, cannot be duplicated easily in any other part of the world.

Historically it may be interesting to note that the name Tournament was suggested by Mr. Holder because it was planned to give, as one of the attractions, an exhibition of riding at the rings.

CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER
Distinguished Author and Naturalist
First President Tournament of Roses Association

It so happened that Mr. Holder was the Pasadena correspondent of the Los Angeles Times; and the understanding was that he would interest the public in the scheme, while I was to undertake the, as yet untried, position of marshal of the day. We "crossed our breasts" to have something exciting and satisfying even at the risk of social and professional ostracism. In successive issues of the Times appeared article after article placing the coming show before the people in words that might well have caused the shade of P. T. Barnum to arise and enter a protest against the appropriation of his right to fool the public. This method was pursued with even more abandon by the Daily Star, published and edited by W. J. Vail and his son Will, than whom Pasadena and all Southern California had no greater boosters.

The prominent idea in our minds was to encourage every owner of horses, family rigs or children's pony carts, to decorate them with flowers and form a parade, which was to terminate at "the grounds," which in this case was an open space on Los Robles Avenue, bounded on the north by Villa street, on the east by Galena avenue, and on the south by the Santa Fe railroad—a space now entirely covered with pretty homes.

It rained almost incessantly for nearly three weeks before New Year's day. This was not very comforting to the members of the Valley Hunt Club, who had promised the public to finance the scheme and bear the loss if enough were not contributed by voluntary entry fees. Mirabile dictu, the flood gates of a California storm closed thirty-six hours before what was to become a world-wide mystery. How could it be possible to find a spot where a real display of a flower-bedecked festival could be given in mid-winter, out-of-doors? The annual California miracle, Springtime on January 1, took place.

The Times and Daily Star had fed the people from the Tehachepi to San Diego on what was to be the "greatest show on earth." What marvel was it that from early morn till late in the afternoon, crowds of happy, laughing men, women and children continued to pour into Pasadena and filled the "Park" to overflowing. Here the hospitalities of the Valley Hunt Club were dispensed to every one who had a speaking acquaintance with a member, or winked an eye at Pete Steil, who had been told to feed those who hungered or thirsted for a Happy New Year.

A circular track was made in front of a grand stand, which would seat about 300 people. The track, although never surveyed, was accepted as a quarter of a mile. Around it the races took place in quick succession. As a matter of fact it excelled any three-ringed performance ever given by either Barnum or his successors, and was given before as contented an audience as ever paid an admission fee. No one was denied. My own vivid recollection is, and to this day it is a source of great comfort, that the ropes were raised to allow every boy and girl, who stood with longing eyes outside the sacred confines, to enter without price or restriction.

A very pretty suggestion was happily carried out by the ladies of the Valley Hunt, who made and presented to all on the grandstand boutonnieres of rosebuds, while immediately in front several boxes of oranges had been emptied in piles to which the crowd had free access.

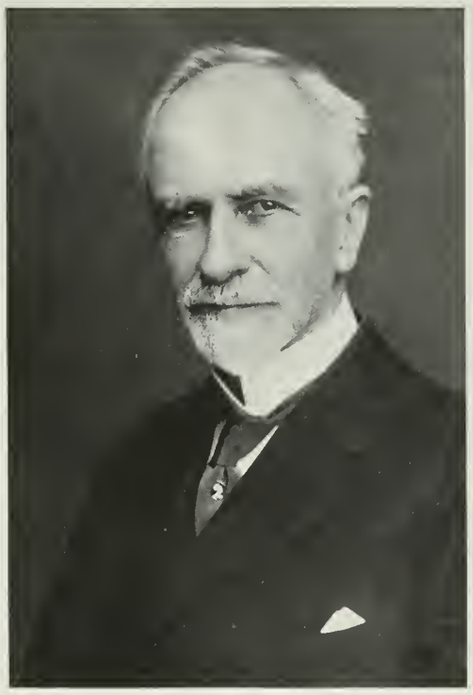
Compared with each succeeding Tournament, the number of decorated horses and carriages was but a beginning. But the beginning was made because Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Daggett and two or three others caught the spirit of the Tourney and appeared with family rig and neat pony teams tastefully decorated with roses and calla lillies. Altogether the first Tournament of Roses was a satisfying one. It has left a memory in the hearts and minds of those who were present like the fragrance of a rose.

Having seen the evolution of the Tournament, and having viewed with awe and utter bewilderment the gorgeous display of procession after procession, I must confess to some fear that the fate which overtook ancient Venice may befall Pasadena's unrivalled production. We

are told that when Venice was mistress of the seas the tendency to luxury and display grew to such proportions that it became necessary to pass a law forbidding costly and elaborate decoration on gondolas lest rivalry should bring burdens too heavy to be borne. All gondolas were ordered to be painted black and black they still are today.

Many suggestions have been made to save the Tournament from such disaster. Hosts of loyal enthusiastic admirers of Southern California's charm would consider it almost criminal to leave out of the winter's pleasure this notable expression of appreciation of California's out-door life in winter time. The long processions which have up to this time been given without interruption for thirty years have made Pasadena's New Year's Day festival known around the world. So permanent a part of the winter's program has it become that no loyal Pasadenan would think of giving it up excepting under necessary emergency. But the task has made those who have done the work each year only too anxious to pass the burden to someone else another time. The very best thought of everyone should consider the desirability of distributing the responsibility and the labor over a larger group of citizens.

As one who never willingly shirked a Tournament duty and who knows to the utmost the tiresome and thankless tasks performed by those who have taken the responsibility of Pasadena's great day, I would urge the more general and democratic entry of many individual floats, simply but artistically filled with flowers. One of the most feasible suggestions yet made is to place the management of the artistic features in the hands of the numerous Art Clubs of Southern California. They should, of course, be guaranteed the united and cordial support of the Directors of the Tournament, and all the citizens, who receive the praise for setting it before the world, should unite in perpetuating Pasadena's priceless spectacle.



Mabel Watson

DR. FRANCIS F. ROWLAND
MARSHAL OF THE DAY, 1888

MEMORIAL ROSE WINDOW
ST. JAMES CHURCH

Roosevelt

THE best, the finest, things the Southland has produced—in energetic mastery of the elements, in literary effort, and in flowers—we offer in this number as a tribute to the memory of a great American.

The President of the South's great school of Engineering has assembled the treasures of English literature and used them to express the virile love of man for man, as well as the deep and heartfelt bereavement of the West.

In arid lands, now blooming with the products of an irrigated soil, mastery of waters forms a Roosevelt monument of skillful dykes and giant dams. And on this cold but everlasting stone, we lay our loving tribute in a solemn presentation of the Festival of Flowers.

The Will to Serve

FOR twenty years or more American colleges, pulpits, lecture platforms and women's clubs had been carrying a message of social service. The plea had been made for a deeper appreciation of the individual's duty to mankind. Men had been summoned to wide service for all humanity. But the response was comparatively meager. Then modern history began in 1914. Soon America found herself involved in the war against Germany. The President revealed the real issue, whether democracy could survive in the world. Most of us did not realize that the question lay so deep, but we thought it over. Soon we found that this democracy to which we had always been conventionally attached was tremendously vital. We dragged it down from the attic of abstractions to the living room of actuality. The name democracy ceased to be a loosely held by-word and became an intense reality

This new valuation of democracy soon showed itself in a splendid spirit of service. Answering the call of a great cause, men and women threw themselves into various types of effort for humanity, an effort thoughtful, thorough, sacrificing. Women devoted weeks to loyal war-work; men offered themselves for military service or for civilian tasks. Into camps, work-rooms and offices thronged people thrilled with the romance of service. To some it was simply a fresh manifestation of an old spirit, to others it was an experience absolutely new. Unconsciously they were living out social service, a service for the mass of humanity. They acted out the will to serve.

Nor did this spirit of service cease to have tasks at the signing of the armistice. In fact it will have the more to accomplish the closer the gigantic task of reconstruction presses upon us. It alone can carry out the rearrangement of a shaken world.

Significant were the words of Charles M. Schwab, who is reported to have said recently before the Salmagundi Club of New York City: "We are about to enter, if indeed we have not already entered, a new social era for the future—one which few persons today ever dreamed was possible. It is an era which means that the aristocracy of the future will not be one of wealth or of birth, but of the man who does something for his fellowmen and his country. It will be a truer life of democracy than in the past. There will be no sharp distinctions between rich and poor. I don't want to be regarded as a Socialist, for I want to keep what is justly mine as long as possible. I mean that the merely rich man will have no credit in the community if he is of no use to the world. The true aristocrat will be the man of integrity, having in his heart the love of his fellows, possessing a sturdy character."

That is the way the vision of the future strikes one of the world's ablest builders. When our captains of industry preach at city clubs that which is in reality the social Gospel of Christ, we may well say that a new day is at hand.

C. RANKIN BARNES,
Rector St. James Parish, Monterey Road and Fremont Avenue.

SOUTHLAND

THEODORE ROOSEVELT---A TRIBUTE

By JAMES A. B. SCHERER

"Roosevelt is dead!"
The lightning shock of fate
Thrills through the world;
Numb'd soldiers droop the head,
Becalm'd, the ships lie dead,
And flags hang furled.

Roosevelt is dead.
Where strong men congregate
A shadow falls,
Void is the world and cold;
Hearts boldest of the bold
His loss appals.

Roosevelt is dead
While breathless lands await
Fateful to-morrows;
Needing his hard-won skill
Patiently to distill
Joys from their sorrows.

Roosevelt is dead:
Let all knaves jubilate.
And fools rejoice!
Fast to their idols wed,
No longer need they dread
That scathing voice.

Roosevelt is dead,
His vows inviolate,
Patriot pure!
True to his Country's trust,
Wise, tender, fearless, just,
Steadfast and sure!

Roosevelt is dead!
Loud toll the bells of fate!
Muffle the drums!
Victor in countless fights,
Champion of human rights,
Prostrate he comes!

Roosevelt is dead!
Ye ushers at the gate,
Lift up the doors!
Hark to those ghostly cheers
Echoing from his peers
Cross'd to those shores!

Roosevelt is dead!
Make room among the Great!
Hark that acclaim!
Drake, Cromwell, Livingstone,
Lincoln and Washington,
Shouting his name!

Roosevelt is dead?
That spirit consecrate
Never can die;
It flames within our hearts,—
New warmth and light imparts
To guide men by.

Roosevelt is dead?
In high estate
He lives!—beyond our night,
In realms of fadeless light,
Spirit elate!

I CANNOT THINK OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT without reccalling those beautiful Christian words about *having life, and having life more abundantly.* He had life more abundantly than any other modern man we can easily think of. You have to go back to the great bloom-time of the Renaissance and the Elizabethan age, and think of Luther and Rabelais and Shakespeare and Ben Jonson and Drake—you have to go back to that Augustan age for the Gargantuan human figures of whom he reminds us in his abundant fullness of life. Did not William James choose him as the exemplar of his famous credo in "The Energies of Men"?

The really noteworthy thing about this is that what Theodore Roosevelt acquired of the abundance of life he had to work hard for. Far from being over-endowed at the start, he was handicapped. He was born with a puny body, defective eyes, and a stammering tongue. It was only by the urgent drive of a heroic will that he became robust, far-seeing, and eloquent. To the end he carried with him in speaking that marked characteristic of framing each word separately and "biting it off" in a manner distinctly reminiscent of the youthful self-imposed discipline by which he taught himself, like Demosthenes, to master words. Of success he says there are two kinds: first, the success which comes to the man who has in him the natural power to do what no one else can do—the genius—and, secondly, the much commoner type of success in every walk of life and in every species of effort which comes to the man who differs from his fellows not by the kind of quality which he possesses but by the degree of development which he has given that quality. Then of himself he says:

"I need hardly say that all the successes I have ever won have been of the second type. I never won anything without hard labor and the exercise of my best judgment and careful planning and working long in advance. Having been a rather sickly and awkward boy, I was as a young man at first both nervous and distrustful of my own prowess. I had to train myself painfully and laboriously not merely as regards my body but as regards my soul and spirit."

His own account of his youthful method of training his "soul and spirit" reveals the real Roosevelt in one of the most interesting passages of his fascinating Autobiography. When a mere boy he read something in one of Marryat's novels that deeply impressed him. A British sea-captain was explaining how to acquire the quality of fearlessness. He said that at the outset almost every man is frightened when he goes into action, but that the course to follow is for the man to keep such a grip on himself that he can act just as if he was not frightened. After this is kept up long enough it changes from pretense to reality, and he does in very fact become fearless by sheer dint of practicing fearlessness when he does not feel it. Then Roosevelt says:

"This was the theory upon which I went. There were all kinds of things of which I was afraid at first, ranging from grizzly bears to 'mean' horses and gun-fighters; but by acting as if I was not afraid I gradually ceased to be afraid. . . . It is of course much pleasanter if one is naturally fearless, and I envy and respect the men who are naturally fearless. But it is a good thing to remember that the man who does not enjoy this advantage can nevertheless stand beside the man who does, and can do his duty with the like efficiency, *if he chooses to.* Of course he must not let his desire take the form merely of a day-dream. Let him dream about being a fearless man, and the more he dreams the better he will be, always provided he does his best to realize the dream in practice. He can do his part honorably and well provided only he sets fearlessness before himself as an ideal, schools himself to think of danger merely as something to be faced and overcome, and regards life itself as he should regard it, not as something to be thrown away, but as a pawn to be promptly hazarded whenever the hazard is warranted by the larger interests of the great game in which we are all engaged."

Tennyson might have been describing Roosevelt when he wrote:

O well for him whose will is strong!
He suffers, but he will not suffer long;
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong:
For him nor moves the loud world's random mock,
Nor all Calamity's hugest waves confound,
Who seems a promontory of rock,
That, compass'd round with turbulent sound,
In middle ocean meets the surging shock,
Tempest-buffeted, citadel-crown'd.

Equally significant with the passage I just quoted is another in Theodore Roosevelt's Autobiography in which he gives his recipe for success in politics.

"A man can of course hold public office," he says, "and many a man does hold public office, and lead a public career of a sort, even if there are other men who possess secrets about him which he cannot afford to have divulged. But no man can lead a public career really worth leading, no man can act with rugged independence in serious crises, nor strike at great abuses, nor afford to make powerful and unscrupulous foes, if he is himself vulnerable in his private character."

Theodore Roosevelt possessed the kind of honesty which Liszt attributed to Chopin: "his character in none of its numerous folds concealed a single movement, a single pulse, which was not dictated by the nicest sense of honor." His sincerity was of the kind denoted by a beautiful Greek word once used by St. Paul to describe this quality—"clear-when-judged-in-the-sunlight." You may hold him up to the sunlight, and the light shines through. His heart is a crystal chalice.

O heart of hearts, the chalice of love's fire,
Hid round with flowers and all the bounty of bloom;
O wonderful and perfect heart, for whom
The lyrist liberty made life a lyre; . . .
Help us for thy free love's sake to be free,
True for thy truth's sake, for thy strength's sake strong,
Till very liberty make clean and fair
The nursing earth as the sepulchral sea.[1]

Greatheart he was, as though John Bunyan's vision had come to earth, here in America, and walked on it with good solid feet, taking care of Christiana and her children.

I do not think that any greater privilege has ever befallen me than visiting Theodore Roosevelt twice last summer in his home. I had known him for years, and lately our acquaintance had ripened into friendship; but I had never visited him in his home. I knew his great-

[1] Swinburne on the death of Shelley: Cor Cordium.

OPINION

heartedness toward his friends and his great-heartedness toward humanity in the abstract, but I had never before seen him among children. I cannot bring myself to speak of it now. I can only say that if he had ever set out to beat the Pied Piper of Hamelin I believe he could have lured the children out of the hill of Koppenberg and deprived the other fellow of his fame! He beautifully exemplified the words of Bayard Taylor, "the bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring." I say of him as was said of another knight ages ago:

"Thou wert the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrode horse; and thou wert the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman; and thou wert the kindest man that ever struck with sword; and thou wert the goodliest person that ever came among press of knights; and thou wert the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in the rest." [1]

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure. . . .
And he is gathered to the kings of thought
Who waged contention with their time's decay,
And of the past are all that cannot pass away.[2]

I was with him last summer when he endured days of frightful suspense about Quentin, and again later when he knew the worst. Then I saw the true Roosevelt. During those days of racking suspense he went forth to arduous public duties with his jaw grimly set and made his fighting speeches in behalf of a more vigorous prosecution of the War in such a manner that no stranger could have guessed anything to be wrong with him. Among his friends, however, he was as tender in his passionate anxiety about Quentin as any mother. Then when at last he knew that the cabled hopes were false he bowed his head for Benjamin; but, his own grief conquered, the bereaved father thought of other hearts bowed down, and wrote at once his heroic message for them on "The Great Adventure." Now that he himself has had the fulness of that Great Adventure, his words carry a solemn and mighty meaning.

"Only those are fit to live," he says, "who do not fear to die; and none are fit to die who have shrunk from the joy of life and the duty of life. Both life and death are parts of the same Great Adventure. . . . With all my heart I believe in the joy of living; but those who achieve it do not seek it as an end in itself; but as a seized and prized incident of hard work well done and of risk and danger never wantonly courted, but never shirked when duty commands that they be faced. And those who have earned joy, but are rewarded only with sorrow, must learn the stern comfort dear to great souls, the comfort that springs from the knowledge taught in times of iron that the law of worthy living is not fulfilled by pleasure, but by service, and by sacrifice when only thereby can service be rendered.

"No nation can be great unless its sons and daughters have in them the quality to rise level to the needs of heroic days. Yet this heroic quality is but the apex of a pyramid of which the broad foundation must solidly rest on the performance of duties so ordinary that to impatient minds they seem commonplace."

We shall not pay proper tribute to Theodore Roosevelt if we only indulge in emotion. He abhorred feeling which did not result in action. Even noble music fails of its ministry unless it issue into noble deed. "Spirits are not finely touch'd but to fine issues." So let us be resolved on the more faithful performance of those commonplace duties of which he has just reminded us if at the apex of our lives we would have that heroic quality that should impart itself to us from him, our great exemplar.

I am sure that he would wish for us most earnestly to do every practical commonplace thing that we can in behalf of our returning soldiers and sailors, to better whose lot and to perpetuate whose noble fame was the business of his doughty pen down to the very moment when his right hand no longer had the strength to hold it. It would be farthest from his wish that a merely ephemeral enthusiasm should expend itself in banners and parades. Bannered pomp is justified only as the outward and visible sign of an inner sacrament of grace and devotion, issuing into practical useful action. The last editorial message from Roosevelt's pen was a powerful plea in behalf of "a square deal" for these young "veterans" in the greatest Crusade of history. Not to honor them is to dishonor him and to dishonor the America he so devotedly loved; not to take care of them is to show that we do not care for him or for the national honor incarnate and illustrious in him.

I am sure that he would wish for us to be on our guard against national relaxation. He was immensely proud of the way our boys behaved "over there," and he was profoundly glad when peace came, and that is true of all of us. But the War did not last long enough for America to get full spiritual benefit out of it. It moulded a new national habit of thought for us, but the mould did not have time to set. Already there is coming a strange nervelessness among us, and I am afraid of it. I am all the more afraid of it now that Theodore Roosevelt is no longer here to nerve us to a new nationalism, and inject into us the tonic of an iron will as an antidote against the decadence of national spirit that threatened us before the Great War and seems about to threaten us again. Or, it may be that in the providence of God his mighty servant may accomplish in his death what he would so strenuously have striven for had he lived. He being dead yet speaketh. If his Autobiography comes to be widely read at this time and his great devoted life should become an object of general study and emulation, then the new nation shall chant a commemoration ode indeed worthy of him as he himself joins that

choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.[1]

If I am to be honest I must be permitted to say that the overwhelming feeling I have is a sense of irreparable loss and of overshadowing sorrow. I write in the hope of being able to give expression to my love for Theodore Roosevelt. I have used of him some of the rarest elegies in our language, becausc they seem to me fitting flowers to strew upon his grave: the offering of Swinburne at the urn of Shelley, the wreath that Shelley himself wove for the tomb of Keats, the tribute of Sir Ector de Maris to the dead Launcelot. One might well add the great simple words of Hamlet about his father:

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again—

and what Antony said of Brutus:

The elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*

One might lay on Roosevelt's tomb whatever other amaranths may be worthy of him in our noble English anthology, but there is one elegy that fits so perfectly his case that with it, the best for the last, I shall close. Whitman wrote it for Lincoln, at the end of our own great war. Now, like Lincoln then, our Captain is struck prostrate just as the staunch ship of state, having weathered this mightier storm, sails, with all colors flying, safe into a peaceful and victorious haven.

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring.
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells:
Rise up!—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning.
Here Captain, dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead!

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,—
My father does not feel my arm, he has nor pulse nor will;
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won:
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

January 8, 1919.

[1] Sir Thomas Malory on the death of Launcelot: Morte d' Arthur.
[2] Shelley on the death of Keats: Adonais.

[1] George Eliot.

Photographs by F. W. Reed

ASSEMBLING THE FLOATS ON ORANGE GROVE AVENUE

THE PROCESSION IS STARTING

THE POMP OF VICTORY IS PEACE

The Story

Merchants Association

Written By
Edwin R. Sorver

WHEN an organization like the Pasadena Merchants Association enters a float in the New Years Tournament, all the many factors which combine to make the pageant a success are involved. A record of their beautiful entries, the preparation, the elements and the love of beauty which is symbolized, as the parade winds its way through the streets of the city which conceived it, will give, therefore, a better realization of Pasadena's great floral fête, than would be gained by an attempt to do justice to the procession as a whole.

The merchants of Venice patronized the art of their time and the wonderful era of Venetian painting was the result. Here we have living models of pretty girls, graceful youths and live, cut flowers for the medium and materials with which our love of beauty and line and color is satisfied.

Looking over the hundreds of photographs which are on file in the office of the Tournament of Roses, one comes upon the accompanying series of illustrations as a typical entry of the Merchants Association of past years. What is the spirit which prompts such an associaton of hard-headed business men to open their purses and pour forth such a marvel of beauty and fragrance on the first day of each succeeding year? How is the work of art accomplished and where do the flowers come from? Who does the work and whose is the exquisite design?

The first Tournament of Roses parade was held more with the thought of enjoyment and enterprise for the residents of the city. Then as the winter visitors to Pasadena increased, their entertainment was considered by the entrants of the ever-changing floral displays. The parade began to expand with each succeeding year, reflecting the phenomenal growth of the community; and the business men became more and more interested, but with no thought of personal gain or selfish motive.

It was true that nowhere else in the world was a floral parade held on the first day of January, and in very few places would climatic conditions permit. Thus it was realized that as an advertising feature it was of no small value, but not to Pasadena any more than to Southern California as a whole. The business houses are closed on the day of the parade and all suggestions to have the event last for several days or a week have been frowned upon—it is not commercial—the money spent by the business men returns in no direct way.

The Pasadena Merchants Association, formed some twenty-three years ago to promote the best interests of the commercial life of the community, is today one of the best organiza-

of a Float

Entry, Tournament '18

Designed By
LeRoy D. Ely

tions of its kind in the United States. It comprises in its membership the head of practically every business house, large or small, within the city limits, as well as a large percentage of the professional men. These men are called upon to support the Tournament of Roses Association by paid memberships, subscriptions and guarantee funds, but besides this they have had the spirit desiring active participation in the parade, which has been expressed by contributing each year for the last twelve years, through their association, an entry which has been one of the most artistic and elaborate in the history of this yearly pageant. Each year a committee is appointed to cooperate with the Tournament of Roses Association and to have charge of making a suitable entry in the parade. A design is first adopted; generally representing some current or mythical subject and a decorator of past Rose Tournament experience is selected to take direct charge of executing the adopted plans. From one to several auto trucks are procured upon which are built substantial frames for the foundation. Flowers of various varieties to harmonize in color scheme are spoken for in advance and collected the day before January first. Costumes, greenery, ribbons, baskets and other accessories must be in readiness the afternoon before the day of the parade.

Then starts what is probably the most strenuous eighteen hours labor the workers are called upon to do for the entire year. Working straight through the night, they put forth an effort which cannot be appreciated unless one has really experienced it. Wiring, stringing, and tooth-picking thousands of roses, carnations, poinsettias, marigolds, violets, zinnias and many other flowers; stringing hundreds of yards of smilax or asparagus plumas, all of which must be placed securely on the frames in a variety of ways depending upon the effect desired.

Each entry vies with the last for originality of design and successful execution. The throngs along the line of march exclaim with mingled admiration and wonder as the dainty and stately float passes before them—a combined triumph of the work of man and of nature. Yet little do they realize the time, thought and energy—to say nothing of the hundreds of dollars—expended on just one entry, from the time of the first conception of the design to the last placing of a dainty bow of tulle.

Such is the Pasadena Tournament of Roses, unique in the history of pageants. Such is the prevading spirit which continues it so successfully from year to year.

DOWN THE BOULEVARD WITH STATELY STEP

THROUGH THE CITY THE PROCESSION WINDS

PASSING IN PINK AND PURPLE GORGEOUSNESS

The Queen's Fund for Belgian Children

Committee for Belgian Relief

THE QUEEN OF BELGIUM has endeared herself to all the world by her unflagging devotion to her country's sorely stricken children, and the Queen's Fund recently started is in the nature of a personal message to Her Majesty conveying sympathy and admiration for her and her country.

A unique work of art forms the appeal for the fund. The naivete of a child's face appealing for childhood, the work of a Belgian for Belgium, and an object of beauty from Belgium as an eloquent souvenir, are the elements making up the trinity of interest aroused by the angel's heads, which may now be seen at the Belgian Relief headquarters. They are reproductions of the work of a Flemish carver of the late 17th century, and portray the head of a child done in the round, the throat terminating in wings. Clarence Hoblitzelle secured the original carving in Bruges and brought it to California. He has had casts made from the carving and these he has painted in many ways —as old woods and metals, polychrome terra-cotta, French and Italian faience. They may be ordered in any combination of colors. There are no duplicates.

Mr. Hoblitzelle, who is defraying all costs of production, is at present painting new groups for New York, Washington and San Francisco. A group has already been sent to St. Louis. All moneys derived from the sale of the heads, together with the names of purchasers and donors, are to be presented to the Queen of Belgium. The names will be written on illuminated parchment bound in the Belgian colors. One or two of the heads, possibly with the original, will accompany the gift to show the Queen how the money was raised.

PURPOSE PROGRAMS OF ESTELLE HEARTT DREYFUS

THAT a continuity of thought, a definite theme or motive running through an entire musical program is not only possible but deeply satisfying has been proved by the original work of Estelle Heartt Dreyfus in her delightful purpose programs. When asked the deeper meaning of her phrase, Mrs. Dreyfus answered: "A purpose program is a program that has a definiteness of purpose, a classification of ideas, and is thematically constructed."

"And now you are going to ask me where I get all of the material I use in these programs," she continued. "The one thing I want most to emphasize is that I don't do it alone. I could not. People from far away tell me of songs they know and love; music is sent me from many quarters because it is known that I am a collector, and then, of course, I do a great deal of browsing with the enthusiastic assistance of the intelligent girls in the music shops and the libraries, who know what I want and who bear in mind the subject upon which I am working and notify me the moment they come across any music which will develop that idea.

"Much of my rare music I found when abroad, yet scarcely a day goes by that some does not reach me here. Sometimes I find what I am seeking among the Japanese, who long to have their music expressed in America, and they teach me.

"The excellent music library of Frederick Kimball Stearns, late of Detroit, and now a resident of Beverly Hills, has been a storehouse of knowledge to me, thanks to Mr. Stearns' generosity in giving me the privilege of using these volumes he has been years in collecting. I have also had recourse to the wonderful brain of that remarkable man, Jaroslaw de Zielinski, who has been of inestimable value in my work of program construction.

"When we were in Paris a few years ago, Mr. Dreyfus sought out a little music shop which was a branch of the largest music house in Spain. It was a real bit of Spain patronized only by the Spanish people. In Paris it is not possible to take home any music unless you have bought it, but at this little shop, when they knew what I was seeking, everything was turned over to me, and many nights I went home with my arms laden with the most expensive volumes to look over at my leisure, and no account was ever kept of it. I was allowed to climb to the top shelves and browse to my heart's content, and then when the day was over they would close the doors, draw down the shades and dance for us to show us the Spanish and South American dances. No people are more susceptible to their native tongue than are the Spanish, and Mr. Dreyfus' knowledge of their language made the way for me to find many Spanish songs and folk themes which are not known in this country at all."

For those who count the beautiful contralto voice of this exquisite singer one of the chief treasures of California, it is the perfection of her art which satisfies. Just as language is most beautiful when it becomes crystal in transmitting thought, so the depth and charm and intellectual richness of her music is given to us through a mastery of method so faultless that it disappears entirely in the presentation of her songs.

Fortunate indeed are those who will be able to hear Mrs. Dreyfus in the Morning Musicales to be given during Lent. Three interesting purpose programs will be given on Saturday mornings at the convenient hour of eleven. The program will be but one hour long. Interesting musical subjects will be taken up. An intimacy will here exist between the artist and her audience, as these programs will be more in the nature of a study than a concert. Translations into English of the foreign texts will be given as well as interesting stories of the finding of the songs, the measure in which they are sung, and their environment. Favorite bits will be sung again if desired, giving the program a thoroughly interpretative value.

These programs will be given in the harmonious salon of Mrs. J. A. Freeman on Hillcrest avenue near the Huntington hotel. Mrs. Freeman's daughters, Mrs. T. S. Bell and Miss Helen Freeman, are both well known in musical circles of Pasadena. Some of the very unusual songs of Miss Freeman will be sung. Interesting French, English, Russian, Italian, Spanish and American songs will be included in the programs. All arrangements are in the very capable hands of Mrs. Isabel Winslow, to whom Pasadena has been indebted for so many of the vital things which make life worth while.

Oscar Maurer

ESTELLE HEARTT DREYFUS

THE GARDEN OF MR. ARTHUR NOBLE, PASADENA. CLARENCE P. DAY, LANDSCAPE ENGINEER

WHERE WATER PLAYS A FASCINATING PART

A Garden Designed and Executed By CLARENCE P. DAY

THE charm of flowing water appeals to all—to the New Englander with his memories of mountain brooks and hillside springs, as well as to the native of arid lands on this sunset slope. No matter how tiny his garden plot, every true Californian insinctively longs for a fountain and pool; but in this land of little rain it seems almost a crime to use water for its beauty alone when every drop is needed for irrigation.

The problem of enjoying an abundance of clear, sparkling water on a modest city lot and at a moderate expense is one that has long interested Mr. Arthur Noble of Pasadena. The residence of Mr. and Mrs. Noble stands on the crest of the Arroyo Seco with its varied and intimate view of the valley below. The site is ideal for the treatment of water, and probably no other place in the city has so many different nooks where, on a warm day one may sit in the shade watching the play of water and listening to its joyous, tinkling tones.

The natural slope of the hillside made the problem fairly easy and inexpensive. The water goes by its own gravity from a fountain in the conservatory off the dining-room, down under an Italian stairway to a water box in the old plantation porch below in two separate falls. Thence it flows through a patio, where orange trees and jasmine are shaded by masses of the Cecile Brunner rose. Here it forms another pool and fountain and then enters the garden on the middle terrace, where it is all taken up for irrigation, not a drop going off the premises.

To this delightful little plot has recently been added an adjoining lot below, making possible a long-wished-for, open pool of live transparent water to reflect the house from above and a Batchelder wall fountain as a terminal. An overflow pipe, a storage cistern, on the highest point of the new lot, and a water-fall to aerate the water and return it to the pool in ever-refreshing quantity were parts of the plan, which provided that all

FOUR OF THE FOUNTAINS, MAIN AXIS

the water might be used for irrigation when needed. The entire scheme in rough outlines was presented to the landscape engineer, Mr. Clarence Day, whose expert work has added greatly to the joy of life in California gardens.

From this tentative plan, Mr. Day worked out a most satisfactory scheme, including many interesting new suggestions for using the

water on higher levels, as well as on the bit of ground below.

To understand the valuable example in water conservation set by this garden, one must study the cistern and the pumping plant. The cistern is arched over wtih re-enforced concrete, on top of which the water-fall stones are laid up in concealed cement. A fractional horsepower electric motor pumps the water to the top of the falls, where one-third goes back into the pool to keep that small body of water fresh as a mountain stream. The other two-thirds drops again into the cistern underneath.

By means of a simple control gate the water, after coming down the falls, can be turned to irrigate all four sides of the lower garden, as the grade has been chosen for gravity flow. By operating another valve it can be made to water the terrace above being forced up as needed.

WATERFALL AND CISTERN

A rustic arbor is nearby, and with the quick growth of foliage one may soon be able to imagine himself at the head waters of the arroyo listening to the purling water as it falls from one basin to another down the mossy rocks.

This combination of pools and fountains, falls and irrigating system is, perhaps, unique in a city of many joyous garden plots. Mr. Noble takes an active interest in every form of civic improvement, and as president of the Pasadena Garden Club, felt that something definite was due as his contribution to California garden lore. He believes that every resident of the city, no matter how slight his stay, is under real obligation to do some work of permanent value as evidence of his gratitude for the rare privilege of living in this favored land.

Vroman's List of Garden Books

Any book on gardening supplied within a reasonable length of time.

Amateur Gardencraft. Rexford. (Lippincott.)
Around the Year in My Garden. Rockwell. (Macmillan.)
British Floral Decoration. Felton. (A. & C. Black.)
California Garden Flowers. Wixon. (Pacific Rural Press.)
Chrysanthemums. Powell. (Doubleday, Page.)
Dutch Bulbs and Gardens. Nixon. (A. & C. Black.)
Flower Finder. Walton. (Lippincott.)
Field Book of American Wild Flowers. Mathews. (Putnam.)
Field Book of American Trees and Shrubs. Mathews. (Putnam.)
Gardenette. Albaugh. (Stewart & Kidd.)
Garden Beautiful in California. Braunton. (Cultivator Pub. Co.)
Garden Blue Book. Holland. (Doubleday Page.)
Garden Book of California. Angier. (Paul Elder Co.)
Gardening in California. McLaren. (Robertson.)
Joyous Art of Gardening. Duncan. (Scribner.)
Nature Sketches in America. Hancock. (MacClurg.)
Practical Book Outdoor Rose Growing. Thomas. (Lippincott.)
Garden Making. Bailey. (Macmillan.)
Spraying of Plants. Lodeman. (Macmillan.)
Wall and Water Gardens. Jekyll. (Country Life Library.)
Well Considered Garden. King. (Scribner.)
Western Flower Guide. Saunders. (Doubleday, Page Co.)
Western Wild Flowers. Armstrong. (Putnam.)

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ART CONCRETE WORKS

Photograph by Hiller.

THE RICHARD MILLER STUDIO GARDEN, STICKNEY SCHOOL OF ART

THE CONSERVATION OF WATER

With war-time conditions now rapidly returning to normal, patriotic thought may again turn to those measures of conservation which, although important, were not of such pressing nature as were war necessities. Not only will our flood control measures be pushed to an early completion, but water conservation will again seriously come to our attention. The United States Forest Service is already making extensive arrangements for tree planting to increase our natural water-sheds. Our ornamental gardens should be kept up and improved and increased in their proportions as occasion permits. These measures will allow an abundant supply of water if it is equitably distributed. In this distribution, we consider the water meter a very necessary adjunct in discouraging any form of water waste.

In this regard, it seems well to mention one of our local companies, the Art Concrete Works of Pasadena, who seem, in no small way, to be doing their bit in encouraging the use of the water meter. They have designed and perfected types of concrete meter boxes, which have removed entirely the unsightliness of a meter installation in the front of one's home. Over thirty-five thousand of these boxes were furnished from Pasadena to San Francisco alone; as well as over sixty thousand more to one hundred and fifty customers of the Art Concrete Works upon the Pacific Coast from Seattle to San Diego and even to Texas and New Orleans.

LITERARY CALIFORNIA

ELIA STIRLING MIGHELS

Like a great basketful of cut flowers brought into the house from a California garden the latest book on Californians comes to us for review. The Gatherer, as Mrs. Mighels calls herself, has loved well and cut well. The Harr Wagner Publishing Company (San Francisco) has made the book with sympathetic understanding of its mission. Thousands of Californians will thank them both for treasures of thought and emotion placed conveniently at hand. It is a book to pick up often as one goes about one's daily work in garden, porch or pergola. Bits from those who have lived here long and loved the land they occupied greet the reader from every page.

Here is Ina Coolbrith's *Meadow Larks:*

Sweet, sweet, sweet; O happy that I am!
Llsten to the meadow-larks, across the fields that sing!

And the lines by Joaquin Miller:

Room! Room to turn round in, to breathe, and be free
And to grow to be giant, to sail as at sea,
With the speed of the wind, on a steed with his mane
To the wind, without pathway, or route, or a rein!

From *Golden Era,* 1885.

CALIFORNIA

Sown is the golden grain, planted the vines;
Fall swift, O loving rain, lift prayers, O pines;
O green land, O gold land, fair land by the sea,
The trust of thy children reposes in thee.

—Lillian H. S. Bailey.

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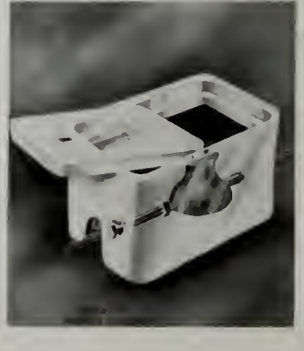


The Foothill Boulevard Towns

THE Sierra Madre or Mother Mountains foster the life of the San Gabriel Valley. Like the sheltering wings of a great mother bird they ward off storms from the desert on the north, and, on the breast of their southern slopes, cuddle many an orchard home and many a group of bungalows. Life-giving waters flow from their beautiful canyons—the great scar of the San Gabriel wash publishes to the world how bountiful a gift of water has been wasted in the years gone by.

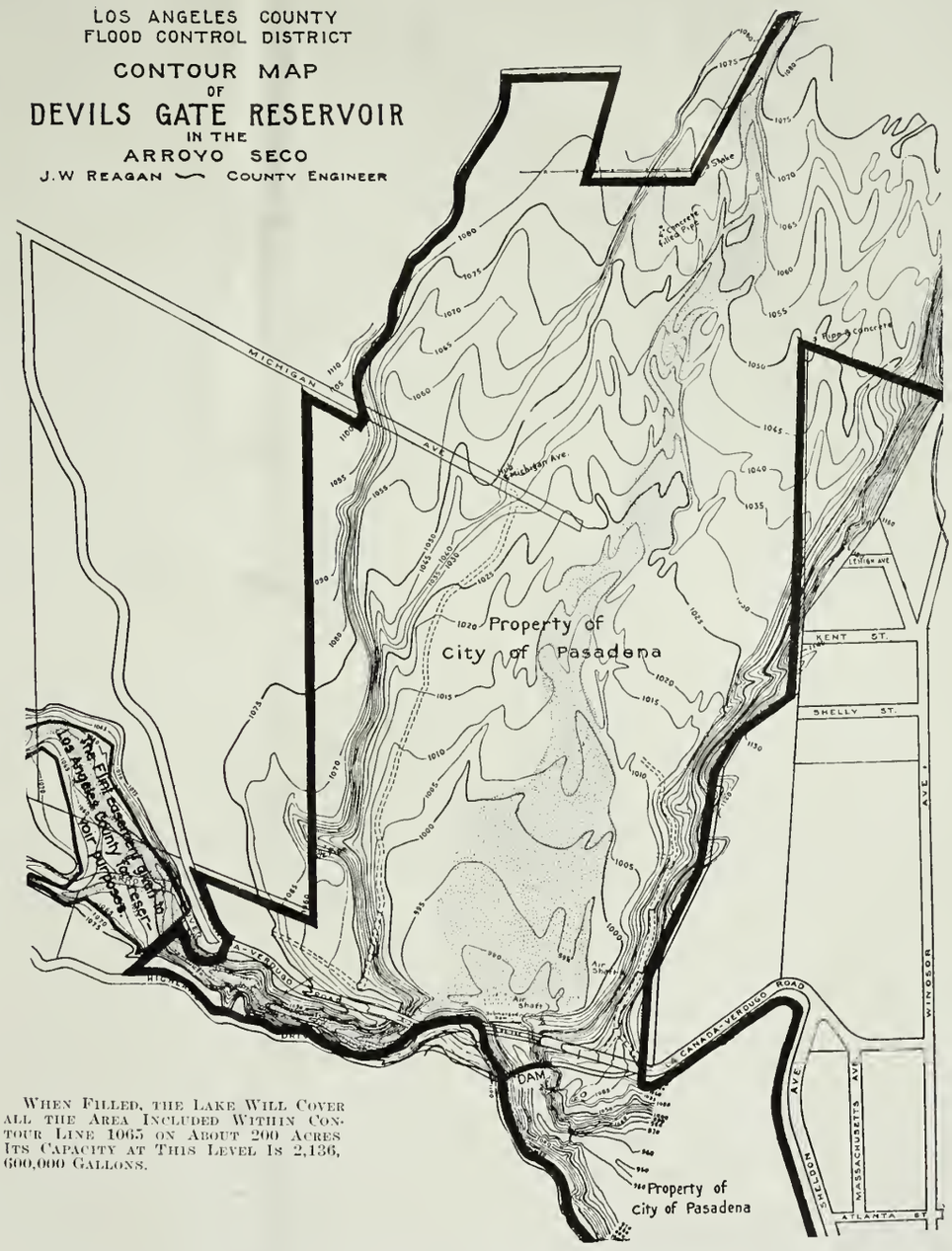
Already intensive cultivation and thorough occupation of the land begin to be realized. Energetic men in each of the centers of life along the foothill boulevard have banded together to bring the water to their homes and also to handle economically the golden fruit that decorates and yet supports this most livable of valleys.

Perhaps nowhere else in the world is vital democratic living seen to a greater advantage than in California's modern country towns so charmingly strung along her highways and electric lines.

Wise forethought and the natural result of supply and demand will determine an interesting future for this foothill country. Already the dominant call for residence space is causing the little cross-roads corners to expand into towns and the towns to take on the manners of a small city. One sees it as an ideal orchard community, unique in its advantages of all that makes up a healthful, interesting life, replete with the intellectual activity of colonial New England and vital with the new problems of our pioneer West.

A choice of three kinds of life under the same sunny skies here is offered to the homeseeker. Mountain cabin, with much view and little company; an orchard home with little view and many duties to absorb the energies of all the family; or, life among good neighbors in some charming town. The European mode of life described so often by our men in letters from the Front may prove the ultimate development in our wide-spreading orchard tracts. A central town is built, perhaps within a circle like Corona over on the Valley's southern slope. By radiating roads the orchards link themselves with the nearest town and are tended by those who have their comfortable homes close by the school, the church, the bank and the library.

Pasadena, largest of the foothill cities, has led the way and shown what can be done. Her growth has been remarkable, her fame far spread, and while all forms of village life have disappeared from her wide boulevards and her business streets, yet she too has still to find herself in that necessary feature of a full-fledged city, the civic center, without which a city seems to have no heart.



WHEN FILLED, THE LAKE WILL COVER ALL THE AREA INCLUDED WITHIN CONTOUR LINE 1065 ON ABOUT 200 ACRES ITS CAPACITY AT THIS LEVEL IS 2,136,600,000 GALLONS.

Flood Control

By M. U. Seares

THE millions of dollars voted by the people of Los Angeles county for control of sudden winter floods are now to be used for that purpose. The plans formulated by the Board of Engineers of Flood Control, appointed April 3, 1914, are in general to be followed. This board was made up of the following eminent engineers: H. Hawgood, chairman, and in charge of Debris Deposits Study; Chas. T. Leeds, Relation of Floods to Harbors and Navigable Streams; J. B. Lippincott, Stream Discharge with Relation to Floods; Frank H. Olmstead (Secretary), Absorption of Gravels and Spreading of Floods; James W. Reagan, Flood Damage and Flooded Areas. The territory critically examined by the Board extends over an area of from 1500 to 2000 square miles and the value of the affected lands exceeds five hundred million dollars. To arrive at a basis for conservative engineering design, they investigated the frequency of destructive floods in Los Angeles county and found that while the average interval between destructive floods is eight years, the minimum—the only safe estimate for preparedness—is two years. The flood of February, 1914, overflowed 11,763 acres, totally ruined 1904, and partially ruined 2081 acres. The total physical loss to Los Angeles County alone was estimated at $7,601,000. No one has estimated the amount of good soil washed into the sea.

Flood waters, bursting suddenly over the mountains and mesas and tearing fiercely down to the sea, may be mastered by the combination of two means. The mountains, whose steep declivities give the water its dangerous force, may be made to hold the flood in series of overflow basins which let the water down gently and cause it to be absorbed; in addition, the channels of the streams may be made to keep within their banks the water which finally comes down to the sea. The work of the catch-basins seems logically the first to be performed. This check dam system, used in similar country in Switzerland, consists of inexpensive cross structures of dry rubble masonry, placed at the head waters of little canyons, local material, easily obtained. They materially reduce the flood velocities, rob the water of its debris-carrying power and make for greatly increased absorption in the gravel beds. The granite formation of the Southern California mountains affords fair building material and an added advantage in the highly porous character of the mountain slopes, the channel bottoms and the debris cones.

In an article by Harry F. Olmstead, of Buck & Olmstead, Los Angeles, written for the Engineering Record of May 20, 1916, the author states that in the midst of the storm of January 17, 1916, he inspected the Sunland wash below Haines Canyon where experimental check dams had been placed, and, with others, saw the lessened effect of the storm. "At twelve o'clock noon Haines Canyon was discharging 5.05 second-feet at its mouth. This water was perfectly clear and had a velocity of only two feet per second. At the same hour the uncontrolled streams of Los Angeles county were in full flood flow. They had passed the danger mark and were tearing out bridge approaches and carving new channels everywhere."

We may expect, therefore, that when the work of construction now to be undertaken by J. W. Reagan, Engineer of Los Angeles county Flood Control District, is completed, much storm water will be held back in the soil of the mountains and mesas, and that which escapes will be within control of carefully constructed banks and straightened river beds.

The lake which will be formed when the great check dam is built at Devil's Gate will not be of water stored for irrigation, except in so-far as our wells will fill with the waters which sink through the gravel sieve. It will be necessary to drain Pasadena Lake before a coming storm, and its waters cannot be promised for other purposes. One way still remains to conserve this water so needed by the thirsty summer land. Storage reservoirs, in addition to the flood control dams, may be constructed in suitable canyons where the slowly falling water will run into them, and be stored to irrigate the higher mesa country in which wells are not feasible. But, for that, we shall have to vote other bonds, or build by private enterprise.

The Flood Control work planned for Altadena will take the flood waters which now flow south through storm drains and conduct them in a generally western direction harmlessly to the Arroyo Seco, where they may be spread on the gravel cone to percolate into the soil.

WATER DEVELOPMENT

By RALPH S. VANDERHOOF

THE writer has been asked to prepare a few facts and possibilities concerning the development of water northeast of Pasadena, in that section north and east of Lamanda Park, where hundreds and thousands of acres are for the most part idle. This section we speak of is sparsely populated. Population follows water in Southern California, and if water were developed, this territory—some ten square miles—would fill up with ten to fifty thousand people.

A RESERVOIR IN CONSTRUCTION. CLARENCE P. DAY, ENGINEER-CONTRACTOR

The Lambert Ranch of 250 acres of fine citrus groves is the only large tract in the district referred to that is watered and has a high valuation; it is a good example of what can be done. The Hastings Ranch, an extremely beautiful tract of about 1000 acres, we are told, has not much water on it. This place lies just west of the city of Sierra Madre. The Baldwin Estate is watered well south of Foothill Boulevard, and in the residential section, but not much north. The Huntington Estate at San Marino is a splendid monument to what water will do. For the most part this land is owned by wealthy promoters who saw long ago the beauty of the region and some day their dreams will come true.

This work of water development is not for individuals; it is for the County, State and Federal Government to undertake. My wife and I visited the Roosevelt Dam near Phoenix, Arizona, last summer on our way East. This project is a canyon walled up to make a reservoir of water which by gravitation waters the Salt River Valley all around Phoenix. Whoever has seen this valley—the alfalfa and livestock and the prosperity of the vicinity has carried away with him lasting remembrances of what water means to values and to prosperity in the arid sections of the United States.

In Southern California no great endeavor, besides the Owens River Valley project, has been made to develop water. In the lower San Gabriel Valley it is easy to get water, but along the foothills east of Pasadena it is deep to the water tables and expensive to drill. Why not dam up several canyons and hold back some lakes instead of letting all this golden fluid flow to the ocean? Water is magic here.

Engineers have noted this section and all agree that something should be done by the Government. This is the last close-in high-class, foothill, residential section left undeveloped. The Owen's River Aqueduct has made the San Fernando Valley. What is the foothill section of the San Gabriel Valley going to do?

INSIDE THE U. S. BALLOON CAMP AT ARCADIA

By MARY STEWART DAGGETT

THE famous Rancho which was the achieved dream of Lucky Baldwin, once the sporting king of California, again asserts its supremacy in the San Gabriel Valley. After necessary subdivision, remaining pastoral acres of the vast estate were placed at the disposal of the Government for training purposes. Through the patriotism of Mrs. Anita Baldwin, the pioneer's daughter, the old Rancho has represented Uncle Sam in the world's great struggle for human freedom. Mrs. Baldwin inherits her father's gray matter with his millions, and while she retains his love for blooded stock, for many months her chief interest has rested with the United States Balloon Camp, which it is believed will permanently emphasize her peerless Arcadian acres.

Col. W. N. Hensley, first Commandant and organizer of the Balloon School, produced a magical change on the once peaceful stretches of the old ranch. Groves of live oaks and giant eucalypts still beautify the boundaries, but in the very center, on the flat land once occupied by the race course, are now tethered huge captive balloons that rise each day to brood over the valley. Blooded, high-spirited beauties of the turf have been driven back into picturesque reminiscence with their faithful grooms and dashing jockeys. The old Baldwin grandstand is gone. No longer does the fascinating senorita of early days flirt with her fan or bet on her favorite thoroughbred. Now from the historic race-course sausage balloons rise to the height of 3800 feet. To the pleasure ranch of long ago came the thrill of the world war and a serious, patriotic problem in the air, which Col. Hensley and the men of U. S. Balloon Corps worked out untiringly and well.

The camp is eminently fitted for balloon service. It lies six miles east of Pasadena and is convenient to Los Angeles. Radiant foothills of the Sierra Madre mountains touch its northern boundary. The lofty peaks of the ever-changing range exalt its environment and also furnish to the large classes of cadets opportunities for preliminary observation. For, before men are permitted to rise with a balloon they are taught to observe from the mountainside at an altitude of about five thousand feet. Thus the peaks of our Mother Mountains have done their share in helping win the war.

Col. Hensley is a born commandant, very popular with his men; and when, in the war days, he invited me to visit his headquarters, I was delighted. From my hill-top in Pasadena I had acquired the habit of saluting the balloons from afar as they hung in the sky like a flock of great vultures that roost in the giant eucalypts of the old ranch. When I actually went inside the camp and saw for the first time ten huge captives straight above me, high! high! high! that was the real thing and not a fancy.

"Why do they call them sausages?" I asked of the orderly who accompanied us. "I can't say," he answered. "Sausages sounds so German," I persisted, "and, besides, they seem exactly like great elephants without legs. Just see that prize beast coming down. Look at his wrinkled, gray hide, his trunk and even his floppy ears! If I were a Seventh Day Adventist I should believe that the flying herd above us belonged to the beasts of Revelation."

Just here the man of the party frowned down loquacity, for we were about to enter headquarters. I subsided. Col. Hensley was at leisure, or at least he was so gracious as to make us all feel that afternoon callers were welcome in camp. A telephone stood on his desk, and on the wall back of his chair hung a large map of the adjoining country drawn to observation scale. "The balloon observer must learn to locate points accurately," he began, "otherwise charges from big guns lose their efficiency with the enemy. The observer must be conscientious and absolutely truthful about spots that he does not see. Imagination should not assist him. A certain point below must first be definitely located on the map which he carries, after this he may proceed to work intelligently. When once he gets correct bearings he is generally successful. Observation from a balloon 3800 feet up is very satisfactory, except when intervening country limits the range of vision; then an aeroplane assumes responsibility. At the front each balloon has the protection of four aeroplanes. If the balloon is set on fire by the enemy there is no chance for the man in the basket except his parachute." "How long do observers stay up?" I asked. "Sometimes all day, but the usual service is six hours. The climate here is wonderful for uninterrupted observation. Cadets of the corps are taken up by their officers and tested out every day."

"It must be a frantic sensation for an observer to rise alone in the sky—to know that he may not speak to a living soul below him," I feelingly interjected. The Colonel smiled. "But the men are permitted to speak to their chart-rooms down here," he explained. "Shall I call up one of the observers, so that you can hear the news from above?" "Oh, please do!" we

Frederick Soares

THE SIERRA MADRE MOUNTAINS, LOOKING NORTH FROM MT. WILSON

all begged, and the indulgent Colonel took down the receiver of his telephone. "Chart-room one," he demanded, while we waited breathlessly. "Chart-room one," he called again, and at once answer came from out the sky. "Commandant speaking," he stated, "tell me, what are you working out just now?" The observer replied. "The officer tells me that mist is interfering with observation," the Commandant explained, "the day has not been quite clear, but he says he is going to stay up late and try again."

"We always have some haze about this time of year," the man of the party put in, while we women sat dumb with wonderment. We felt that we had heard from the first heaven if not from the seventh.

Col. Hensley doubtless enjoyed our credulous rapture for he proceeded to call up Chart-room Four. The observer replied at once and we were then entirely convinced of the Commandant's supernatural power. "If you watch a balloon at close range, you will see the small telephone wire running beside the heavy cable that restrains it," he explained again.

"Does a balloon ever get away?" I asked. "Once in awhile," was the reply. "Generally it only sails off for a kite-shaped track excursion of a hundred miles or more; but at the end of the trip it is short of gas and ready to descend." "It all sounds so human," I again ventured, "and it must take a regular circus of men to keep the great creatures fit." "Two hundred for each balloon," was the Commandant's reply.

Delighted with our opportunity and impressed with Col. Hensley's great courtesy, we left headquarters and wended our way through camp, where one of the flying elephants was just coming down. Again I gloried in the name I had substituted for "sausage," as I watched the gray beast descend, drawn to earth by its huge cable operated upon a windlass.

Down the way I saw what appeared to be a balloon in bed, but was informed frankly that it was "only the nurse—the humble stationary agent that feeds hydrogen gas to the spectacular flying elephants."

Boys off duty were quietly amused but most respectful when answering our simple questions. We were told about the Community Recreation Clubhouse outside the camp, and the big swimming pool by enthusiastic boys from Boston, Chicago or Cape Cod. But the sun was beginning to drop in the west and we hurried to the hut of the Y. M. C. A. The long, low building is weatherbeaten and seemed familiar. A primitive roof covers an earth-trodden patio which runs along its east end, and here the khaki-clad boys stood about in groups or sat apart to write letters. As we stepped inside the hut we were met by the secretary. "Do you recognize the place?" he asked eagerly. We hesitated. "You are standing inside of Baldwin's old racing stable," he stated simply. "The old racing stable!" we all cried out together, then looked for box stalls and thoroughbred horses. Rows of rough benches and a long counter were not suggestive of sporting equipment. The old racing stable was camouflaged and upon its freshly whitewashed walls we read illuminated texts from the Bible. To those who had lived for years in the historic San Gabriel Valley there was at hand a mental drama of the past. Each silently staged the story of racing books, of gay days and ways now gone forever.

The haze which had interfered with satisfactory observation from the balloon basket of "Chart-room One" was settling down against the range. Peaks were turning a soft Italian blue, and it was time to leave the camp.

Down the Road to Stuart Inn

JUST beyond Arcadia lies Monrovia, a model little city with handsome modern schools and a high school group boasting not only the usual administration, manual arts, and gymnasium buildings, but an out-door theater, where plays and other entertainments are given throughout the year. Monrovia has an abundance of pure mountain water and an additional supply from artesian wells; and has shown remarkable forethought in acquiring a beautiful natural park of one thousand acres in the mountain district within one and a half miles of the center of the town.

A patriotic and typically American people live here. No better proof of any town's standards can be given than its record during the war. As was shown by Mr. J. H. Bartle, president of the Monrovia Liberty Loan committee, when presenting the district's honor flag, "The measure of a district is its response to the country's call. This community of Monrovia, Duarte and Arcadia has responded nobly, sending two hundred men to the colors. The least we who remain at home can do is to respond with our dollars. This we have done so well that in each Liberty Loan our maximum was oversubscribed and in Red Cross, Y. M. C. A. etc., we have shown that we were behind our boys to the last dollar and the last trench.

Motoring on through Azusa with its charming colonial type of cottage and its fine district high school, the traveler passes so quickly the main streets of these foothill towns that he loses much that would interest and delight him. Canyons like that planted by the late Judge Silent are full of the delicate bulbous plants that fill the air with sweetness after a rain, and lie hidden behind Glendora; and along the way little churches of stone collected from the wash show that worship is a thing of the heart.

Luncheon-time comes just as we reach the Stuart Inn at the top of the hill above San Dimas. With an omelette that reminds one of the road houses in France, and a salad fit for a Frenchman, we end our trip for the day and leave the Valley Boulevard for another time.

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THE little city of Glendora, with its two thousand happy and contented people, is peculiarly well situated, lying, as it does, at the immediate foot of the mountains, in a cove between the San Gabriel canyon on the west, and the Big Dalton canyon on the east.

Those who are fortunate enough to have their homes in the Glendora section have the benefit of every convenience to be had in any big city, such as natural gas for heating and cooking; cheap electricity for lighting, heating and cooking ;absolutely pure water; an unusually equable climate, and high-class neighbors.

The soil in the Glendora district is acknowledged by experts to be especially adapted to citrus fruits, and therefore practically every available acre of land is set to citrus fruit.

When consideration is taken of the fact that a good orange or lemon grove will pay an income of from five hundred to sixteen hundred dollars per acre (depending upon the age of the trees, and the care given them), the high values are easily understood and appreciated. A small family, with a grove of five acres, or even less, can enjoy a sufficient income to enable them to live most comfortably, with a minimum of effort and labor, and all under the most delightful conditions that can be found anywhere in Southern California.

—H. H. Sellers.

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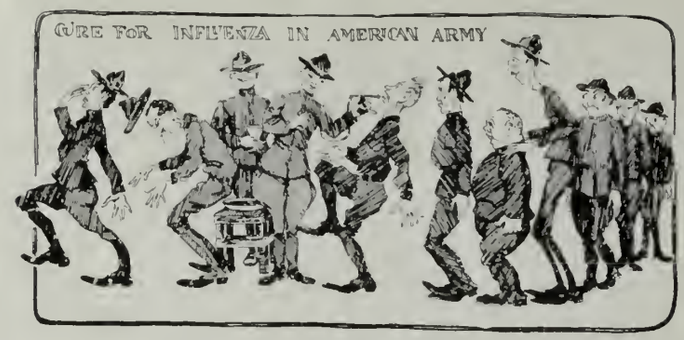
Down the River Moselle

Continued from Page 7

The sun came out only occasionally as we wheeled along. We noticed it especially as we tried to take these photographs. It did not rain until we reached Berncastel, but the air was fully of moisture and the hills were misty and soft. Sometimes they seemed to shut us in, and in the upper reaches, where the river winds a great deal, we could not always see our way out of the mysterious valley. Then we would turn the bend before us and a little town would look out at us from behind the hill, and soon we would be in the bustle of village life.

There are almost no farm houses or isolated homes among the orchards. All the houses are grouped in villages of which there are plenty. Every corner we turn discloses one or two of them, usually two on opposite sides of the stream. These towns have in them the most fascinating old half-timbered houses. I will tell you more of them in my next letter and also of Schloss Eltz, the only robber castle the French left standing in 1688.



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WELL-KNOWN throughout the world as one of California's most comfortable of winter tourist cities, Pasadena quietly, but rapidly, develops as a city of the home, the church and the school. Its churches number more than fifty. Its theatres, clubs and hotels are of a high grade. Its fine Y. M. C. A. and W. Y. C. A., its public library and splendid group of high school buildings, and other educational institutions are important influences. Its modest and beautiful bungalow homes are as great an attraction as are its magnificent residences. It is without saloons and is especially attractive as a residence city. Living expenses are not higher than elsewhere in this section of the country.

Lying near the beautiful Sierra Madre mountains, it has the advantages of mountain scenery, mountain water, refreshing breezes, and recreational opportunity. Situated in the far-famed San Gabriel valley, it is within easy reach of Los Angeles.

Electric light and water plants are municipally owned—the service is satisfactory and the price for both light and water is reasonable. The fire department is entirely equipped with motor-driven apparatus, and, with its six completely outfitted fire stations in various parts of the city, gives ample protection in case of fire. The city covers more than fourteen square miles and is from eight hundred to twelve hundred feet above sea level. The present population is between forty-five and fifty thousand.

Five parks furnish athletic fields, tennis courts, an open air plunge, picnic grounds and other recreational facilities. A parking space, with water and other conveniences is furnished for automobiles on touring trips.

Pasadena is noted for its clean and well-kept streets, its miles of trees in parkings, and the general cleanliness and safety provided for its citizens. It is linked up with Southern California's great boulevard system, affording the finest motoring in the world. The great Colorado street bridge over the Arroyo Seco, within the city, is notable in size, design and picturesque setting, and forms an important link in this system.

The city is governed by a commission of five members, who apportion its various activities and administer its affairs. It has been under this form of government for more than five years, and has experienced a most successful administration—much money has been expended for permanent improvements, tax values have been reduced, and the tax levy has been lowered. No bonds have been issued since 1912, when the water system was acquired. Few cities can show a more successful government.

Cal

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A New Country Club...

JUST around the corner from Pasadena, in one of California's lovliest little valleys, the new Flintridge Country Club will build its comfortable club house and stables on a superb site above the picturesque road leading west from Devil's Gate bridge.

The finishing touch to life in Pasadena's suburban district will be given by the establishment of this new country club, for it will set the seal of its approval on that veritable country life which people from the old South and the country homes of the East expect to find in California but which has been crowded out by the necessary artificiality of our paved streets and rectangular town lots.

It is to be more than a golf club, a real country club, one of the principal features being a stable where the saddle horses of members of the club can be kept. Some arrangement will also be made by which saddle horses can be obtained by members of the club for riding in the park and the adjacent mountains. There will be commanding views from the clubhouse, and altogether it will be the most attractive and picturesque country club in Southern California. In addition to the horseback riding there will be easy access to the trails that lead to the mountains, so that tramping parties can be had. An eighteen hole golf course, all in grass, will be laid out by experts.

Unlike the foothill portion of the San Gabriel valley, the elevated stretch of natural homesites known as Flintridge does not face the relentless southern sun but sloping northward from the San Rafael hills, it curves and undulates in natural beauty forming delightful vistas and views of the mountains from every residence and orchard lot.

More and more as country life is developed in Southern California, the advantages of a home among orange trees and lemon orchards is realized. If, as in the case of Flintridge, the social life is also provided for by a well-appointed club conveniently nearby, the perfection of country living seems to be attained.

For those who seek the advantages of a natural environment near the conveniences of a great city the situation is ideal. The artist and the nature lover may here work or rest in constant touch with Mother Earth, yet just across the Arroyo from all this quiet loveliness of sheltered canyon and purple mountains, lies the finished city of Pasadena, and behind the bulwark of high hills to the south is the metropolis but a few miles away.

Every form of garden known to man is here possible from the elaborate hanging gardens of the ancients to the intimate and profitable door-yard of the French. Every member of the family, which in California eventually spends most of its time out of doors, may have his own garden hobby and ride it every day in the year. Once the science of irrigation is learned, gardening becomes a game that may be played en solitaire or on as large a scale as funds permit.

Here at Flintridge the gentle slopes invite the citrus orchard, and the lower stretches suggest small fruits and gardens of chrysanthemums, of calla lilies, or seed farms and violet beds. Yet in the handsome houses gay week-end parties add variety to the busy days.

Unusual vision and forethought has been shown by those who have planned to place the Flintridge Country Club near Pasadena's famous Arroyo Seco Natural Park, the chosen haunt of pedestrians, and the most picturesque bridle path to the mountains. In the resident tract itself the newcomer will find the finished product of the realty brains of a community which is past master in the art of pleasing the seeker of a California home. Expert skill has been used in planning the drives and roadways. Not only is the contour of the hills kept and carefully guarded, but every oak and shrub that could add to the beauty of the hills and canyons has been saved. All of the combined experience of California's trained engineers and her oldest inhabitant has lent its knowledge of climate and conditions to the setting out of a perfect place in which to live.

Spring Exhibition *of the* California Art Club

CALENDAR

Works received at Gallery until March 29th.
Sessions of Jury—Tuesday and Wednesday, April 1st and 2nd.
Hanging accepted work—April 2nd.
Reception and First View, Thursday (8 to 11 p. m.) April 3rd.
Open to the Public daily—April 4th to 30th.
(Sundays 2 to 5 P. M., Wednesday, 10 to 12 A. M.)
NOTE—Positively no works received at Gallery after March 29th.

The works of members of the Club, whose dues for the current year are paid, will be received, to the number of three from each member, and exhibited if favorably passed on by the Jury of Selection, subject to the following conditions, however:

1. That works are the original work of the sender.
2. That they have not been previously shown in a public exhibition in Los Angeles.
3. That they are suitably framed, in the case of paintings, in accordance with the exhibition rules of the Club. (See Constitution).

IN THE ARROYO *William Wendt*

Gallery *of* Fine Arts, Exposition Park

ENTERING WORKS

Members must use the regular Entry Blank, as this form serves the double purpose of protecting them and facilitating the business of the exhibition.

Members sending works from a distance not over 125 miles from Los Angeles, may express same to the Museum (Department of Fine and Applied Arts) "Collect Charges;" such of these works as may be accepted for exhibition will be returned free to sender. Mark all boxes with words "California Art Club, 1919 Spring Exhibition," in addition to address.

JURY OF SELECTION

Guy Rose	Benjamin C. Brown
Wm. Wendt	Julia Bracken Wendt
Clarence Hinkle	Caspar Gruenfeld
Jack W. Smith	Hanson Puthuff
	John Rich

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No. 4 APRIL-MAY, 1919

CONTENTS

RESIDENCE OF MR. JEREMIAH RHODES. *Marston & Van Pelt, Architects*.....*Cover Design*
LAGUNA SHORE.....*Painting by Edgar Payne* *Contents Design*
CALIFORNIA ART CLUB ANNOUNCEMENT..... 3
A MODERN MIRACLE PLAY.....*Ethel Rose* 5
EL CAMINO REAL.....*Ethel Rose* 7
THE FORMAL USE OF ORANGE TREES.....*Henry M. Greene* 8
CO-OPERATIVE MARKETING.....*G. Harold Powell* 9 and 16
CO-OPERATION IN ARTS AND CRAFTS..... 10
THE TEN PAINTERS CLUB.....*Mabel Urmy Seares* 10
THE SLAVIC HANDICRAFT CENTER.....*Rose Ellerbe* 11
SLAVIC HANDICRAFTS.....*Eleanor Hague* 18
AN APPRECIATION OF A CRAFT.....*Florence Gates* 19
WOOD CARVING..... 19
THE SCIENCE OF COLOR—A NEW COURSE FOR ARTISTS..... 19
SOUTHLAND OPINION—
THE USE OF EXPERTS..... 12
NOBLESSE OBLIGE! MY ARCHITECTS..... 12
AMERICANIZATION.....*Dr. Norman Bridge* 12
OUR INDUSTRIAL FUTURE.....*Watt L. Moreland* 13
TO THOSE WHO WENT TO WAR.....*Helen Fraser* 13
IN A BOOK LOVER'S EYRIE..... 14
ACACIAS IN CALIFORNIA.....*Julia Boynton Green* 14
MRS. WHITTINGHAM'S FROCKS.....*Portraits by Mabel Watson* 15
WHERE SHALL WE SHOP?.....*Southland's Guide* 15
PLAT DESIGN FOR THE BLUE BIRD RANCH.....*Clarence Day* 16
LANDSCAPING A LEMON GROVE.....*Edwin Petersen* 17
A NEW MARMALADE INDUSTRY.....*Don Francisco* 20
CO-OPERATION AMONG SKILLED PRINTERS.....*G. Rankin Good* 20
RESTORATION AT SAN GABRIEL.....*Sketch by Garrett Van Pelt* 21
CO-OPERATION AMONG COMMUNITIES—
THE TRI-CITY FARMS.....*Harley Newell* 21
THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA PUBLICITY BOARD..... 21
WHERE TO GO WHEN MOTORING..... 22

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CALIFORNIA SOUTHLAND
AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

A TWENTIETH CENTURY MIRACLE PLAY

By ETHEL ROSE

JOHN STEVEN MCGROARTY, AUTHOR OF THE MISSION PLAY AND OTHER DRAMAS

A LITTLE half-Spanish village in Southern California—small one-story houses of adobe or white plaster—peach trees heavy with pink bloom—pale yellow lemons hung aloft against a background of blue sky and bluer snow-capped mountains—the old Franciscan Mission—the pepper trees with gauzy flickering shadows—and, incongruous in this placid primitiveness, one after another come huge red trolley cars and lines of automobiles bearing the license plates of every state in the Union.

Impossible that these crowds—tourists from all over the world, women in frocks from the grands faiseurs of Paris side by side with ranchers' families garbed in gaudy calicoes—should have come here merely to see the few relics of California's Spanish past in the mission museum or to watch the game of pelota that is attracting groups of sombrero-crowned Mexicans behind the high board wall down the road!

Indeed, no!

This is San Gabriel (there are villages as tiny in the old world whose names are known to all men); and there—across the street from the church with its picturesque belfry and bells, beside the wide-verandaed shop where Indian blankets and pottery are sold, rises the wooden theatre that is the home of the now celebrated

E. K. HOAK, GENERAL MANAGER OF THE MISSION PLAY ASSOCIATION

STAGE SCENE IN THE SECOND ACT OF THE MISSION PLAY

Mission Play; a modern version of those Miracle or Mystery plays which so influenced the lives of the people of England and France about the twelfth century.

For them the spell was in the appeal to their religious faith and in their childlike credulous wonder at the marvels so convincingly portrayed. The mystery here is that exercised by the universal charm of anything that was spiritually beautiful and which has passed away; while the miracle is the re-creation in this rude corner of our western world of a bit of old-time artistic beauty and symbolism that one would have thought had gone forever.

To Mr. Miller of the Riverside "Mission Inn" belongs the credit for the idea, which came to him while watching the performance of the Passion Play at Oberammergau; and to the enthusiastic encouragement and aid of his friends, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Dr. Henry Van Dyke, and Dr. David Starr Jordan, are due its materialization as well as that most essential preliminary, the finding an author, who must be, as all agreed, a man imbued with sentiment and feeling as well as a practical knowledge of the romance, history, and life of Spanish California.

THE RETURN OF DON GASPAR DE PORTOLA AND HIS MEN

Such a man was actually found in Mr. John Steven McGroarty, who enthusiastically accepted the task and gave two entire years to the writing of the play, afterwards overseeing personally every step in the carrying out of this unique scheme; and who now, in the eighth year of his play's extraordinary success, is still its manager and constant inspiration.

During the "season" most of the actors live in the village, and the Mexicans, Indians and Spanish dancers are the "real thing," while the costumes and properties are not only historically correct but in many instances are authentic old garments and utensils which have been treasured for years in families and local collections.

The man who painted so cleverly all the scenery takes the part of a Spanish soldier in the play, and many of the actors work at their trades in the mornings; the children playing about like ordinary little mortals when they are not on the stage, where they at once become very solemn and important.

FREDERICK WARDE

Around behind the theatre during the performance one may come upon a long-cloaked and beplumed hidalgo strolling under the pepper trees in conversation with a tonsured friar; or a group of Indian braves in full regalia, sitting on a bench in the warm afternoon sunlight or pirouetting in their feathers and fur to the amazement of travellers from the East in the passing overland trains; and a fine picture they make—their tawny skins golden in the sunlight and their barbaric outfit gorgeous against the dull ochre wall behind them; while from the nearby houses little Mexican children, amusingly suggestive of delightful puppies, gather in gayly-colored groups to stare or to talk to one affably in American-Spanish with quaint remarks and questions.

It never seems to be too much trouble to pose *en costume* for some painter or sculptor, or to have the whole theatre lighted up for some interested celebrity; while at the photographer's request the entire troupe, Indians, Mexicans, and all, will go even as far as the arroyo, a picturesque crowd enough, in order to have their picture taken with plenty of local color.

The play hinges on the inception, fruition, and aftermath of the Franciscan missions in California; that chain of twenty-one tiny centers of Christian civilization which dotted the coast, connected one with another by the Camino Real—the Royal Road. That old path is now the state's favorite automobile highway, a wonder of scenic beauty and the last word in road making which, in memory of the old days, is marked along its entire route by unusual green-bronze guide posts, each crowned with a mission bell.

The play-house, wide and low in proportion, stands in a walled garden with a shady front court, and all around it a sanded alley where, among trees and shrubs, with appropriate scenic backgrounds painted on the wall, are twenty-one little plaster models of the missions as they are now; so that the audience, during the intermissions, may make from shrine to shrine, on foot in the good old way, a miniature pilgrimage by the Camino Real from San Diego to Sonoma.

Within, the theatre, with its mediaeval cross-beamed roof and rafters, its dim candles and quaint lanterns, its low white walls with ornaments in the shadow above, its effect of remoteness and age, is vague and quiet. At the open windows nod the screening trees. The stage, in its great frame of tarnished gold, like a painting by some old master, is hidden by a cleverly-painted tapestry curtain in sombre tones.

Suddenly the lights go down and in succession there glides behind the dimmed blue footlights three silent symbolic figures—a naked Indian in full war paint—a Spanish cavalier—and a Franciscan friar.

A pause—lights—and the curtain rises on the camp of Don Gaspar de Portola, on the shore of San Diego Bay, in the year 1769. It is a time of despair and revolt and Fray Junipero Serra, the head priest after vainly imploring his people not to return to Mexico, prays for the arrival of the long-overdue relief ship, now his only hope. Twilight falls, the rising tide comes rippling up the shore and only the father's voice is heard in supplication, when behold! Around the distant headland, with all sail set and a light at her mast-head, swings the despaired-of Spanish galleon.

Continued on Page 14

Harold Parker

THE RUINED MISSION OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO—LAST ACT OF THE MISSION PLAY

EL CAMINO REAL

By ETHEL ROSE

In lands of romance and adventure
down by the summer sea,
Through valleys leading on to snow-capped mountains,
fair lies the road for me.

From shrine to shrine I go, a pilgrim
along the well-worn way;
And one by one the missions rise before me,
tragic in their decay.

The padres, toiling, built these things of beauty,
here strove and prayed and died;
Transformed the wilderness into a garden
where Christ was glorified.

From stately Carmel down to little Pala,
like beads upon a chain,
To tell them o'er evokes in minor music
the Spanish past again.

Strange tales and legends cluster round them,
here on the "royal way"
They call with silent yet insistent voices,
"We, too, have lived our day."

IN THE MISSION GARDEN

The MISSION PLAY

LOVERS of California and of the beautiful crumbling ruins of her Spanish past will rejoice to know that the Mission Play has becomes a powerful force in the education of the people as to the value of the work of the early church on this coast. The next campaign for the careful and sympathetic restoration of the old missions will find its field prepared and the seed sown. It is also a cause for rejoicing that the business management now fully supports and supplements the excellent production. E. K. Hoak, owner and publisher of Financial Insurance News, Pacific Coast Manager Doubleday, Page & Co., General Manager Southern California Publicity Board, is now general manager of the Mission Play Association. In an interview with a representative of California Southland Mr. Hoak said, "The Mission Play is one of the biggest advertising assets of the Pacific Coast and California. It is one thing to induce tourists to come to Southern California and it is another important item to have something for them to do after they arrive here. Climate and good roads will not fully suffice in this. The history of California and its missions, as expressed in the Mission Play, draws thousands to this section every year."

SAN GABRIEL MISSION

THE USE OF ORANGE TREES IN FORMAL GARDENS

By HENRY MATHER GREENE

RESIDENCE OF MR. HENRY M. ROBINSON, PASADENA

Greene & Greene, Architects

BEING of a graceful shape and medium size with rich dark green foliage, golden fruit and fragrant blossom, the orange tree lends itself to formal or natural landscape treatment in a distinctive way.

It may be used in massed effect, or as screens and backgrounds, and also as individual specimens planted in tubs or in the ground. In the design where orange trees are to be used, as with other units, one need only to keep in mind the general principles of good composition. These are utility, proportion, in which would be included scale and color, and unity of the whole composition.

In some cases in Southern California the orange trees are already growing upon the site where it is proposed to design and beautify the grounds. Often in such places the trees, with modifications, may be effectively used in the composition and give added charm and interest of local color to the design. One of the accompanying illustrations is a very good example of this treatment. The house was placed on the western side of the lot in order to secure retirement and quiet, and take full advantage of the views of the Arroyo. Here was an opportuntiy to utilize the massed effect of the orange trees as they were already planted. The driveway was therefore planned to lead naturally and directly to the front door between the rows of orange trees. To allow proper cultivation and irrigation, the ground under the trees was left bare, and to conceal this bareness the hedge was planted. The hedge rounds out the foliage effect, blending in with the orange trees and the lawn. The lawn in front, reaching down the driveway on either side to the house, ties the whole house scheme together in a simple and direct way that is restful and dignified. Those who might wish more color in the composition than here shown, could secure it by planting flowers in moderate-width beds in front of the hedges.

Another effective way to use orange trees is as a screen to cover some objectionable thing or view. This may be accomplished by planting the trees in rows or groups in a position to form the screen, and then round out by planting some low growing shrubbery or a hedge in front of them.

Orange trees make delightful backgrounds, their dark, rich green foliage lending itself well to this use when rounded out by proper planting of shrubbery in front of them.

As specimens, orange trees may be used effectively, either planted in tubs or in the ground. The second illustration shows an individual tree, used effectively. It is seen at the center of the picture just to the left of the steps. This tree is very well placed. The "Orangeries" of the French are examples of effective use of orange trees planted in tubs, but of the more formal type.

The orange is one of the oldest of the fruits and is believed to have had its origin in the India-Chinese section of the world, though this is somewhat in doubt. It is of interest to know that there are trees in several places in Florida said to be native; but authorities generally agree that these were introduced by the early Spanish explorers. The Washington navel or ange was brought into this country from Brazil in 1870 by Wm. Saunders of the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

THE ORANGE TREE AT THE LEFT OF THE STEPS IS WELL PLACED

A CO-OPERATIVE MARKETING ORGANIZATION

By G. HAROLD POWELL, *General Manager California Fruit Growers Exchange*

THE success of co-operation in our western agricultural industries during the last decade has been the subject of widespread comment. By many, the co-operative movement has been hailed as the long-looked-for panacea for high living costs, faulty food distribution, and superfluous middlemen. But agricultural co-operation has its limitations despite its phenomenal success in the west. It would not be possible to organize the farmers in every rural community, and any movement having in view the widespread organization of the farmers of this country would probably be doomed to failure.

The thing that has usually made such a plan successful has been a moderate amount of adversity. There must be a problem to be solved. Too great prosperity is apt to wreck any co-operative scheme. The reason for the formation of an organization of farmers must lie in some vital service which it is expected to perform.

The big co-operative agricultural organizations on the Pacific Coast have been founded on economic necessity, and to that fact may be attributed a large share of the credit for their success. In a non-profit organization, which represents the ideal type of co-operation, the members usually have an equal voice in the management and share proportionally in its benefits and risks. Such an organization is a voluntary industrial democracy in which the growers manage and control the distribution of

A Young Orchard Near Altadena *Courtesy of Hogan Company*

Borders, Lawns and Oranges

their own products. Every member of the association is a bona fide producer and his fruit is handled exclusively by the association. All of the operations are carried on at cost, and after operating expenses, depreciation, and a reasonable interest on the capital invested in the equipment of the association are deducted, the profits are distributed to the members in proportion to the amount of business which each has transacted through the organization. The powers of the association are vested in a board of directors, selected by the growers. This board manages and controls the affairs and business of the association through officers or agents appointed by it and subject to its advice and direction.

The orange and lemon growers of California have the most successful organization to be found in any agricultural industry in the United States, if not in the world. This association—the California Fruit Growers' Exchange—acts as an agent in distributing annually $50,000,000 worth of fruit for its 8500 members. Its selling costs (not including advertising) average 1.5 per cent of the delivered value of the fruit, or only 4.5 cents a box.

The history of this organization shows typical conditions that produce strong associations.

Twenty-five years ago the California orange and lemon industries were in a very uncertain condition. The crops were increasing beyond the ability of the many small distributors to market them successfully. The fruit was carelessly handled, irregularly graded, packed in a haphazard way and shipped to this or that market without any intelligent plan of distribution. Under these conditions the fruit kept badly, markets were alternately over and under supplied, prices to the consumer were high and the risks such as to make the orange or lemon business a hazardous undertaking for fruit merchants and growers alike. Had these conditions continued many growers would soon have torn up their groves and there would have been few oranges to sell or buy at any price.

In 1893 the growers decided to work out their marketing problem themselves. Packing houses were built by associations of growers in the different districts and arrangements were made to market it through a central organization, which resulted in the formation of the California Fruit Growers' Exchange.

All operations of the packing houses and the marketing organization were conducted at cost. An estimated amount was deducted from the returns and at the end of the season this was adjusted to exact cost. Considerable saving was made both in the cost of packing and marketing, and through their organizations the growers began to work out improved methods which largely eliminated the losses from decay and standardized the grades and packs. Further economies were brought about by co-operative purchasing of supplies. To facilitate the distribution of the fruit representatives were placed in the principal markets of the United States and Canada.

Today the Exchange is comprised of 197 separate associations, or shippers, handling the fruit of over 8500 members, and it has its own representatives in 77 markets. Shipments in a normal year are ten times as large as when the organization was formed, at a time when grow-

Continued on Page 16

To Allow for Cultivation the Ground is Often Left Bare

SUNSET GLOW *R. C. Colman*

THE EVERLASTING HILLS *Benjamin Brown*

SUNSET IN THE FOOTHILLS *Marian Kavanaugh Wachtel*

THE FORDING PLACE *Elmer Wachtel*

CO-OPERATION IN ARTS *and* CRAFTS

The Ten Painters Club of California

UNLIKE the various secrets of the art of ceramics, the methods and discoveries of the masters of painting have been more universally shared by all painters than even the painters themselves may have intended.

Therefore it is not surprising that painters and other artists tend to group themselves together in order to present properly in a new country their finished paintings and their other objects of art. Thus is a careful standard elevated, and thus only can the public be assured as to what is the best in any given art. For if those who give their whole time to the expert study of an art are not the ones most competent to raise its standard, who is?

At the Kanst Art Gallery, 826 South Hill Street in Los Angeles, a new group of painters are showing their works. No one of the group is a stranger to the art lovers of California. But this grouping of men and women who have done the hard work of making an art atmosphere in Los Angeles, is an effort at clear-cut selection and the bringing of order out of the chaos so long tolerated in our midst.

Mr. William Kanst, who has for many years sold to the people of Los Angeles the best in art which they were willing to buy, now feels that enough appreciation of good California work has been developed in that city and its environment to warrant his giving his whole time to these ten painters, who have in the judgment of the whole country, arrived. William Wendt, A. N. A., 1912, is more intimately known as a painter by our winter guests than by the would-be art patrons of his own home town. His beautiful paintings of California landscape adorn the galleries of the East, as do the pictures by every other painter here represented. Benjamin Brown has so associated himself with all the loved landscape of his chosen country that, like Longfellow in American poetry, his name, in art-loving homes, is a household word. Maurice Braun has been added to Macbeth's list of American painters, now showing on the gallery walls of that leading New York art firm. Edgar Payne has recently come among us. His marines give pure joy to their beholder; and the Laguna coast has made Jack Smith the first really great product of young California developed in the South alone.

Guy Rose is to be sure our one native Californian in the group, but he has been trained in France.

Hanson Puthuff's superb handling of Southern California's dignified rich color and outline is an established part of the exhibition. The light upon the waters finds no more subtle and loving interpreter than R. C. Colman, whose initiative set this fine movement going so prosperously, and the inclusion of the Wachtels in the group makes it the strongest association of trained painters ever consummated in this community.

EUCALYPTUS *Hanson Puthuff*

The Slavic Handicraft Center

By ROSE ELLERBE

THE Slavic Handicraft Center, of Pasadena, is an institution unique in its history and its purpose. Its beginning was in the vision of a Russian woman of noble birth, Verra Xenophontovna Kalamatiano, married in her second marriage to Freiherr von Blumenthal, a subject of the Russian Empire. She came to the United States to give a more free education to her only son. Being interested in the effort of the Zemstvos toward a serious attempt to preserve the national arts and crafts of the Slavic race, she realized that the beautiful handicrafts of the downtrodden peasant creators, if properly presented in this country, might be so appreciated as to help lift the workers from the depth of suffering which they were then enduring.

Early in the eighties, soon after the emancipation of the serfs, liberal men and women of Russia became awake to the fact that the peasant population must be given prompt and practical assistance in order to be saved from utter ruin. The various handicrafts which the peasants had been able to preserve under the crushing forces that followed their emancipation, were then at the mercy of rapacious peddlers and middlepeople who supplied the only market. If it is taken into consideration that several millions of peasants, men, women, and even children, possessed the inborn gift for the native arts and crafts of their native land, the revival of those arts and crafts presented a colossal possibility for the nation's welfare.

Prof. Paul N. Milukoff, then lecturing on Russian History in the University of Chicago, became sincerely interested in the vision of Madame von Blumenthal to establish a co-operative market with local organizations. Upon his return to Russia Prof. Milukoff discussed the matter with his friend, Alexander Vassilievitch Ellagine, a very active and most liberal president of the Riazan district, famous for its various handicrafts, from weavings to the exquisite laces then rapidly degenerating under the crushing fist of commercialism. He could fully appreciate such a vision, as a desirable, imperative assistance to the native arts and to the workers. Alexander Ellagine liked the little fairy tale of justice, and without delay sent to Madame von Blumenthal a package of drawn work from the village of Vissozki Visselki, well known before the emancipation for its ability.

The crude pieces worked in cheap linen brought along the tragic story without many words. The heart responded to the mute appeal and the beginning took shape. The work was exhibited in the home of Madame von Blumenthal, to those of her acquaintances who could and would be interested in the aim. Everything sold promptly and the prices, although very modest, allowed an increased pay to the workers and a forty per cent profit which was sent to President Ellagine for the local organization of the community workers of the village; for all inhabitants—old, young and little ones—were devoting ther spare time from domestic and field labor to this work of their recre-

Continued on Page 18

ROCKY SHORE, LAGUNA *Jack Wilkinson Smith*

A CALIFORNIA LANDSCAPE *Maurice Braun*

THE LITTLE VALLEY *William Wendt*

SOUTHLAND

The Use of Experts

IF, as Charles M. Schwab has said, the aristocracy of the future will not be one of birth or of wealth, but of the man who does something for his fellowmen and his country, then it is also true that the age of the appreciation of the expert has arrived.

It was their willing subjection of themselves to hard, intensive training which made our returning heroes able to accomplish what they set out to do and turn the tide of war against the devastating Hun. But who can estimate that tremendous thing attained or the service rendered to our country in the acceptance of training by those millions of Americans who never reached the trenches but whose eager determination to win the war went spiritually over the top and made Germany lie down?

We have gained the first step in our attempt to make democracy safe for the world when we acknowledge the necessity of intensive training in some line for every citizen, man, woman and child.

Like a great reservoir filling higher and higher with life-giving waters, the general education of the American people has increased by means of public schools, Chautauqua lectures and the widespread reading of housekeeping, trade, technical, professional and general magazines, until, with this as a foundation, it is perfectly safe for every one to specialize. We are no longer a people whose ignorance or little learning makes us think that because every one is equal before the law therefore every one's opinion on any subject is equal to that of every one else. The appreciation of experts and the demand that they set the standard is the next step in advance for the people themselves to take.

New democracies, sunk in seeming chaos, emphasize the necessity of leaders who are trained to lead in every form of enterprise.

The use of Freedom is the test of Democracy. Europe has long valued experts as we have never learned to do; what she did before the war in expert training is the foundation of her safety now.

Noblesse Oblige! My Architects

OF all the arts appealing to the eye the most inclusive and the greatest is architecture. The mural painter, the great sculptor, the maker of tiles or of tapestries is always willing to acknowledge that architecture is the father of them all. None of these other arts can flourish mightily unless the house is built, the edifice erected, or at least some sheltering wall put up.

How great then is the responsibility of our trained experts in architecture; and how low is the fall of this all-inclusive art, when builders, untrained in everything except the demagogue's profession, have forced themselves between the expert and the people and sit there as substitutes for architects, or as middlemen doling out the orphaned, expatriated brain-children of trained talent, and taking in the money of the ignorant rich.

What record is Southern California writing on the fair, wide stretches of this our homeland, the fairest bit of earth we know? Is it not that of a good-natured and easy-going people, kind to everyone alike because we do not know an expert from an imposter camouflaged with the guise of economy?

Is it not time that the architect came out from his cloistered seclusion and quietly took the place of a leader among a people now building for posterity? If he has given years to the study of all the trades which architecture uses and has taken time to master and assimilate the art and architecture of the historic past, if, in the first place he has talent and the taste to take such training and to use it skillfully, then his proper place is not that of hidden hireling to some fat man sitting in an office chair, but, as the Master Builder who writes the record of his race, he should rise and take the whip in hand and drive the mere money changers from the temple of his heaven-given art.

The Americanization of Our Foreign Population

THE desirability of rapidly Americanizing foreigners coming to our shores and our citizenship is beyond controversy.

There is no question that those who seek naturalization, and even those not seeking it but desiring to have their children become American citizens, are anxious to be Americanized.

For those who can speak our language there is little difficulty. They become transformed rapidly enough. They read American newspapers and books, acquire our point of view, and learn readily to use our colloquialisms and slang.

The great difficulty is with those mature persons who cannot read English, who keep themselves among their fellows of like ignorance of our language and ways. Many of them never become thoroughly Americanized. The first step giving these people the right start is to teach them English so that they can and will read American papers in the English language and American books freely and easily. For these people it is a liberating process to compel them to speak and read English. To this end it is in their ultimate interest, as an act of kindness, to make it difficult if not impossible for them to read foreign-language newspapers published here. It seems a cruel and unnecessary step to abolish foreign language newspapers in America, but would not the beneficial results of it justify even so drastic a step as this?

It may be said that the abolition of foreign-language newspapers, except as an act of war necessity, is a violation of our boasted privilege of freedom of the press; and against this we usually set our faces. But we cannot escape the fact that a middle-aged person coming here from Germany, Russia, Italy, Spain, Scandinavian countries or the Balkans, who does not learn English is almost certain to remain to his death an un-Americanized person.

I would not recommend the abolition of the right to publish foreign-language newspapers in times of peace, except in case of treasonable or seditious utterances, but I would in all ways possible short of legal enactments discourage the use of such publications and encourage non-English speaking emigrants to read newspapers in English.

How can one of these people who knows little or no English be induced to read our newspapers? One step would be to encourage our papers to print short articles in various foreign languages for different groups, to encourage subscribers to have in their hands daily or weekly papers nine-tenths of which is printed in English and only one-tenth in their own mother-tongue. This would encourage them little by little to try to read the English version as well as the other. Another step would be to have night classes free to these foreigners, where they could be taught simple but inviting English, and shown friendship and solicitude for their needs by their English-speaking neighbors. If they know that their neighbors are unselfishly trying to help them, it will often spur them to efforts that otherwise might be impossible.

Numerous enticements to such evening classes can easily be made—for example, friendly conversation, entertainments of various kinds such as moving pictures and singing classes, and the giving of prizes, certificates and diplomas to adults for their growing proficiency in English.

One of the great advantages would be the social and caretaking process; that always arouses a sympathetic response from these people. It means labor and unselfish interest on our part—which does us good as well as the shy and strange people for whom it is done. In thus helping others we help and broaden ourselves. NORMAN BRIDGE.

OPINION

Southern California's Industrial Future

ONE of the most essential factors in community development is that it be harmonious. A city should be upbuilt as is a well organized factory or a properly cultivated orchard. Inter-relations of the component parts should be given careful consideration and the necessary stimulation here and pruning there be done with the ultimate object ever in view.

In Southern California the increase in population has been so rapid during the past generation that our communities are not so well balanced as they might have been had there been more time for the work of upbuilding and more thought given to the results.

In many ways this section of the country is credited with leading. Its natural advantages have been enhanced by the painstaking activities of the citizens. We are justly proud of our schools, churches, libraries, fruits, flowers and highly productive lands and the world admires us for these achievements.

Industrially, however, although our natural advantages should have stimulated in this direction, we have lagged.

The important part that manufacturing establishments play in the life of a community is too well recognized by economists to need comment here. Suffice it to say that if we are to develop Southern California harmoniously we must not allow it to remain twenty-sixth in rank industrially, while it stands first in support of public education.

Industrial establishments must keep pace with our growth in population, at least, or as communities we will be unable to provide employment for the graduates of our high schools and colleges. The community that forces its young people to seek other fields for commercial openings is not doing its duty by its citizenship and obviously it is falling behind in its development.

For years Southern California was not so dependent upon its industries as it is today. We were a recognized vacation land and dependent largely upon the outsider for our existense. This is not a good economic situation and the business men of today are working earnestly to round out our communities into proper balance for the future.

With the reopening of the markets of the world and the expected enormous trade increases in the countries bordering on the Pacific ocean, Southern California will be called upon to take its place as an overseas trading center. To meet the demand, it will be necessary not only to increase the outputs of our existing factories but to add to their number materially. Raw products from overseas must be assimilated in the vicinity of Los Angeles harbor to balance the overseas trade. Hence, the Chamber of Commerce, representing the commercial and industrial interests of the city is making every effort not only to increase the present industrial output, but to acquire factories whose outputs will tend to help to develop overseas trade.

In the past, the very mention of factory or smokestack has been known to cause shivers of apprehension on the part of many residents. The great world war and the work of reconstruction and the better insight of the people generally into economic necessities has altered this view materially.

The factories of Southern California do not bear out the old-fashioned idea of places that belch forth unlimited quantities of soft coal soot-carrying smoke to cloud the sunshine and cast a dark pall over the good housewife's curtains. Very few Southern California factories burn coal. The great majority of them use electric power, and owing to climatic conditions have very little use for coal even as a heating unit.

The new factory in Southern California, if necessary to meet extreme esthetic demands, may as well be built in the form of a high school, church, library or similar public institution, with all the architectural beauty of any of these. In fact, there is no reason why any modern factory in Southern California should mar the appearance of any district in which it is erected.

Broadly speaking, communities must have industrial establishments if they are to preserve their stability and pave the way for mature industrial development. Southern California is so thoroughly imbued with this idea that its chambers of commerce are co-ordinating in a comprehensive plan to develop systematically the manufactured output of this section. They are working together with a vision. They see not only the possibilities of manufacturing for themselves but for the peoples overseas. So that today instead of asking the world only to come and see our fruits and flowers, we ask that it join us in developing the full possibilities of our favored section.

WATT L. MORELAND,
President, Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce.

To Those Who Went To War

IT is a strange thing that those Americans in whose veins flows the purest of British blood should still assume the growling attitude so common to the Englishman and hesitate to express in this tense time the love and admiration for the mother country which we know they feel. There is no other language which expresses our highest ideals, there is no other nation on earth that is now thinking so nearly as we think about the white man's burden and the peace of the world. We are not recreant to the trust given us by founders of the republic, nor are we "giving in" to England, when we acknowledge that in this war it was the Anglo-Saxon race which was fighting out its own destiny within its own spiritual boundaries; that feudalism has fallen forever; and that on the suffering soil of Belgium, France, and Italy, the ideals best fitted to remain have striven and nearly won.

The following words from an Englishwoman, spoken in a California Shakespeare Club, express the deepest things the war has stirred within the hearts of all true Americans:

We have lived through years of greater moment than any other four years in history and we have given and sacrificed our dearest for the ideals in which we believed and whose triumph we felt to be essential for the safety of the world.

The finest expression of what it has meant and must mean, if what we want is to come after, we find in such poems as "The Trust."

These all died in the faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off.—Heb. XI:13.

They trusted God—Unslumbering and unsleeping
He sees and sorrows for a world at war,
His ancient covenant securely keeping;
And these had seen His promise from afar,
That through the pain, the sorrow and the sinning,
That righteous Judge the issue should decide,
Who ruleth over all from the beginning—
And in that faith they died.

They trusted England—Scarce the prayer was spoken
Ere they beheld what they had hungered for,
A mighty country with its ranks unbroken,
A city built in unity once more,
Freedom's great champion, girt for yet another
And mightier enterprise for Right defied,
A land whose children live to serve their Mother—
And in that faith they died.

And us they trusted; we the task inherit,
The unfinished task for which their lives were spent;
But leaving us a portion of their spirit
They gave their witness and they died content.
Full well they knew they could not build without us
That better country, faint and far descried,
God's own true England, but they did not doubt us—
And in that faith they died. —C. A. A.

We to whom this trust has been given must see to it that the dream for which our men died is made real. It can only be made real by our patient work, our zeal, our sacrifices, our wisdom, and our unceasing justice. We must see to it that we do not lay down our arms in the great spiritual struggle still raging, but do out part in winning the peace.

HELEN FRASER.

In A Book Lover's Eyrie

HIGH up over the street in the very center of Pasadena's business district there is a beautifully furnished room which all may enter but which few know. Steep stairs almost as narrow as a library ladder lead from the busy book shop below up to a quiet nook which is a joy to those who know and love the best books in beautiful bindings.

Even those who are just entering that fair land of literature whose pleasant fields lie all about us hidden by the skyscrapers of our busy lives, may find this room an open sesame to the treasures of a private library.

Here are the classics of the English language in rich dress befitting their high dignity. Here are rare bindings which connoisseurs pass from hand to hand and finger lovingly, here is an excellent model for the beginning of a gentleman's collection with which to make our temporary California homes into real centers of a sane and interesting life when we decide to make this pleasant land a permanent abode.

Frederick Martin

THE RARE BOOKS ROOM, VROMAN'S

Like Mr. H. E. Huntington, whose wonderful library is to have a suitable home in San Marino, many others of Southern California's winter guests are spending more and more time in this equitable climate, and have decided to bring their books as well as their horses next time they come.

But to return to the book room. After a canter up the arroyo or a whirl of motoring its restful quiet greets one like the hand-clasp of an old friend. Many old friends among the authors are found on these glassed-in shelves, many an example of exquisite tooling may be studied here. But best of all, here in a secluded place the great mass of books which the late Mr. A. C. Vroman collected, as well as many which have been carefully added by the firm which he founded, can be looked over at leisure and a private collection begun or added to with discrimination and good taste.

The MISSION PLAY

Continued from Page 7

The second act takes place fifteen years later at San Carlos, Fray Junipero's own mission at Carmel, six miles across the hills from Monterey, on a day of fiesta. The missions are now at the height of their power and Fray Junipero, in his old age, presides at mass. At the fair, to which the people bring their handiwork, he looks on with pleasure at the dances and listens to the music and songs. All is peace, plenty, and happiness.

LUCRETIA DEL VALLE *Painting by Guy Rose*

For the last time the curtain rises and now are shown the vine-clad crumbling ruins of San Juan Capistrano, their sole guardian an old Indian convert, relic of the palmy days of the missions. Into this wilderness comes "Senora Josepha Yorba" (Miss Rosamonde Joyselle), with her wide skirts, her Spanish shawl, her dusky hair and eyes. She brings a sheaf of flowers to offer on the broken altar, but touched with pity lays them instead on the breast of a dead Franciscan brother, whom gaunt and starving Indians bring in from the hills to bury in consecrated ground.

As she bends over him she sees half-hidden in his cassock, the gold and jewelled chalice once the mission's greatest treasure, now deplored as lost for many years. As she raises the glittering thing, wraps it in her long-fringed shawl, and turns to go, the little cross outlined on the distant hilltop gleams suddenly silver in the light of the setting sun and the curtain falls on the deepening twilight.

So ends the Mission Play ,whose absorbing interest is attested by the close attention of the audience and its expressed appreciation of the fine acting of Mr. Frederick Warde, whom Mr. McGroarty has at last been fortunate enough to secure this year for the first time, and who seems not to impersonate but to *be* the Fray Junipero who made the California missions, and founded Christianity upon our western shores.

Acacias In California

By JULIA BOYNTON GREEN

WHAT conqueror journeys hither,—or what god?
Dressed as for revels is the thoroughfare.
In shining apotheosis the trees
Stand, murmurous with the ritual of the bees,
Brighter than bard would boast or artist dare,
Their lustre lights the brows of those who plod,
And drifts in spendthrift gold upon the sod.
From the soft bloom I drink a witching air
Might be Briseis' breath or Helen's hair.

Mrs. Whittingham will open a shop in Pasadena and show some of her batik gowns for evening and morning wear.

New York approved of Mrs. Whittingham's new knicker-frock, and so she had it patented. Now she wears it herself daintily—but others may share her knowledge of how to dress in comfort as well as beauty.

PORTRAITS by MABEL WATSON

PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

MRS. WHITTINGHAM IN HER KNICKER-FROCK

WHERE SHALL WE SHOP

By SOUTHLAND'S GUIDE TO A SANE LIFE

A series of enlightening articles for the readers of California Southland.

No. I.

THE Shops of Los Angeles are famed for their number and the quantity of wearing apparel displayed within and without. But to the shopper the very luxuriance is overwhelming. After a bout at a bargain sale the weary housewife returns to her quiet home and surveying her empty exchequer and the misfit or sleazy purchases bought in the heat of battle, she determines to study the subject and adopt a permanent place at which to trade.

Her ideal is a large department store, where expert buyers have chosen goods safely above a known standard, and where the inferior article is refused by the firm itself rather than by its customers. To rest in the conviction that quality has been seen to, leaves the busy woman free to chose for beauty and appropriateness to her needs.

Thus is conservation attained in normal living as well as in war time.

Such a great department house Los Angeles has in the long established home of the J. W. Robinson Company. Built upon quality and a knowledge of what the best people demand in dress and house linens this store seems to be the proper place to shop, without in any way showing an effort to attain that position.

Quiet elevators carry one from floor to floor. No slamming doors jar nerves already strained by the war's terrible burden. Spaciousness and airiness greet one; and efficient, intelligent clerks show that perfection of restraint and sympathetic understanding which is the result of modern training in expert business.

More and more as this community becomes established by building up a permanent, contented population, will the women who know how to live choose one good place like Robinson's and trade there regularly, calmly and with increasing confidence and satisfaction.

Co-operative Marketing

Continued from Page 9

ers believed they faced a period of overproduction.

The products shipped through the California Fruit Growers' Exchange are oranges, lemons, and grapefruit, the better grades of which are packed in wrappers bearing the name "Sunkist." The organization accumulates no profits and declares no dividends, because it has none. It is a clearing house, formed and operated by the growers themselves, through which the producer may sell and the jobber may buy with the assurance of getting a square deal.

Here we have an agricultural industry so highly organized that every hour of the day its shippers have last-minute information on all conditions affecting the movement of their crop. The grower's own salaried sales agents represent him in developing business in eastern markets, and a corps of men is employed to facilitate the movement of his crop through the channels of trade.

A campaign of national advertising is conducted which in size and completeness ranks with that of some of the nation's largest manufacturers. A supply company handling the aggregate requisitions of hundreds of producers makes wholesale purchases at large savings for the grower. That profits may be made from the cull pile and inferior fruit kept off the market, a by-products plant is operated to convert unmerchantable fruit into more salable forms. A tract of timber land, owned and operated by the growers, protects their requirements for box lumber. Fire risks on packing houses and equipment are pooled in a mutual indemnity compact which represents the essence of co-operation. Their own monthly magazine informs the growers of the activities of their organization.

Many other western agricultural industries have formed marketing organizations since the citrus growers first got together, twenty-six years ago. Notable among these are the associations marketing raisins, walnuts, beans, apples, peaches, prunes and apricots.

The factors which have been of fundamental importance to the success of the co-operative movement in the west may be summarized under five heads:

First: The problems are too complex for the individual.

At the foundation of the semi-arid western horticulture lies the necessity for irrigation, and the irrigation systems which are largely owned and controlled by the farmers have formed a common tie which binds them closely together and makes co-operation in other things more easily accomplished than is the case in the humid fruit-growing sections of the east. Land values in the west are usually high in comparison with the prices of land in the east, cultural practices are more expensive and intensive, and the problems of production, transportation, distribution, marketing and legislation are too complex for the average individual grower to meet and solve alone. Under these conditions, co-operative effort is a business necessity. Things must be done in a large way if the individual grower is to deal on the same level with the combinations of capital with which his goods come in contact at every step from the orchard to the consumer.

Second: Organizations can be founded on single crops.

It is a fundamental principle that a successful industrial organization among farmers must be founded on a special industry such as apples, walnuts, raisins, beans, peaches, prunes, olives, rice or citrus fruits. An organization founded on different crops has a series of totally different problems to meet at one time, different business connections to form, and different classes rather than one class of opponents to meet. An organization founded on a special industry, on the other hand, has a membership with common problems to be solved, similar trade practices, and similar trade connections.

On the Pacific Coast, where the growing of each product is a highly specialized industry to which the grower devotes almost his entire attention, it is possible to form co-operative organizations in which the members have a common motive for holding together.

Third: Each industry lies in a comparatively small area.

It is of basic importance that each agricultural organization lie in a restricted area. A majority of all efforts to amalgamate the growers of a single crop in widely different sections into a marketing organization has failed. On the Pacific Coast the bulk of each crop is produced in a comparatively small area; where the industry is somewhat spread this handicap is overcome by the formation of local associations having definite, tangible, constructive aims, and the federation of these local organizations into a general organization combining unity and solidarity with diversity and local autonomy.

Fourth: The producer is 2000 miles from his market.

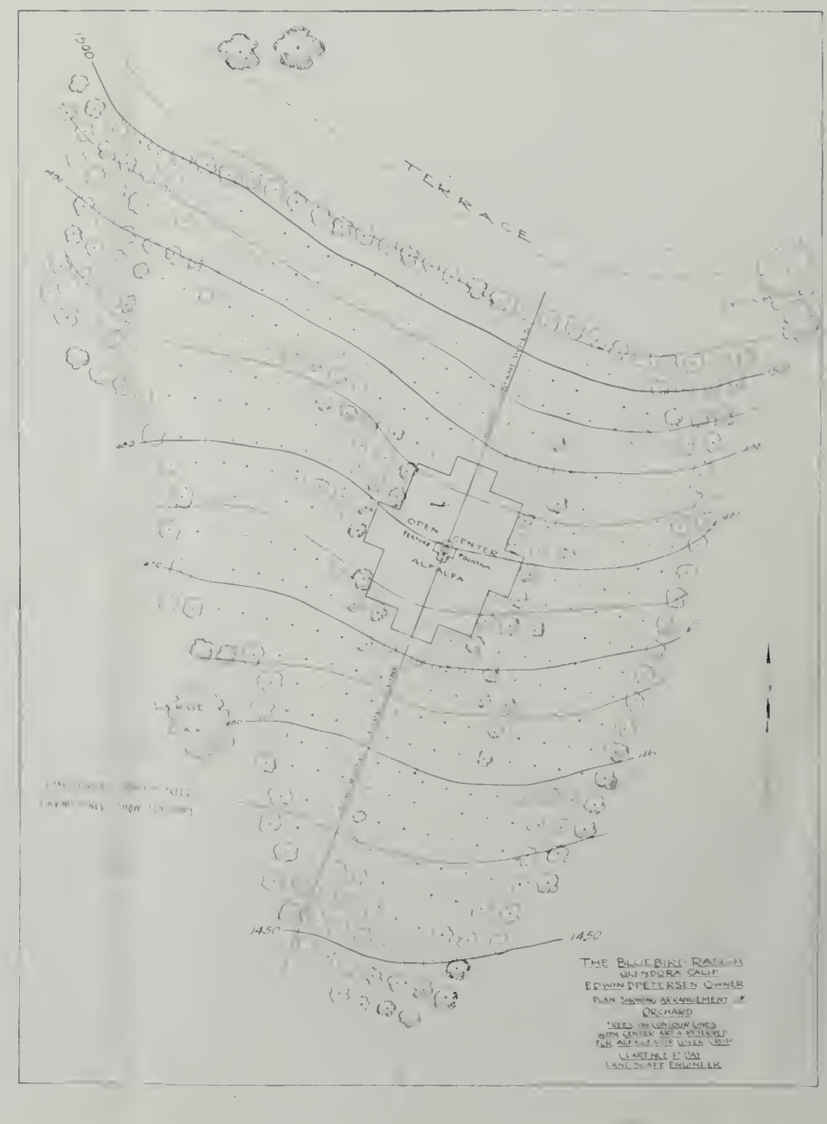
This factor has favored the co-operative movement on the coast. Since the average car of fruit and vegetables produced out here must be delivered to a market 2000 miles away, there must be pooling to make up carload lots. The problem of marketing a large crop at long range is tremendous, and this demands co-ordinated effort. Our western farmers have no local market sufficient in capacity to absorb their enormous output. To win a market in the big eastern centers of population the product of each industry must be graded uniformly, packed attractively and distributed intelligently. And how else could one do this without joining with his fellows?

Fifth: A high percentage of the producers are business men.

Pacific Coast industries have attracted an unusual class of men. Many of our growers are progressive farmers from the east, lawyers, merchants, doctors, and successful business men who have found in fruit growing an unusually pleasant vocation. This influx of high-grade business men has done much to place our western farming industries on a business-like basis.

There are, of course, other factors that have contributed to success but which do not fall directly within the above classification. Western producers have realized the importance of capable management and have employed men of a high order of ability to direct the affairs of their associations. They have known with certainty that their organizations would succeed or fail on the skill and integrity with which their products were harvested, handled, graded and packed. They have appreciated the necessity of sustaining and developing local pride and ambition among their membership, so that in such an organization as the California Fruit Growers Exchange there exists a sort of "competitive co-operation" in which each shipper strives to produce the best fruit, and pack it in the most saleable fashion. The activities of the successful organization have not only been an "open book" to their memberships but the associations have taken the initiative to inform their members of what was being done. Thus satisfaction, confidence, and pride have been developed to cement organizations that would withstand the attacks to which they are invariably subjected.

Agricultural co-operation in the West has succeeded partly in response to a great opportunity but more largely by the pressure of necessity. We must keep in mind the thought that the basis of the co-operative organization is not money but men. Capital cannot co-operate; products cannot co-operate; only men can co-operate. The attainments of co-operation in the West should be credited to the individual producers who have recognized their interdependence and broadmindedly joined hands with their fellows to develop their industry in a systematic business-like way.



LANDSCAPING A LEMON GROVE

By EDWIN D. PETERSEN

IF we are to believe the versatile Bernard Shaw, a man has but little to say in the choice of the wife of his bosom, for it is, the sage maintains, this feeble helpmate alone who has determined him in his choice of her. In like manner an orchardist has little to say about the placing of the trees in his orchard, for the well-arranged orchard has these trees placed at like distances apart in rows, and the rows at fixed distances one from another, so that all line up. This method is, of course, the best, for thus each may have its allotted space, water, food, and cultivation. To try to break the monotony of an orchard thus laid out, or to change it into something artistic, or a little different, or with more character, would be as reasonable as having soldiers go through their dress parade at route step and in lines and groups of their own choosing—a truth, I take it, that any strong-voiced sergeant certainly would affirm in no uncertain terms.

This condition limits naturally the opportunities of the artistic-minded in the play of his powers. Yet it is interesting to see what can be done, within these limits, in landscaping an orchard.

In this glorious country of ours, where the pursuit after the nimble dollar is always keen, it is a quite common state of mind to try to forget the source of these dollars, or rather not to remind others of the manner in which we attempt to gain them. So we separate our home and our business by the greatest possible distance. On the fruit ranch this desire has shown itself often by attempting to hide the fruit trees with ornamental planting; or else our orchardist has simply given up and buried his home in a jungle. It is very difficult to do much of anything else. Yet we can detect that some architects try to make the orchard pay its way in the beauty of the garden. To accomplish this end, they have not banished it still further from the house or tried to screen it from the eye. On the contrary it has been brought right up to the house on one or more sides, to offer to the occupants the odor of its flowers and the sight of its golden fruit.

But in turn the orchard is no longer allowed to remain an impenetrable forest, for while yielding to the rigidity of its form, architects are using it more and more as a screen to hide some unpleasant view; as a background for a pergola or a fountain or a house; as a barrier between the house and the outside world; or, even more important, as a mass of foliage through which vistas lead from some favored terrace or bit of green lawn among the trees to a bench, or a pool, or an open space, or even a garden where it would be pleasant to walk, talk and read. In this way these trees that before may have been considered rather in the light of prison walls have been converted into the amiable role of garden walls. Nor would it be easy to imagine a spot where tranquillity with its attendant peace of mind, which is perhaps the object of gardens, is better offered than from a nook such as one can figure in one's mind in the midst of these trees.

Hiller

THE HOME LOOKS OUT OVER THE ORCHARD
RESIDENCE OF REGINALD JOHNSON, ARCHITECT

Some help to the landscape gardener or architect may come from the tendency, however slight as yet, no longer to cultivate the orchards clean, but to keep them in a green cover crop throughout the year, or at least a large part thereof.

The intimacy that is growing up between orchard and garden will undoubtedly become close, and besides the paths and vistas, garden pavillions and tea houses will be added; and perhaps the day is not distant when the orchard will have the honor of forming in some ideal garden the setting for an out-door theater where the villian hisses his curses and the lovely heroine weeps for her lost lover, while nature, all indifferent to human trouble, continues to laden the air with the perfume of orange trees.

THE WELL ARRANGED ORCHARD MAY BE MONOTONOUS

Co-operation in The Crafts

Continued from Page 11

ation. This beginning in Chicago soon afterward found a systematic continuation in Pasadena, where Madame von Blumenthal came to reside.

At first the work was introduced mainly through clubs and the co-operation of philanthropic women who became interested in the vivid story of the needs of the Russian peasants as told by one who knew her people's life and asked for them justice.

To establish closer connections, Madame von Blumenthal then visited Russia, and upon her return a tiny cottage covered with a gigantic rosebush was prepared for her by a friend. "The Barn," known by many Pasadena people and by many of the visitors who spend their winters in this city, became the Center of a work which soon passed beyond the stage of a philanthropy and became known in this country and in Russia as a serious attempt to deal with peasant workers upon a basis of justice—"better pay for the work through local organizations."

Increased prices were given to the workers; forty per cent was added and devoted to organizations. Every organization followed its own local needs. Sometimes the money was used in establishing schools for the training of the younger peasant girls; sometimes it enabled the gifted girls to complete their training in the "Dowager Empress Mary School of Lace," one of the best equipped schools for the making of Slavic lace in Europe. Some villages were endowed with the community funds. In one

INTERESTING DESIGN IN LACE

instance it was applied to the establishment of a co-operative store in a village far from sources of supply. In every place, no matter what the local demand, the good will of the peasants and their responsive spirit assisted the patrons and brought success.

In her work, Madame von Blumenthal received the ready co-operation of such women as Madame S. A. Davidoff, author of the standard work upon Russian Peasant Handicrafs and Commissioner of Peasant Industries, Princess A. D. Tenisheff, the founder of a lace school on her estate in Orel, who devoted her life to helping the peasant women all around her estate and whose organization embraced several districts; Madame de Polovtzeff, first cousin of Prince Kropotkine, also the founder of a famous lace school noted wherever fine laces are known and appreciated, and Princess M. N. Schahovskoy, who joined the ambulances of the Zemstvos as soon as the war broke out and died soon afterward of a contagious disease. Several Zemstvo presidents besides President Ellagine joined and great encouragement could be foreseen when the European war hushed all the sounds except those of hatred.

The solicitations of the Zemstvos before the government of Russia succeeded in obtaining a response in the establishment of Koustarni Exhibitions. Delegates from all over the country,

INTERIOR OF THE SLAVIC HANDICRAFT CENTER

representing the workers of different districts, were gathered in Petrograd every three years for the exhibition of the work of their respective places. There most wonderful productions of national creative power could be enjoyed during the several weeks of the exhibitions.

The last was held in 1914. A large drawn-piece reproduction of the Russian Coat of Arms in color was exhibited as a donation to the Center of Pasadena, and is now the property of the Center as a token of the gratitude of the Russian peasants.

A large collection of rare pieces, some of which cannot now be duplicated, is kept in the museum collection of the Center; many old costumes and specimens of antique work are also exhibited here, as well as the more modern pieces. Russians visiting the Center frequently assert that nowhere else in the country is there such a showing of peasant handiwork.

Changing conditions resulting from the war make the need of such encouragement and assistance as the Pasadena Center has given to the peasant women of Russia, even more imperative at the present time. While it is now impossible to reach the women of Russia, the women of Bohemia, of Serbia, of Croatia, Roumania, and of all the other Slavic countries, stand in dire need of such help. They are all artists by instinct and their chief art expression is through their handiwork. If their beautiful embroideries, laces, weavings and other handicrafts are to be preserved after the devastation of the war, they must receive prompt assistance. They need this help not only to save their native arts, but because it may become an important factor in their rehabilitation. The woman who can do the work she loves in her own home, no matter how humble, and receive fair pay for it, will maintain her home and take up life with new courage. And it is to help in this aim that the Russian Peasant Handicraft Center has now become the Slavic Handicraft Center.

Slavic Handicrafts

By ELEANOR HAGUE

THE impulse toward artistic expression seems to be implanted in the heart of every normal child, but our Western methods of education and ways of life often kill it rather than encourage it. In this respect various of the European races are really better off than we. Although they lack some of the progressive, practical sides on which we lay such stress, and are therefore considered as backward people, yet they have that sense of art, the carrying out of which is a long step toward real happiness.

The Slav race, both in the north and the south, is no exception to this rule, for the gift shows itself in them in many ways—embroidery, weaving, laces, wood carving, painting, and metal work. All the objects in use in their daily life are brought under the spell. Their cooking and eating utensils feel the touch of it, and even the samovar, which we treat with such awe and respect, is one of the ordinary household articles. It is the same with their clothing and bedding and furniture. Sheets and pillow-cases have beautifully worked borders or lace edges to satisfy the eye, as well as towels and all the other linen things used in a house.

Their laces are made with bobbins on a pillow, and their embroideries show varied stitches, some tracing back to ancient Oriental origins, and some to early church work, such as the flat laying on of gold thread. The Slavs, however, have learned to use gold thread in ways that are distinctively their own. They also make embroideries in which some threads of the material are drawn and then wound over with other thread. These are similar to those of other countries, but also have the stamp of their own individuality. Their patterns are sometimes geometric, but often flowers and animals are taken as subjects and interestingly conventionalized.

An exhibition of Slavic arts and crafts makes one instantly wish to turn interior decorator, for each article suggests ideas for furnishing rooms, color schemes, sometimes strong almost to the point of crudity, bright reds and clear blues and greens. Sometimes by contrast one

Drawn by John Neill for the Italian Relief.

THE RETURN TO THE OLIVE ORCHARD

finds combinations of color exquisite in their sensitiveness of tone. Bowls of old beaten copper or brass give one a never-ending invitation for spring flowers to be placed therein. Curtains, covers and pillows all suggest lovely combinations of blues or crimsons, or tawny browns and yellows. For the ordinary mortal the main difficulty lies in the fact that one cannot carry out all the ideas one would like to, and that so many pleasant schemes have to be relegated to the land of dreams.

An Appreciation of a Craft

By FLORENCE GATES

THE modern embroidery of Miss Emma Waldvogel occupies a unique corner in the art world of Pasadena. One can find this interesting artist in a quaint little court which is both home and workshop. But a glance at the cheerful yellow workroom, which has the air of a European atelier, shows a spirit of contentment. We find this reflected in the happy faces of the girls who, as apprentices, are learning their art by doing, guided by Miss Waldvogel's creative genius.

One cannot think of Miss Waldvogel's work without feeling the warming influence of the glow of color which is characteristic of so much of her embroidery. The striking color combinations echo all the brilliancy of modern art. They reflect its very spirit and yet express strongly her own individuality. She is daring in both her designs and use of colors, and also in the clever combination of silks, yarns and beads, which she adapts to different fabrics. She uses a great many unusual and quaint stitches, many of which are taken from ancient embroideries and applied to modern uses. To say that her original designs and choice of colors are most unusual conveys but a slight idea of her mastery of technique. One is conscious of her thorough European training which she has received in an art school at Zurich, in her native state of Switzerland. This training was not only in the fundamentals of desgin, but in all the applied arts, as wood carving, leather tooling, weaving and basketry.

Besides creating gowns, smocks and children's quaint frocks, she designs the most artistic household decorations, as pillows, curtains, runners, and many such things, which add a distinct charm to the home.

Her work is well known to the lovers of the arts and crafts in the East as well as on the Western coast, and Pasadena will be very sorry to learn of her anticipated departure from California. In April she is leaving for the Base Hospital at Camp Lewis for an indefinite period, as she has accepted a call from the Government. She is going to teach handicrafts and the applied arts to the wounded soldiers, in the division of reconstructive therapy. Her students will carry on her work in Cabrillo Place.

Wood Carving

WINTER evenings in the East typify a time for reading and handcraft, and the shut-in inhabitants of cold climates make provision for such pursuits. But summer in California is the only time we have for quiet handicrafts and reading in the shade of a pergola or in the cool, shut-up house. Embroidering on thin material is our chief occupation, but there are other things as interesting to do. Wood carving has its fascination and may be done out-of-doors at a bench in the open, or in a cool basement with good light.

In the next Handicraft article Mr. Ernest Grassby will give to the readers of California Southland some interesting details of this, the oldest of handicrafts.

The Science of Color

THE attention of artists and art schools is called to a course on Color and the Scientific Basis of Color Vision to be given in the summer session of the University of California.

This course is intended to give a view of the various scientific aspects of color adapted to the needs of the artist.

Unless an artist has taken the sciences in school and college he has not sufficient time to give to the basic sciences of physics, psychology, physiology and chemistry to enable him to single out the special facts relating to color. Yet for such an all round view of this fascinating phenomena with which he is constantly dealing he should do so, for he would find such added knowledge both interesting and helpful.

Outline of Course:

A demonstration laboratory course on The Scientific Basis of Color Vision will be given in the 1919 Summer School under the auspices of the Department of Graphic Arts, by Miss Lilian Bridgman, B.S., M.A., of the Physics Department, University of California, in the Physical Laboratory, South Hall.

I. Physical Basis:
   Sources, Nature and Transmission of Light.

II. Physiological Basis:
   The Eye as a receiving instrument,—as an optical instrument.
   Theories of vision.

III. Psychological Basis:
   The eye as a functioning organ.
   The retina and its reactions: Complementaries: Fugitive and secondary images.
   Influence upon the technic of painting.

IV. Chemical Composition of Pigments and Dyes:
   Chemical reactions affecting hue: Influence of temperature and light.
   Sources of pigments and dyes; preparation and manufacture.

CHEST FROM THE CABINET SHOP OF NATHAN C. SWEET
CARVED BY ERNEST GRASSBY

The National Breakfast Fruit
FOR TOMORROW'S BREAKFAST—
A SUNKIST ORANGE
NO matter where you go in North America, the name Sunkist stands for uniformly good oranges and lemons. From ice-clad Alaska to sun-warmed Mexico, and east to the Atlantic, Sunkist stands for highest quality. You will never go wrong in choice of fruit anywhere, any time, if you specify
Sunkist
UNIFORMLY GOOD ORANGES
All Sunkist oranges are the selected, ripe fruit---the best of the crop---of 8,500 grower-members of the
California Fruit Growers Exchange
A Non-profit, Co-operative Organization of 8,500 Members
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
Sunkist

CALIFORNIA'S NEW MARMALADE INDUSTRY

By DON FRANCISCO, *Advertising Manager California Fruit Growers Exchange*

Illustrations by Courtesy of the California Citrograph

IN a sublimated kitchen equipped with one hundred gas stoves instead of one, otherwise just like "mother's," Sunkist Marmalade is made; made of citrus fruits from the nearby groves in small granite-lined kettles by the ordinary home-cooking proeess.

"Mother," in this case, is the California Fruit Growers' Exehange, a co-operative, non-profit organization of 8500 citrus growers, whieh within the last year has eonstructed kitchens, employed salesmen and set about in a thoroughly systematie fashion to give the publie an Ameriean-made marmalade. Although made by the small batch method, the annual output will be somewhere in the neighborhood of five million pounds of marmalade and orange jelly.

The citrus growers have gone into the orange marmalade and jelly business not primarily to make money from the sale of these preserves, but to utilize fruit which, although of good eating quality, has been heavily discounted beeause of poor shape, thiek or rough skin, mdesirable size and external blemishes. In seasons when the orange yield has been large this class of fruit accumulated in great quantities. In competitlon with fruit of fancy appearance it would not bring a price sufficient to pay freight east, and because loeal markets are not of sufficient size to absorb the supply the grower has sometimes been foreed to dig into his poeketbook to have it hauled to the dumps.

As a matter of faet, only about three per cent of the California crop is unmerchantable. But with an annual yield running from 35,000 to 40,000 carloads, even this small percentage aggregates an enormous tonnage. With the prospect of a forty per cent increase in the orange yield during the next five years the need for some method of converting the "homely" fruit into food products has greatly increased. The manufacture of marmalade and orange jelly is only one of several outlets that the citrus growers are developing to help move their crop.

Two large kitchens are already in operation in the orange districts, one at Anaheim and one at San Dimas, California. Eaeh plant employs about 130 people and has a daily eapacity of 16,000 pounds. Three products are made. First comes orange marmalade, whieh is known as a sweet marmalade, although it possesses the peculiar tang given by the orange peel. The seeond product is grapefruit marmalade, which has a more bitter flavor, approximating that of Scoteh and English brands. Orange jelly, the third prodnet, is like orange marmalade without the peel.

In making marmalade the thin outer yellow rind is earefully pared off by hand and finely shredded. The pared fruit is then slieed and, after thorough cooking, the juice drained off and strained. The pulp is discarded and the juiee given a final cooking in small pans over individual stoves. At the proper stage sugar is added and then the shredded peel, the latter being first eooked separately. Two pounds of fruit are used to make one pound of finished marmalade. The cooking proeess is carried on by expert women cooks and instead of resembling a manufacturing plant, as one might imagine, the home-made idea is adhered to, and in the big marmalade kitchens the home jellying outfit is simply multiplied a hundred times.

WHILE WARM THE MARMALADE IS PUT INTO STERILIZED GLASS JARS. BEFORE BEING CAPPED JARS ARE INVERTED TO MAKE SURE IT HAS JELLIED PROPERLY

STRIPS ARE FINELY SHREDDED BY SPECIAL DEVICE

THE FRUIT MOVES ON AN ENDLESS BELT BETWEEN ROWS OF WOMEN

CO-OPERATION AMONG SKILLED WORKINGMEN

By W. RANKIN GOOD

[Editorial Note:—To study and emulate the thriving examples of co-operation among skilled workers whose trades supplement each other seems the next move toward a safe and sane demoeracy.

VERY few readers of a first-elass magazine give any thought to the effort entailed in making it not only entertaining and instructive, but, also pleasing to the eye. The appearance is largely due to the employees of the printing establishment that handled the work. It depends largely on their skill and also on their interest in their labor, whether they produce an ordinary pieee of work or otherwise.

The Wolfer Printing Company, located at the northeast corner of Winston and Wall streets, is one of the Los Angeles institutions that has incorporated some unique ideas in the management of its business.

This house was founded a little over four years ago by William Wolfer, W. Rankin Good and Nelson P. Young, eaeh a skilled workman in his individual part of the printing trade.

Unlike most printing eoneerns, whieh as a rule are in some basement or dark, poorly ventilated building, the partners took into consideration the health and welfare of those who were to do the work, and had a beautiful building construeted under their supervision. It is doubtful if printers in any part of the country work under any more ideal conditions than those incorporated in this plant. Plenty of light, fresh air, eleanliness and first-class material with which to work constitute all that goes to make work a pleasure instead of drudgery.

Each man is made to feel that he is his own boss and is responsible for his part in the reputation of the institution, and each takes a special pride in doing his best to please the eustomer; for they all realize that success lies in satisfying the wishes of the man who pays for their time.

By eliminating overhead expenses this firm has proved, by four years of suecess, that printing ean be done on a eost plus ten per eent profit. No solicitors are employed. The three proprietors are produeers, each being the head of a department and working alongside of the men who are employed by them.

Harmony among the employes, and elimination of overhead eosts to the customer, have proved that a printing plant ean be operated on a eost, plus ten per cent profit basis and give absolute satisfaetion to purehaser and proprietors.

In doing this a complete record of the working time and each item purehased for that partieular job is entered against the number under which the job was listed when it was received in the front office. The records are open at all times for the inspeetion of those who may be vitally interested.

THE PROPRIETORS ARE ALL PRODUCERS AND NOT AN "OVERHEAD EXPENSE"

Restoration at San Gabriel

PASSING through the town of the Mission Play, one sees on every hand attempts to hold on to the beauty and quaintness of the past and still grow in a modern way. A bit of tiling on a wooden store, a miniature belfry on a bank, wide eaves where there should be none,

Like the wise city of Paris, San Gabriel can keep the beauty of past quaintness and still live and grow. But experts alone should be allowed to lay gentle hands on that evanescent subtle spirit of the past. The better the architect the more willing he is to put his talents and training at the command of public service.

Mr. W. T. McCormack, long a resident of San Gabriel and an appreciator of what the old adobes meant to such a town, is planning to rebuild an old wooden structure near the famous mission grapevine.

At the earnest request of California Southland, Mr. Garrett Van Pelt, architect and expert student of Spanish architecture, has made the accompanying sketch for this prominent corner. It is hoped that it will be used as it is full of beauty and restful simplicity.

CO-OPERATION AMONG COMMUNITIES

The PASADENA CITY FARMS

By HARLEY NEWELL, *City Commissioner*

IT is more by accident than intent that the city of Pasadena owns three farms lying outside the municipal boundaries, and has a two-thirds interest in a fourth. The first two of these parcels of land lie in the vicinity of El Monte and were originally purchased as water-bearing lands, and with the idea of pumping water therefrom for distribution within the city. The third parcel, which lies adjoining the city of Alhambra, is a large tract of land acquired for the purpose of sewage disposal. The natural development of the city of Alhambra has carried it very close to and adjoining this third tract, and that city has very naturally desired to have the sewage from Pasadena

YOUNG WALNUT TREES AT EL MONTE FARM

disposed of at some other place. The relations between the two cities are friendly, and in a spirit of co-operation the three cities of Alhambra, South Pasadena and Pasadena joined in the acquisition of a fourth tract for the disposal of sewage from the three cities.

The engineer's office of the city of Pasadena has for some time been working on an activated sludge process for the purification and disposal of sewage, and has reached a point where it may be safely said that the sewage of the three cities can be handled and disposed of in an inoffensive and sanitary way. The actual development of the Tri-City farm has been postponed by reason of litigation instituted by owners of property in the vicinity and the incorporation of the city of Monterey Park.

Pasadena has not permitted any of its farms to lie idle. One of the tracts near El Monte has been set out to budded walnut trees, and within a few years should be worth twice what the city paid for it. The farm near Alhambra produces valuable crops of walnuts, fruits, and alfalfa.

The Tri-City farm has been explored for oil, the cities receiving $75.00 per acre as a bonus and a royalty in consideration for the privilege of boring for oil, of which Pasadena's share was approximately in cash $25,000.00. The oil project on the Tri-City farm has been abandoned, and the land is now used for agricultural purposes.

Its charter gives the city of Pasadena power to own property both within and without its limits, but the general theory of municipal corporations is such that it is not contemplated that the city shall buy and sell land for profit or become a real estate operator. The acquisition of lands must be for some recognized and proper municipal purpose. Having acquired the lands for some such purpose, if that purpose should be defeated or if the plans of the city, with respect to the use of lands, should be altered, there is nothing to prevent the corporation from developing and disposing of the lands in such way as to make the greatest possible profit to the city. It is yet possible that one of the El Monte tracts may become a source of considerable revenue from the sale of oil. The money so received may be used for the reduction of taxes or for the purpose of bringing about municipal improvements which might be otherwise impossible because of the financial burdens upon taxpayers.

The Southern California Publicity Board

CO-OPERATION has always been the natural thing in advertising the climate of California, but the past masters in this art have organized more closely since the war slowed up the good work begun by D. M. Linnard as president and promoter of the Southern California Publicity Board. At a meeting held on February 20, 1919, the following officers and board of directors made plans to carry on the work so well done by the various communities in the Orange Shows, Rose Tournaments, and by individual advertisers.

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AT SAN BERNARDINO'S SHOW

WHERE TO GO AND WHERE TO STOP WHEN MOTORING

The RAYMOND

STARTING from the Raymond or any of the California chain of hotels, we find good roads running out in every direction, and we pause a moment only to ask each other, "Where shall we go today?"

After taking a life prolonger at the Vitalait Shop little trips may be made more interesting to the men of the party if an object, however slight, is given to the ride.

Look at an orange orchard that is for sale, there are a few left, and imagine how it might be landscaped into a wonderful garden like those of Italy. Or, if you enjoy "going through houses," stop at the office of one of the well laid out tracts in Altadena or Flintridge and study life in California as a permanent thing. Plan for luncheon at Stuart Inn or 'Leven Oaks Hotel, and then, when the afternoon is waning, take tea at The Rose Tree, or on the Plaza of the little town within a town—the Spanish Street.

Roof Garden of the

Crown Hotel, Pasadena

685 East Colorado Street

167 North Orange Grove Avenue
Pasadena
Lunch 12 to 2. Afternoon Tea 3 to 6
Sunday, Supper Only, 6 to 8
Dinner Parties to Order
Phone, Colorado 5523

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Ten acres between Foothill Boulevard and the Arroyo Seco, one block from the lake to be formed by Devil's Gate Dam; navels and valencias just coming into full bearing; splendid water supply. Fine home site and income proposition. Present price $1800 per acre. Ask

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30 South Raymond Avenue Pasadena, Calif.

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A quiet, well-appointed small hotel on the West Side near Orange Grove Avenue.

Expert Service

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S. A. Fox, Proprietor
ON FOOTHILL BOULEVARD
Between Glendora and Claremont
Special Sunday Dinners — Short Orders — Lunches — Afternoon Tea
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A CHARMING AND RESTFUL PLACE FOR LUNCHEON OR TEA. TEA SERVED ON THE PLAZA FROM THREE TO FIVE-THIRTY

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Apparel of Distinction — Quality Dry Goods
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High Class Service—Quality Merchandise—Consistent Prices

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Hand Made Furniture—Period Styles. Old pieces duplicated or others made to harmonize. Mantels, Wainscoting, Rooms Remodeled, Hand Carving, Lessons in Wood Carving

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THROUGH THE GARDEN OF EDEN

Beautiful Magnolia Avenue—Riverside

ORANGE EMPIRE TROLLEY TRIP

Fare $3.50 from Pasadena and Los Angeles
Trains Daily, 9:05 A.M. from Los Angeles

PACIFIC ELECTRIC — COMFORT-SPEED-SAFETY

MT. LOWE

MILE HIGH

Fares $2.00 from Los Angeles, $1.75 from Pasadena
Five Trains Daily—Leave Los Angeles, 8, 9, 10 A.M., 1:30, 4 P.M.
Leave Pasadena 8:52, 9:52, 10:52 A.M., 2:22, 4:52 P. M.

On the Rugged Road to Alpine Tavern—Mt. Lowe

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED FOLDERS

PACIFIC ELECTRIC RAILWAY

O. A. SMITH, General Passenger Agent, Los Angeles

PASADENA

A Beautiful and Well-Appointed City

Where Flowers Bloom in Every Garden All the Year

WELL-KNOWN throughout the world as one of California's most comfortable of winter tourist cities, Pasadena quietly, but rapidly, develops as a city of the home, the church and the school. Its churches number more than fifty. Its theatres, clubs and hotels are of a high grade. Its fine Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., its public library and splendid group of high school buildings, and other educational institutions are important influences. Its modest and beautiful bungalow homes are as great an attraction as are its magnificent residences. It is without saloons and is especially attractive as a residence city. Living expenses are not higher than elsewhere in this section of the country.

Lying near the beautiful Sierra Madre mountains, it has the advantages of mountain scenery, mountain water, refreshing breezes, and recreational opportunity. Situated in the far-famed San Gabriel valley, it is within easy reach of Los Angeles.

Electric light and water plants are municipally owned—the service is satisfactory and the price for both light and water is reasonable. The fire department is entirely equipped with motor-driven apparatus, and, with its six completely outfitted fire stations in various parts of the city, gives ample protection in case of fire. The city covers more than fourteen square miles and is from eight hundred to twelve hundred feet above sea level. The present population is between forty-five and fifty thousand.

Five parks furnish athletic fields, tennis courts, an open air plunge, picnic grounds and other recreational facilities. A parking space, with water and other conveniences is furnished for automobiles on touring trips.

Pasadena is noted for its clean and well-kept streets, its miles of trees in parkings, and the general cleanliness and safety provided for its citizens. It is linked up with Southern California's great boulevard system, affording the finest motoring in the world. The great Colorado street bridge over the Arroyo Seco, within the city, is notable in size, design and picturesque setting, and forms an important link in this system.

The city is governed by a commission of five members, who apportion its various activities and administer its affairs. It has been under this form of government for more than five years, and has experienced a most successful administration—much money has been expended for permanent improvements, tax values have been reduced, and the tax levy has been lowered. No bonds have been issued since 1912, when the water system was acquired. Few cities can show a more successful government.

Address: The City Commission or Pasadena Board of Trade

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OF

CALIFORNIA SOUTHLAND

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THE MOUNTAINS :: ASTRONOMY :: INTERNATIONAL IDEAS

PASADENA

A Vacation City---Recreation Parks in The Arroyo Seco and the Mountains Close at Hand

WELL-KNOWN throughout the world as one of California's most comfortable of winter tourist cities, Pasadena quietly, but rapidly, develops as a city of the home, the church and the school. Its churches number more than fifty. Its theatres, clubs and hotels are of a high grade. Its fine Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., its public library and splendid group of high school buildings, and other educational institutions are important influences. Its modest and beautiful bungalow homes are as great an attraction as are its magnificent residences. It is without saloons and is especially attractive as a residence city. Living expenses are not higher than elsewhere in this section of the country.

Lying near the beautiful Sierra Madre mountains, it has the advantages of mountain scenery, mountain water, refreshing breezes, and recreational opportunity. Situated in the far-famed San Gabriel valley, it is within easy reach of Los Angeles.

Electric light and water plants are municipally owned—the service is satisfactory and the price for both light and water is reasonable. The fire department is entirely equipped with motor-driven apparatus, and, with its six completely outfitted fire stations in various parts of the city, gives ample protection in case of fire. The city covers more than fourteen square miles and is from eight hundred to twelve hundred feet above sea level. The present population is between forty-five and fifty thousand.

Five parks furnish athletic fields, tennis courts, an open air plunge, picnic grounds and other recreational facilities. A parking space, with water and other conveniences is furnished for automobiles on touring trips.

Pasadena is noted for its clean and well-kept streets, its miles of trees in parkings, and the general cleanliness and safety provided for its citizens. It is linked up with Southern California's great boulevard system, affording the finest motoring in the world. The great Colorado street bridge over the Arroyo Seco, within the city, is notable in size, design and picturesque setting, and forms an important link in this system.

The city is governed by a commission of five members, who apportion its various activities and administer its affairs. It has been under this form of government for more than five years, and has experienced a most successful administration—much money has been expended for permanent improvements, tax values have been reduced, and the tax levy has been lowered. No bonds have been issued since 1912, when the water system was acquired. Few cities can show a more successful government.

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The astronomical observatory is of course one of the chief attractions. Contrary to the expectations of most people, it has no great refracting telescope to look through. Most of the work done there is either photographic or spectroscopic and the great domes cover tremendous cameras, the tall towers are giant spectroscopes. In the museum, however, all the wonders of photography of the heavens are explained and a better idea gained by a study of the huge instruments and a look through the smaller telescope than though one actually looked into the eyepiece of the camera.

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For additional information, address or call Wm. E. Cory, Manager Mt. Wilson Hotel, Toll Road and Strain's Camp. Telephone, Pasadena, Fair Oaks 24F2.

ON THE HOTEL PORCH, MT. WILSON

Meeting of the Pacific Division

of the

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION

for the

ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE

at

THROOP COLLEGE
PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

June 19-22, 1919

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HEADQUARTERS AND REGISTRATION

The registration headquarters of the Pacific Division, American Association for the Advancement of Science, will be located in the lobby at the main entrance of the Administration Building of Throop College of Technology, Pasadena, and will be open on Thursday, June 19, and succeeding days at 9 A. M.

All those attending sessions of the Pasadena meeting, whether members of the American Association or participating societies or not, are requested to register at the headquarters office and to secure there the general program for the meetings.

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California Southland

MABEL URMY SEARES - - - - *Editor and Publisher*

No. 5 JUNE-JULY, 1919

CONTENTS

		PAGE
THE SPRUCE TREE	*Cover Design*	
GOTHIC ARCHWAY, INGLEWOOD FROHMAN & MARTIN, ARCHITECTS	*Contents Design*	
THE STUDY OF THE STARS	*F. H. Seares*	5
J. C. KAPTEYN	*Adriaan van Maanen*	7
THE MOTHER MOUNTAINS	*Mabel U. Seares*	8
ARRIVIDERCI, BELLA CALIFORNIA	*Georgio Abetti*	9
SOUTHLAND OPINION—		
THE BROTHERHOOD OF NATIONS		10
AN ADDITION TO THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS	*G. E. Hale*	10
JAPAN FALLS IN LINE	*Eizo Kondo*	11
THE ARROYO SECO HIGHWAY	*G. P. Whittlesey*	11
AMERICANIZATION	*Estelle M. Hanson*	11
BRINGING NEW YORK TO LOS ANGELES		12-13
THE HILLSIDE HOUSE	*Kate Greenleaf Loeke*	14
THE FATHERLESS CHILDREN OF FRANCE	*Georges Fusenot*	15
TWO PRAYERS OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH		15
CONCERNING THE PIAVE	*Helen S. French*	16
PIONEERS OF MOUNTAIN PATHWAYS.		17
THE PHAINOPEPLA	*Julia B. Green*	17
COMMUNITY PLAYERS	*Carrie L. Stough*	18
A LITERARY TROLLEY TRIP	*Harry L. Peck*	18
ORIGIN OF THE SUNFLOWER	*Rose Zeigler Weiler*	20
THE BOY SCOUTS	*Tallman H. Trask*	20
INTERNATIONAL RED CROSS	*J. B. Coulston*	21
WORK OF THE JUNIORS	*Marguerite Cameron*	21
HIGH SCHOOL LOOMS	*A. Weaver*	21
COOPERATION AND WALNUTS	*H. H. Warner*	22
MONTEREY DUNES	*Painting by H. H. Breuer*	22
THE HIGH COST OF LIVING	*Southland's Guide*	23

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THE STUDY OF THE STARS

By FREDERICK H. SEARES

THE LIGHTS OF THE VALLEY—FROM MOUNT WILSON TOWARD THE SOUTHWEST

FROM the summit of Mount Wilson there lies before the observer at night an amazing spectacle—not the panorama of valley and mountain nor the stars of heaven spread across the sky, but the seemingly innumerable lights that stud the floor of the valley—more convincing evidence even than that of daylight hours, that the habitations of several hundred thousand human beings lie below. In the foreground is the city of Pasadena, and beyond, Los Angeles, with the intervening space almost continuously illuminated; and still more remote, the lights of adjoining towns and villages reach out in slender lines that here and there touch larger groups along the coast. From mountain-foot to coast-line, a stretch of more than thirty miles, there is scarcely a break in the continuity of these conspicuous evidences of human life and activity. In other directions there are many isolated groups, some including only a few tiny glittering points of light, others larger, though more compact, but likewise isolated, except as the brilliant headlight of an electric train or the lights of motor cars, slowly threading their way across the valley, suggest and symbolize all the intimate relationships that knit together the life of modern towns and cities.

There is much in the spectacle to touch the imagination, but it is not the imaginative suggestiveness of the scene that demands our interest now so much as a certain parallelism with the heavens above. Many things have been learned about the stars; but to understand them, to make them a really vital part of our knowledge of the world about us, they must be pictured in terms of every-day experience, translated into language so familiar that we need give no thought to the medium in which the facts are set before us. On a black and moonless night, the glittering lights of the valley are not unlike a glorious constellation; and the analogies to be traced between them and the distant stars can smooth away difficulties which otherwise would block the way.

To the ancients the stars were the "fixed stars," distinguished from the wandering stars or planets by the fact that they hold unchanged their positions with respect to one another. The objects which for the Chaldean shepherd comprised the constellation of Orion still appear above the southern horizon during winter evenings, with the configuration they had 3,000 years ago. And thus the stars remained until two hundred years ago, when Halley, in

THE FIERY ATMOSPHERE OF OUR SUN—THE NEAREST STAR

1718, showed that Sirius, Procyon and Arcturus had perceptibly changed their positions with respect to neighboring stars.

As to the size and distance of the stars the ancient mind could only speculate. Copernicus in the 16th century said they must be very distant, because they did not reflect the motion of the Earth in its path about the sun. What he meant is similar to what occurs when you move over the mountain top. The lights in the valley seem also to shift about, and if you watch attentively you will find they mimic every movement that you make, but with motions opposite to your own. Walk a hundred paces toward the west and the lights in the foreground just below you shift perceptibly toward the east; return to the point from which you started and they promptly reverse their motions and retreat to their former places. And you will note that the shift of any given light depends upon its distance. For those nearest to you the motion is unmistakable. For more distant lights, though perceptible, it is much less conspicuous; but beyond a certain point the unaided eye no longer sees the shift. The change is too small to be detected without instrumental aid.

And just so, the stars should mimic the larger excursions of the observer in his annual motion round the Sun. But no such change of place had been detected, because, as Copernicus said, the stars are so very distant. His opponents, however, said this was only to be expected, for since the Earth did not revolve about the Sun, such a shift could not occur.

Nevertheless, the Copernician point of view slowly gained adherents, and the conviction gradually grew in the minds of men that a central sun surrounded by revolving planets is the correct conception of our solar system. And, finally, precise and skillful measures by Bradley put the matter beyond a doubt. The chances were shown to be overwhelmingly in favor of a motion of the Earth about the Sun; and yet there was no evidence of any corresponding change in the positions of the stars. From Bradley's observations it was a matter of easy arithmetic to calculate that, in the average, the stars must be of the same general order of size and brightness as our own sun; but it was more than a century after Bradley's time and only eighty years ago, that actual measures of a star's distance were first obtained.

The determination of stellar motions and distances, which began almost within our own generation, requires the utmost skill of measurement, and became possible only with the development of precise and sensitive instruments. In the meantime much attention had been given to the brightness of the stars as the only field of study that could throw light upon the great problem of the structure of the stellar system. If we were to observe and count the lights visible from the mountain, we could at least learn their number and their range of brightness. Combining these results with the directions in which the lights are seen, we could detect tendencies toward symmetry of arrangement, and easily distinguish the chaotic straggling village from one built in accordance with an orderly plan.

What conclusions may be drawn from measurements of stellar brightness? What light do they shed upon the problems of the

(Continued on Page 16)

Ferdinand Ellerman

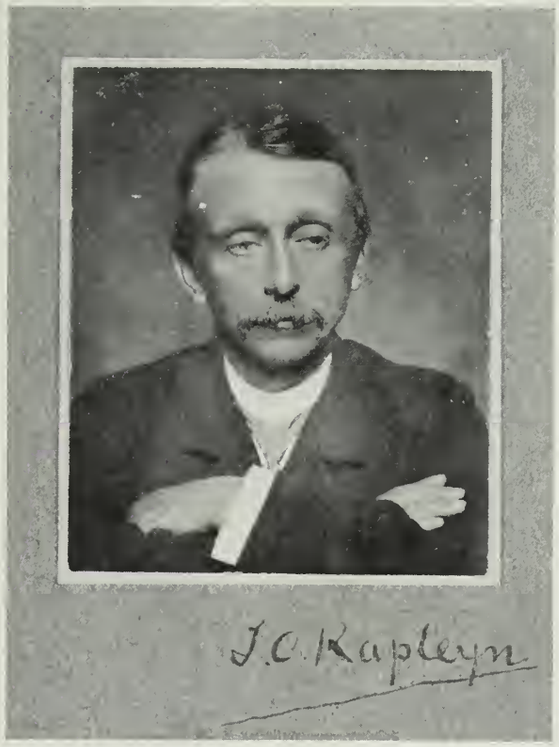
THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE HIGH FOG—SIERRA MADRE MOUNTAINS. SAN ANTONIO TO THE NORTHEAST

J. C. KAPTEYN---INTERNATIONAL ASTRONOMER

By ADRIAAN VAN MAANEN

WHILE Pasadena has acquired considerable repute with many Americans who are anxious to exchange the cold winters of the East for the mild climate of Southern California, with the few hundred men who devote their lives to Astronomy it has attained an international fame. One of them has, indeed, given to Pasadena, or rather to the Mount Wilson Observatory, no less a name than the "Mecca of Astronomy." This reputation is due partly to the favorable weather conditions for observational work, partly to the splendid instrumental equipment; but also to the fact that the Observatory has connected with it the names of two of the best known astronomers of today, G. E. Hale, its Director, and J. C. Kapteyn, Research Associate. To tell something of the achievements of the latter is the object of this short sketch.

Jacob Cornelius Kapteyn was born in 1851 in Barneveld, a little village in Holland, where his father owned a boarding-school. After his studies at the University of Utrecht, Kapteyn was an observer at the Leiden Observatory until 1878, when he was appointed Professor of Astronomy and Theoretical Mechanics at the University of Groningen. This appointment, received when he was unusually young for such a position in Holland, put him in a peculiar situation. The University of Groningen with its five hundred students did not, and even now does not, possess any telescope for astronomical use. Kapteyn, soon after his appointment, requested the Government to build a small observatory with a 6-inch heliometer as its principal instrument. The request was not granted. This disappointment, however, did not diminish his fervent enthusiasm for the science of his choice, but made him look about for work which might satisfy his ambitions.



About 1885, Gill, then Director of the Observatory at the Cape of Good Hope, formed a plan to map the entire southern sky by means of photography. Here was a man with adequate instrumental equipment, but lacking the time and the assistance to finish his project. It then occurred to Kapteyn (to quote his own words from a letter to Gill) "that by measuring and reducing your photographs I could contribute very effectually toward the success of an enormous and eminently useful undertaking." He further stated, "I think my enthusiasm for the matter will be equal to six or seven years of such work." Gill was only too glad to accept this generous offer of cooperation; and while the work, involving cataloguing the brightness and positions of 454,875 stars, which was carried out with extraordinary thoroughness and accuracy, required double the amount of time estimated, neither of the two ever regretted the large amount of drudgry necessary to complete their task. It established a friendship between two great men which has seldom been surpassed. Moreover, as Gill said, it first directed Kapteyn's mind to the study of cosmical astronomy and "led him to the brilliant researches and discoveries with which his name is now and ever will be associated."

Kapteyn's greatest discovery in cosmical astronomy was told to the world in St. Louis in 1904. It states that the majority of the stars, near enough to us to show proper motions, are moving in two great swarms in nearly opposite directions. It is not too much to say that this theory has revolutionized our conceptions of the stellar universe.

However, in discussing the data which led to this discovery, it became evident to Kapteyn that in order to solve the problem of the structure of the universe it would be necessary to extend the material to stars much farther away. It was also apparent that it would be impossible to secure all the necessary details—brightness, spectrum, position, proper motion, radial velocity and distance—for each of the billions of stars in the heavens. But now suppose, that instead of trying to learn these details for all of the stars, we select a number of relatively small regions, distributed uniformly over the sky. If then, observatories all over the world should so combine their efforts as to examine for these special regions the facts which their particular instruments would enable them to study, the results might enable us to determine in broad lines the structure of the universe. It was such a scheme that Kapteyn proposed in his "Plan of Selected Areas." During his trip to America in 1904 and to South Africa in 1905 he had occasion to discuss this plan with a number of eminent astronomers and secured the cooperation of many of the leading observatories. While a part of the work is done in these observatories, much of the measurement of the photographic plates for the brightness and the motions of the stars is done in the Groningen Astronomical Laboratory. Here you will find photographs of a truly international selection from Bonn, Cape of Good Hope, Harvard, Helsingfors, Pulkovo, Potsdam, Mount Wilson and elsewhere.

It would lead too far to mention all the work performed by Kapteyn, and the details would be too technical to interest the general reader.

Kapteyn came to Pasadena first in 1908 and at that time spent several months on Mount Wilson. The quiet and solitude of the mountain facilitated his work on the problems of the universe. At the same time he was able to discuss his ideas with other astronomers. His yearly visits, unfortunately interrupted by the war, will be remembered with delight by all who had the pleasure of meeting him.

THE MOTHER MOUNTAINS

By MABEL URMY SEARES

SIERRA MADRE is the main range of all that group of broken mountains which runs east and west across the southern end of California. Among its canyons, streams descend to sink cool waters in the sand of natural reservoirs and on its wide and sunny mesa cities thrive. The mountain climber and the summer camper seek its solitary places and it satisfies their longing for primeval things. Standing before the eyes of thousands as they go about their daily occupations all that these mountains give of inspiration and delight may never be rehearsed. One hears them spoken of caressingly as though they were an asset of the household. One catches glimpses of their ever-changing heights down the long vistas of the orange orchards or between the little hills embroidered with the native oaks; and whether draped with clouds or almost hidden by the dust storms, blazoned forth in a clear atmosphere, or misty, flat like a blue Puvis de Chavannes, they form as actual a presence as the long-sung Catskills or the hills and peaks of ancient history.

And yet, in spite of all their beauty and their use, these Mother Mountains bear a strange and unexpressed relation to the thickly populated plain. Their charm is not that of the high bluffs along the northern beaches where, covered with the primal forest, headlands of Humboldt and Mendocino rise from the narrow shore. Nor is there to be found in them the seaside lure of Santa Barbara, or Monterey and Santa Cruz, whose terraced hills and crescent bay are so united with the range above them that rivers from sequoia-covered heights can find no fertile vale in which to linger, but from the canyon's open mouth flow quietly across the beach into the bay. Unlike their northern sisters, these sierra of the south stand in a stately manner somewhat distant from the ocean, leaving a goodly plain and short, low, rolling hills set this way and then that between them and the sea. From the raised floor of the San Gabriel Valley, which lies closest to their feet. they seem to rise directly in dark gray and purple majesty, a thing apart, yet strangely near at times.

Their sides are thick with a low growth of live-oak, holly bush and buckthorn and a dry moss, which adds its rich brown olive to the red stems of manzanita and madrone. Here and there along the top of some blunt point one sees a few great trees, and in the canyons, dark blue shadows and a hint of oft-repeated tree trunks speak of pines and spruce and other conifers. Nevertheless, the impression from the plain is one of slopes almost denuded of vegetation and not unlike the hills in Leonardo's background of the Mona Lisa.

Parker

THE SONG OF THE CYPRESS—MONTEREY. FROM A PAINTING BY ADELE WATSON

Cropping out in prodigious streaks and patches the gray granite rocks that form the bleached ribs of the mountains show themselves and give a spotted, piebald look to the whole range when the clear light of the southern sun shines full upon it. Yet it is their barrenness —their apparently smooth surfaces which makes possible at sunset their delightful, rich and varied colorings. Like weathered walls of a shingled cottage or fine, overlapping scales of abalone, the surface formed by subtle undulations of these close-thatched. regularly repeated hills and ridges seems to disperse the slanting rays of sunset into a thousand tints of violet and rose, of lilac, lavender and blue.

Between them and the nearest curve of the Pacific, on sloping plain and sightly hills, in fertile vales and down the long, wide stretches of the sea beach, the dignified aloofness of the mountains has left room enough for all the purposes of commerce, all the toil and all the forms of commonplace amusement. Not for such things were these huge piles of rock uplifted. Seldom one finds along their base a widespread grove of trees or an inviting place for picnics. Steeply the bare sides tower over the mesaland as one approaches, as though forbidding entrance. No gentle tree-crowned foothills lean against the high walls, holding out beckoning hands and extending invitation to their valleys; but a steep trail along the canyon side below Mount Wilson crosses from one thin flank to another and gives the traveler little rest save, once or twice, where well-worn rocks that guard the waterways have spread their stony bowls to hold the winter torrents while the stream turns from one narrow gorge into another.

And yet, what lure these mountains hold for those who dwell within the circle of their presence! They seem to give no call. Like a great barrier they rise above the valley, speaking no word aloud to any of the crowded thoroughfares that checker the plain below them. The roads that men have cut into their smooth sides hold no apparent intercourse with valley roads but look like disconnected scratches on the fair face of the mountain.

Their silent summons comes to the hidden thought of each individual spirit—to those who know what beauties lie beyond the rocky front—perhaps, to two who think as one,—but never to the people as a mass or a collection. Sometimes the one appealed to hides his birthright in his breast and with a joke suggests a climb to his companions, who, perchance, are deaf to all the subtle speech of mountains. Then the narrow canyons and the scant level places on the summit seem to contract and shudder, shrinking from the rabble. Along the walks most frequented by such, the scribbled sign and the marred rock bear witness to the thoughtless desecration.

But on the heights and off across the inner solitudes where row on row of rising purple ranges tower, the dignity and solemn quiet of the Mother Mountains reassert themselves and dominate the senses. Even the foolish-mouthed are silenced for the moment as the sun in rising forms a halo o'er the tonsured head of San Antonio.

(Continued on Page 17)

LOOKING EAST FROM MOUNT WILSON

ARRIVEDERCI, BELLA CALIFORNIA!

By GIORGIO ABETTI

LEAVING Pasadena, that gem of the valley, the last look is for the top of Mount Wilson, where the high white towers erected to study our nearest star, the sun, seem to bid the traveler good-bye.

Relatively few people living or traveling in southern California know of the Observatory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington on the top of Mount Wilson, and of the work done there. It is generally known that somewhere in the Sierra Madre Mountains, either on Mount Lowe, where there is a telescope for amateurs or visitors, or on Mount Wilson, it is possible to study the stars. But the place of that great observatory in the scientific world is known by very few.

This is not a peculiarity of this country. All over the world there exists the same ingorance about scientific institutions and their contributions to human knowledge.

It is not my purpose to describe the observatory, or to tell about its work. This has already been done in popular form. But what is perhaps less known, is the widespread character of the work of this obseravtory, and the fact that, for it, in the field of astronomy, there has already been reached that international cooperation which is so fruitful of results and which now binds together more and more the well-thinking people of the world.

The existence of international institutions is well known, be it in the fields of science or art or literature. All the large academies have their foreign members; and frequent meetings in one country or another keep alive reciprocal knowledge and acquaintanceship and give opportunity for the planning of cooperative work. But this is not enough.

An institution like that of the Mount Wilson Observatory, where, by means of the generosity of Andrew Carnegie and the talent and geniality of George E. Hale and his cooperators it has been possible to assemble the largest and finest existing instruments for the study of the universe, is in itself a center. It is a source of research and study which are not confined to California, but which have for their boundaries the world.

Looking into the history of the observatory since its foundation, we find at every step the signs of that continuous intercourse and exchange between similar institutions in foreign countries which has brought about so many interesting results. The work of the American astronomers at Mount Wilson has been the basis for investigations by astronomers in all parts of the world. Not only so, but, availing themselves of the hospitality and generosity of the observatory, some of these, from time to time, others permanently, have had the privilege of working there in their particular lines. That the program of work should not be confined to a few lines or trusted only to a few men in one line has always been the outstanding characteristic of the institution. And George E. Hale has been the great artificer of this, putting together men and things wherever they could be found and usefully brought together.

We see, then, scientists from many parts of the world coming to Mount Wilson, either to profit by the great equipment of the observatory in their special researches or to call upon the experience and results of the astronomers to be found there. We see international meetings of astronomers promoted by the institution to consider many problems and the best way to attack them with cooperative effort. We see astronomers planning extensive work to be done in different observatories, according to the means of each one, and collecting from them the data which they desire to use at home.

Astronomy is perhaps the science best adapted to a general cooperative plan. This is easy to understand if we remember that one of its greatest goals is to investigate the evolution and structure of the universe—a tremendous task to which only the united effort of every one interested in the connected problems can bring even a little light.

It was quite natural, therefore, that, at the beginning of the great struggle for civilization, it should occur to a mind like that of Hale to organize the scientific resources of the United States for the service of the government. Always seeking to increase human knowledge and, at the same time, to serve his own country, he saw at once the necessity of an organization which, here in the United States and with connecting links in all the allied countries, should enlist and bring together the efforts of all men of science in the defense and victory of our cause. As foreign secretary of the National Academy of Sciences he was in a strong position to further this work. The resulting organization, known as the National Research Council, had already, before the United States entered the war, made close connections with similar institutions in England, France and Italy, and succeeded in doing invaluable work for all branches of the service. During the war, wherever scientific knowledge was necessary to start work, to improve or invent instruments of defense or offense, the National Research Council was active. Its war work, not yet fully written, has been from time to time explained by Hale himself in various articles and lectures, and will be found later in the records of the National Academy of Sciences.

Mabel Watson

LIEUTENANT GIORGIO ABETTI, R. I. A.,
ASTRONOMER AT THE OBSERVATORY OF ROME, ITALY

What is more important still at this time, when peace seems at hand and the usual occupations are again beginning to absorb us, is the fact that there is to be organized in every country interested in civilization and the advancement of science, a similar research council; the federation of all these bodies to form an International Research Council is already an accomplished thing. The reorganization of all the international institutions existing previous to the war has begun and will be carried on along new lines, which will insure between the allied and friendly countries a fruitful cooperation.

Parallel and in close touch with this work is that of a regular exchange of teachers and students of the allied and friendly countries. In Italy we have a number of foreign institutions for research in science, literature and art which constitute by themselves a means of intellectual intercourse. The American Academy in Rome is an example of the intellectual intercourse of which I speak. And yet only a few weeks ago a writer in an American magazine speaking for the Jugo-Slavs and against the Italia Irredenta, expressed her amazement that the Italians should have asked the Austrian government for an Italian university in Trieste, an Italian city, suggesting that the Italians in New York might as well ask for an Italian university there. The comparison is, of course, absurb, but it represents a lack of knowledge of European conditions, sentiments and historical backgrounds often met with here. It is superfluous to say that Trieste, as an Italian city, could never, under compulsion and terror, become an Austrian city; while for the Italians who voluntarily come to New York, the first duty, if they decide to settle there, is to become Americans, or else go back to their own country. In the case of Trieste the latter decision has been made possible by her release from Austrian domination.

The efforts of Germany, through exchange professors and other institutions to germanize the world was something very different from the intellectual intercourse which the world is now organizing.

In this connection it may be well to speak of an Italian Society founded two years ago and having for its name, The Italian Society for Intellectual Intercourse between Allied and Friendly Countries. Its purposes are in many way identical with the plan of the International Research Council.

To the American friends here, where the means are much greater than with us, we appeal, to start in an active way this cooperation.

One good amidst the evils of the great struggle has been that we have already become better acquainted with each other. Military necessity has helped in the exchange of ideas and of persons. Many and many of you have gone across the water and have had a chance to know better the people and customs there. A few of us came over here and will take back experience and knowledge.

Thus it happens that, finding myself in America at the end of the war, in the line of military duty, I was able to take up again the beloved science, in an effort to bring back from the Pacific shore to Italy, knowledge of progress made here in the field of astronomy.

As the Sierra Madre range passes from sight I say to my friends *Arrivederci, bella California!*

SOUTHLAND

The Brotherhood of Nations

AT Versailles, that new nursery of the nations, where brother speaks frankly with brother and all the little nations are being taught by example of their elders, human nature as expressed by the group is on exhibition before the world. The two great forces—universal good and selfish interest—clash or act in unison, just as they do among individuals but on a magnified scale.

That great undercurrent of race development, which Professor H. H. Powers speaks of in a philosopher's terms, but which the mass of Christian peoples the world over assent to as the guiding hand of the All-knowing Father, has brought the most highly developed nations to the point where, having found themselves as individual entities, they are ready to formulate laws which shall govern the body politic of the world.

The constitution of the League of Nations, harmless alike to friend or foe, is still an expression from the housetops of civilization's conviction that the deliberate planning of wars must cease. Having united on this subject in the fiery furnace of the trenches, the brotherhood of nations may now examine those bonds of friendship and heredity which existed in so large a measure before the war, whose connections Germany severed when she broke away.

Besides the universal bond of a spiritual religion whose righteous acts must form the warp of international fabric, there have been woven back and forth by the great shuttles of commerce and intercommunication many threads and strands that form the woof.

The most hopeful thing we have heard about Germany was uttered by Professor Erdman of Princeton, when he said we must remember that Luther's Bible is still there. And the most hopeful thing in reconstruction lies in the wonderful intercourse of all nations glimpsed in Kipling's *Eyes of Asia*, incorporated in the Postal Union, the International Red Cross, the work of the Food Commissions, and worked out by the continued effort of the greatest minds of the age to put the scientific resources of every country at the command of all the world. M. U. S.

An Addition to the Diplomatic Corps

THE congressional charter of the National Academy of Sciences provides that " the Academy shall, whenever called upon by any department of the Government, investigate, examine, experiment and report upon any subject of science or art." Under this provision the Academy has acted since the time of its establishment as an official adviser of the Government on a wide variety of questions. During the Civil War, as the earlier records of the Academy indicate, its committees and its members dealt actively with military and naval problems of precisely the same type as those which have insistently pressed for solution during the present war. It was thus a natural step on the part of the Academy to offer its services to the President at a time, in April, 1916, when our relations with Germany were already tense, and for the President to accept the offer, and to request the Academy to organize the scientific and technical resources of the country in the broadest and most effective manner, to accomplish the objects in view. He recognized clearly, as the Academy also had perceived, that new and important possibilities had been opened through the heavy demands upon science and research which had arisen through the exceptional necessities brought about by the war.

In accepting the President's request, and in taking the steps that soon led to the establishment of the National Research Council, the Academy, fortified by its charter, waited for no more formal expression than that conveyed by the President's oral statement. But as the work of the Research Council progressed, it became evident that a definite formulation of its objects by the President, and an expression of his desire that it be perpetuated by the Academy and permanently assured of the cooperation of the various departments of the Government, would serve a useful purpose. The President's recognition of this fact led him to issue the Executive Order of May 11, 1918.

One of the functions of the Research Council, as stated in this Order, is "to survey the larger possibilities of science, to formulate comprehensive projects of research, and to develop effective means of utilizing the scientific and technical resources of the country for dealing with these projects." The Research Information Service, inaugurated in cooperation with the Intelligence Services of the Army and Navy, and represented in London, Paris and Rome by scientific attaches, and their associates connected with the American embassies, is the first requisite in preparing such broad surveys. Properly regarded, this information service may be considered as the pioneer corps of the council, surveying the progress of research in various parts of the world, selecting and reporting upon many activities of interest and importance, reducing the information thus collected to such a form as to render it most accessible and useful, and disseminating it to scientific and technical men and institutions who can use it to advantage.

But the work of the Service must not end here. Its duties necessarily involve the collection of much detailed information; but to accomplish the larger objects of the Council its attention must not be confined solely to matters of detail. Out of this great mass of information, and out of the work of the various divisions of the Council, acting in cooperation with the Research Information Service, there must come broad surveys of the larger possibilities of research, indicating opportunities likely to be missed by the investigator concerned with limited branches of science, and pointing the way to the occupation of many fields where great return may be expected to result from well-organized effort.

It therefore goes without saying that the position of scientific attache at our principal embassies, created during the war in connection with the Research Information Service, should undoubtedly be continued during times of peace. The scientific attache acts in conjunction with the military and naval attaches, who are glad to intrust him with many of their technical problems. Such problems will frequently arise in the future as they did in the period preceding the war. But the duties of the scientific attache are evidently not confined to questions of war, which, indeed, can not be distinguished in most cases from the problems of peace. Nitrates, no longer needed for explosives, are now no less urgently demanded for fertilizers. Optical glass, if not required for gun sights and periscopes, is wanted in large quantities for field glasses, microscopes, medical instruments, and scores of other purposes. Metallurgical processes, improved for the manufacture of guns and helmets, must give us flawless rails for security in travel, better electrical conductors, and other essentials. In short, almost all of the subjects in which the scientific and technical men of the allies have exchanged research information during the war demand similar cooperation under peace conditions.

In view of these facts the International Research Council, at its first meeting in Paris, adopted the following resolution:

> The International Research Council, assembled in Paris and attended by delegates of the national academies of sciences of Belgium, Brazil, the United States, France, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, Poland, Portugal, Rumania, and Serbia, has the honor to request the Governments of these countries to appoint permanent scientific attaches at their principal embassies. The function of the scientific attaches shall be to collect and forward information regarding scientific and technical matters, and to insure the continuity of the relations established during the war by the various scientific and technical missions.

The numerous activities of the foreign offices of the Research Information Service can not be reported upon in de-

OPINION

tail here. No mention of these offices can be made, however, without an expression of our appreciation of the cordial cooperation of our embassies, of the naval and military officers of the American forces, and of all representatives, military, naval, and civil, of the British, French, and Italian Governments.

GEORGE E. HALE
Foreign Secretary, National Academy of Sciences.

Japan Falls in Line

THE following letter and circular are worthy of presentation in every dignified way possible. Only by the means suggested can a perfect understanding of peace problems be reached:

February 27, 1919.

For years I have been contemplating a scheme to promote international understanding—at least an understanding between Americans and Japanese. Speaking personally for a moment, I have gone through rather trying experiences under the Exclusion Laws, and also have met the prejudice against Asiatics prevailing in certain parts of the United States. But now having been able to free myself from antiquated nationalism and petrified racial pride, by which my countrymen are particularly affected, I am firmly convinced that it is my duty to dedicate myself to this task.

So I come to you with the proposition mentioned below because I know that you are familiar with the international situation at this critical period of civilization, and I understand that you are in sympathy with such intentions.

As I am a Japanese, I wish to begin with the American-Japanese relation; and, with this in view, I purpose returning to Japan shortly to induce the financial and spiritual support of my compatriots. But, first of all, it will be necessary to receive on this side the approval of men and women in sympathy with our cause.

The purpose of The International Educational League is to bring together educational materials typical of different nations, yet of international interest, so as to facilitate the use of such materials for the benefit of all the nations concerned. For this purpose:

First: The characteristic scenes of the life of the people of different nations will be taken and shown in moving pictures and stereopticon slides.

Second: These illustrations will be accompanied by lectures in the form of explanations written by competent native authorites.

Third: Translations of important literatures, hitherto unknown beyond national boundaries. will be undertaken.

Fourth: Folksongs of different peoples will be translated and phonographed.

Fifth: Under the management of the League characteristic plays of different nations will be staged around the world.

Sixth: These educational materials mentioned above will be offered to responsible institutions for loan or for acquisition.

Seventh: The exchange of lecturers between different countries will be arranged by the League.

In order to accomplish the purpose of the League it will require the cooperation and activities of many people, and it is our hope that all who are in sympathy with our aims will write for further information.

EIZO KONDO
1917 Broadway, New York.

The Arroyo Seco Highway

SUPPOSE a merchant had a ten-story building filled with beautiful and desirable goods, but no way to get to the upper floors except steep, narrow ladders. How many people would climb those ladders to look at the goods and pay money for them? Suppose he refused to put in easy staircases and elevators on the ground that in the back country where he came from the only way the folks had to get upstairs was by means of ladders, and what was good enough for his folks was good enough for the public? Of what use would his fine stock of goods be to him, or how much of an asset would they be in appraising his business standing?

Southern California has a wonderful stock in trade right at her door, which she is keeping locked up except to those who can climb the steep and narrow trails that lead to the storerooms. The Sierra Madre Range has a wealth of natural beauties that many, many thousands would like to enjoy if they could get to them. Towering mountain peaks, deep forests, open park-like "flats," rushing streams, leaping waterfalls, winding canyons, rocky cliffs, shady nooks, wide outlooks—everything that a splendid mountain region can furnish lies just beyond our reach. True, there are trails here and there, but they are available only to the strong tramper who can shoulder his or her pack and hike into the fascinating fastnesses of the hills and woods.

What we need is a system of good roads leading back into the mountains and connecting at certain points, so that the man with an automobile or team can drive away into the heart of the hills and camp out in some secluded spot, where the altitude and the air and the health-giving forests will fill him and his family with new life and vigor; where he can fish and botanize and sketch and photograph and geologize and cook and smoke and loaf, and tell stories around the camp fire under the glittering stars. Or, if he does not care to camp out, there should be some way for him to glide among the big trees in his car, drinking in the glorious air and feasting his eyes on the ever-new wonders of the magnificent scenery that greets him at every turn in the road. It must be a real road, not a mere narrow and dangerous widened trail. It must have easy grades and well-drained roadbed and wide turns. It must give plenty of room for two vehicles to pass at all points. It should have either a well-packed crushed stone surface or a concrete or asphalt covering. Streams should be crossed by bridges, and the road should be above highwater flood marks to avoid all danger of washouts. High banks should be protected by substantial parapets, and the whole road should be capable of negotiation by any fairly skilled and careful driver.

The Forest Service is now at work on the beginning of such a road, leading up the Arroyo Seco from the point where the water coming down the Arroyo enters the intake of our water system. While they intend it primarily for fire protective purposes, yet it will afford an inlet to a very beautiful one of the many canyons that reach back into the mountains. The new road will afford an easy and safe highway to this point. It is being built, as said above, by the Forest Service, but they are using money drawn from the city, the county and private subscriptions, as well as their own funds. There are large Government appropriations available for work of this kind, upon the condition that the communities in which the money is expended will meet the Government half way and provide amounts equal to those spent by the Federal officials. It is under this provision that the work is being done in the Arroyo; and it is under this provision also that the road will be continued to the summit of Mount Wilson through the item of $100,000 set aside for this road in the bond issue to be voted on by the people of the State on the first of next July.

GEORGE P. WHITTLESEY

Americanization

EXPERIENCE as a physician in hospital and dispensary work among foreigners in New York City gives me a keen appreciation of the fine and practical ideas of Dr. Norman Bridge, in his editorial on "The Americanization of our Foreign Population," published in the April-May number of CALIFORNIA SOUTHLAND.

I am tempted to ask why, as a means to this end of Americanization, the Federal Government should not establish an age limit for immigrants? This limit, if not in actual years, might be in generations, barring all grandparents, surely. For we know that while the older generations may be transplanted, they practically never take root in the new land but sap the enthusiasm, if not the loyalty, of the younger generations, and thus hinder their progress in Americanization.

Given the proper subjects and proper age to work upon, Dr. Bridge's methods would surely work wonders; but age, I believe, is of such vital and fundamental importance that the Federal Government would be wise to control its influence.

ESTELLE MERRILL HANSON

THE VILLE DE PARIS OF LOS ANGELES

THREE thousand miles from New York! Six thousand miles from Paris! How shall the women of Los Angeles know what to wear? The answer comes at once when we learn what the Ville de Paris has already done to bring New York and Los Angeles into instant communication.

This leading Los Angeles house is admirably connected with the fashion centers of the world. It maintains an office on Fifth Avenue, New York, with which it is in constant communication by means of a telegraphic code that is used daily. The buying public of Los Angeles may thus find at the Ville de Paris the very newest creations of fashions in less than a week after they appear on Fifth Avenue.

In the freedom of the Far West, individuality runs rampant and untrained art expresses itself on the street and in the home. Unless we bestir ourselves and are constantly on the alert to learn and assimilate the mode as it develops in the centers of inspiration, we shall unconsciously drift into a provincial style.

No effort has been spared by the Ville de Paris to bring to Los Angeles the models of world famous designers. For instance, developments of the following are daily finding their way to this Los Angeles center: Hickson, of Fifth Avenue; Philip Mangone, Tappé, Ferle, Heller, Bruck, Weiss and other equally famous masters of the style world. Here representatives of the Ville de Paris are constantly selecting for Los Angeles the very models seen a month or two later, worn by New Yorkers, at Coronado Beach.

The new Sports Apparel Shop, which has recently been opened on the fifth floor of the Ville de Paris, is the original idea of Mr. B. H. Dyas, who by incorporating this distinctive department into his reorganization of the Ville de Paris, has lead the way for New York. Several New York stores have also opened exclusive sports apparel shops since talking with Mr. Dyas a few weeks ago.

The full appreciation of what such a shop means to Los Angeles women comes only by a study of the new plans for the fifth floor. Here women to whom the great out-doors appeals may browse around amid surroundings particularly conducive to the planning of the week-end trip or the summer vacation. If it's for wear out-of-doors, it will be discovered here; for the Ville de Paris lays claim, and justly, too, to having in this part of its beautiful building, the most thoroughly equipped out-of-doors apparel shop west of New York.

A thought expressed in any of the departments of the Los Angeles store is sent to New York within an hour or two and in five days the materialiaztion of that thought is here.

We cannot all go East or to Paris every season. Most of us must stay and run the business of living beautifully in California. But we can send buyers of taste and training, men and women we can trust to tell us what is what. Correctly garbed for Paris, New York or Los Angeles, we can forget our clothes and make ourselves agreeable.

(Above) The Alpine costume is the stunning feature of this Mountain Number of the Southland. The hat, the soft gloves and the English tramping cape are from the Ville de Paris

(Right) We know about the new patent leather coat and the plaid skirt. The coat with skirt pocket comes in black or brown. The smart sailor can match it.

(Left) The linon crash turban is a Rawak model, charming in white, or pink, or its natural color.

BRINGS NEW YORK TO THE SOUTHLAND

Very plain and severe are these sport suits which Hickson mentions in the letter below. The wide wale twill is a lovely turquoise blue and has an interesting waistcoat and inner cuff. The Irish briar was borrowed.

Hickson

GOWNS TAILORED FROCKS HATS FURS ETC

FIFTH AVENUE AT FORTY-FIRST STREET NEW YORK

April 29, 1919.

Ville de Parie,
Loe Angelee, Calif.

Dear Sire:

It ie with much pleasure we beg to confirm the agreement entered into between ue for the eale of our garments by you in Loe Angelee. It is our intention and purpoee to provide you with the best of Hickeon clothes, both in the tailored suits, tailored dresses, gowne, hate, fure and wrape ae frequently as they are produced by us, eo the presentation of theee models will be contemporary with their dieplay in New York. Our Paris office, 10 Fraboarg Poiseonniere, will alco be at your service to provide Loe Angeles with the last word in womene accessories and dress as it appears there. Thie ehould enable you to provide the people of Loe Angeles with the very smarteet clothes available, either here or abroad.

The modele that you have recently eelected will be forwarded in a few daye, and we will be glad to add to thie collection at frequent intervals.

Very truly youre,

H-J HICKSON, INC.

Robt. J. Hickson
Pres.

THE PHOTOGRAPHS ARE BY OSCAR MAURER

THE HILLSIDE HOUSE

By KATE GREENLEAF LOCKE

"THE House on the Hilltop" has its place in classic literature, in exploitation by many architects, and its advantages are freely and frankly conceded; but the hillside house has yet to be brought to the consideration of the public in such form that it may be recognized as a really desirable and beautiful thing.

There are few people who do not admire softly sloping terraced ground covered with the velvety green of clipped grass. It is the charm of the terraces that chiefly attracts the yearly thousands that visit Busch Gardens in Pasadena. If that wonderful enchanter had not "waved the wand of his millions" over the rugged crags and rough steeps of the Arroyo Seco, Pasadena would have remained perhaps forever unconscious of the possibilities of what has proved one of her most attractive assets.

The most necessary gift of the architect is imagination. Through it he must be able to see in overhanging steeps beside the sea the cottages and villas whose architectural conformations harmonize with the emplacement; he must realize the transformation of a mountainside into a succession of terraces that will delight the eye and permit the building of the three-storied house with every floor on a different ground level. He must have a sure recognition of the advantage of the picturesque over the ordinary, and when the man who is seeking a house possesses also this recognition he will be apt to build on the side slope of a mountain or hang his house like a bird's nest on a crag overlooking the sea.

The irregularity of a dining room with French doors opening directly on a flower-bordered lawn while the drawing room is upstairs and yet has also French windows giving to a terrace, has a wonderful charm if the effect is properly handled. When there are three terraces it is also possible to step from the chambers on the third floor to the ground which lies behind the house. When the third floor rooms on one side of the house have balconies overhanging a steep decline the chambers on the other side have all of the advantages of a ground floor.

One can easily realize what a delightful effect this departure from the usual would have in some cases, and how there is an opportunity also for the landscape gardener to present most fascinating effects in shrubbery and vines. Flower-filled balconies that are the accompaniment of European buildings—palaces, villas, chalets, haciendas—are no longer the exclusive property of the Old World. All of these we have in America and we are coming more and more to have them.

Once having dared, we grow bolder; and we have come to know that where the proper setting is found, buildings of the different characters I have mentioned fit perfectly into the landscape and are at home. It was Charles Dudley Warner who first called California "Our Italy," who first realized that the Sierra Madre foothills invited the stone or cement walls covered with clustering vines, the ivy grown steps and little overhanging iron baloncies that come to mind whenever we think of Italian scenery; crowning these details, the long white villa follows naturally.

Quaintly it steps down the mountain side, planting itself solidly on the different levels of the terraced hill and shines under the moon or reflects the warm sunlight of our Southland as enchantingly as if it sprang from the hillsides of Amalfi.

It has been said that America, being the newest country, inherits the architecture of all the ages. It is true that she has used it and in many cases has adapted it to her needs and environment so that it fits perfectly into the landscape; and nowhere has this been accomplished more successfully than in the building of Spanish and Italian houses in Southern California.

Hiller

RESIDENCE OF MR. TOD FORD, PASADENA. REGINALD JOHNSON, ARCHITECT

RESIDENCE OF MRS. EMORY MCCLINTOCK

SOUTH SIDE OF MRS. MCCLINTOCK'S HOME

THE FATHERLESS CHILDREN OF FRANCE

By GEORGES FUSENOT, *Treasurer for Southern California*

THE Fatherless Children of France, a society which has for its object the providing of American benefactors for French children under sixteen years of age whose fathers were killed in the war, is not numbered among those war organizations that have ceased their activities since the signing of the armistice. The cause is still a most needy one, perhaps even greater now than during the war. It is obvious that the help provided by the heavily burdened state, either in the way of special appropriation or under the War Pension Law, will be only a minimum one. The one class that will find it difficult to recover with the recovery of France will be that in which the men have been killed. There is less opportunity for the mothers to work, and there will be much destitution. Hundreds of these mothers have been employed during the war in the munitions factories and other manufacturing plants which have sprung into existence as a result of the war. With the closing down of these factories the mothers have been thrown out of work and their hardships are even greater now than during the period in which they were able to do war work.

Every child whose name is sent to America for adoption has been very carefully looked up by the Paris office. Only those children whose fathers have been killed in the war, who are under sixteen years of age, and who are living with their mothers, or a very close guardian, in the same home environment, are eligible for adoption. The mother must be worthy in each instance. If a mother re-marries, thereby placing a male wage earner at the head of the family, her children are no longer eligible to receive support through the organization. The Paris office immediately substitutes other children of the same age, as nearly as possible.

Each child receives his money in four quarterly payments, no matter how payments are made by the donor. The report to Paris of the adoption of a child insures one year's support to that child. Funds are remitted through J. P. Morgan Company of New York.

SAINT CHAPELLE, PARIS, A JEWEL OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE

If a child is placd in an institution his name also is removed from the eligible list. This act takes away the home influence from the child's life and is at direct variance with the rules of the organization. The Paris office has the work splendidly systematized and all cases are carefully looked after, though the work was sadly handicapped during the time when Paris was under bombardment and when only inexperienced helpers could be secured. All these difficulties have of course now passed, and the work is progressing with precision and accuracy.

The Los Angeles Committee of the organization, which is also headquarters for Southern California, and of which committee Mr. Georges Fusenot, 410 South Westlake Avenue, is treasurer, is providing for something over four thousand of these French war orphans. Since the inception of the work in Southern California, in April, 1916, a total sum of $235,000 has been collected. Pasadena, Long Beach, Santa Barbara and Santa Ana are three of the largest sub-committees.

Every cent of the money collected goes to the orphans. Not one penny is used for office or other expenses, these being met entirely by private donations. Of the several thousand people who have taken orphans through the local committee, a large majority have continued their subscription for the second, third and fourth years. This is more gratifying than mere words can express, for, it goes without saying, it is much better to take care of a stated number of children continuously than to enlarge the list of new subscriptions for short periods. Any relinquished child, of which there is a small proportion, the committee endeavors to provide for immediately by placing the child's name upon the list for re-adoption by a new donor.

The sum of $36.50 takes care of one little orphan for a year in the home of its mother; ten cents a day only. The amonut is so small; and it means so much to some little child who perhaps requires just that average daily expenditure to keep his body healthy and normal.

Talking With God

A little book called *Talking With God* is published by the Morehouse Company, Milwaukee. It contains suggestions for those who would like to be able to pray but who want—as the author, J. J. Kensington, says, "a bit of help at the start." It is called "the most useful book on Prayer" by The Very Reverend Edmund S. Rousmaniere, D. D., Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, Boston, from whose church also comes the little weekly leaflet on Personal Religion, containing the following daily prayer:

THE CLASS PRAYER

Almighty God, Who art the only source of health and healing, the spirit of calm and the central peace of the universe; grant to us, Thy children, such a consciousness of Thy indwelling presence as may give us utter confidence in Thee. In all pain and weariness and anxiety may we throw ourselves upon Thy besetting care, that knowing ourselves fenced about by Thy loving omnipotence, we may permit Thee to give us health and strength and peace; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

ALTAR OF THE CHURCH OF ST. MATHIAS, LOS ANGELES
BATCHELDAR TILES IN GOTHIC FORM

A Prayer for Democracy

Set forth by the
Rt. Rev. William Frederic
Faber, D. D., Bishop of Montana.

Almighty Father, who judgest the peoples with equity, and with whom is no respect of persons: We humbly beseech Thee mercifully to forgive the offenses of our own nation. Purge our land of covetousness and injustice, of wickedness and vice, and of every root of bitterness; take away from us the reproach of unequal laws, of the strife of classes, and of the denial of human brotherhood. Vouchsafe to us the spirit to think and do always such things as are right; to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with our God. Deepen in us a sense of stewardship, of service, and of goodwill toward all men; that so we may follow at home what we espouse before the world, and fulfill His royal law who tasted death for every man, Thy Son Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

The Victory of the Piave

By HELEN S. FRENCH

THE misinformation and heedless ignorance regarding the real facts of the Italian Victory of the Piave are touched upon by the Editor of the Italian Review, "Il Carroccio," of New York, in the March issue, in the following manner:

Unfortunately truth travels with a slow gait, and it has not yet penetrated America, for during the Italian celebration at the Metropolitan opera house in New York Secretary Daniels commented on the Piave matter in these extraordinary terms: "During the tragic days of the Italian retreat on the Piave (October, 1917) on every lip hovered the question: Will the line hold? Of course we never doubted but that the Italians would put up a splendid resistance, for they called into play all their national traditions; this, and the fact that they were assisted by their French and English brothers at arms, *and by a small group of American soldiers*, enabled them to win the battles of the Piave."

The Editor continues:

Such statements as this are not history, they are pure fiction, and had Secretary Daniels been correctly informed, he would have been spared the ludicrous position in which such ignorance has placed him, which must also reflect on the office which he holds.

The facts are these: The tragedy of Caporetto occurred in October, 1917. After Cadorna had again taken his position and issued the order to his army to "Die, but never retreat," an Allied conference was held at Rapallo, and Foch, believing that the stand taken by the Italians was untenable, stated officially that he would remove the French and English divisions behind Mincio to a line between Brescia and Mantua in order to defend the Stelvio-Garda country. This occurred on November 6. While these divisions of the Allies were being moved, the Italians fought entirely alone on the Piave, on the Grappa, and on the Altopiano dei Sette Comuni. On the 13th of November the line on the Piave was saved; on November 19 the Monfenera-Tomba line; a few days following, the Austrians were defeated on the Grappa and on the Altopiano. When, in the early part of December—the Allied forces began to move and established themselves -the French near Bassano, the English between Padua and Cittadella—*the victory had already been won, and the enemy action in that locality had entirely ceased.* Regarding the small group of Americans mentioned by Secretary Daniels as having assisted in the Hun defeat, these were the 332nd Regiment, which, however, did not even land in Italy until July ,1918, *eight months after the Victory of the Piave.*

BUILDING THE ROAD—MOUNT WILSON

(Continued from Page 6)

stars? The brighter stars are roughly of the first magnitude and we may take the sixth magnitude as the limit of unaided vision, while with great telescopes such as the 60-inch reflector on Mount Wilson, a photographic exposure of three or four hours will reach the 20th magnitude.

Thus far we have been concerned with the light as it appears to the eye; but starlight, like sunlight, is a mixture of many colors, and it requires only the most casual observation to learn that the mixture cannot in all cases be the same. For example, Vega and Sirius are white or bluish white, Capella is a golden yellow, while Betelgeuze, Antares and Aldebaran have various hues of red. To produce this sequence of colors as seen by the eye, the mixtures in the several cases must contain less and less of blue and violet light, and hence an increasing preponderance of red and yellow. With Antares, for example, the excess of red is such that the mixture of all the colors radiated is the deep ruby tint which makes the star so conspicuous an object in the summer sky.

The color of the light radiated from a luminous source is intimately connected with temperature. No one who has watched a piece of iron when heated through all the shades of red to white heat can fail to recognize the closeness of this relationship. Moreover, with the stars at least, temperature conditions immediately suggest the processes of growth and decay, for it is improbable, and quite out of accordance with usually accepted ideas, that the temperature of a star should remain constant. We are certain, therefore, to obtain from observations of color important information as to the physical condition of a star.

Every photographer is familiar with the so-called isochromatic plate. Its name would indicate that it is equally sensitive to all colors, but such is not the case. Although affected by yellow and orange, it is far more sensitive to blue and violet. But when exposed behind a suitable yellow filter, which transmits freely the former group of color but only slightly the blue and violet, it can be used to measure the intensities of those colors which most affect the eye. The combination of plate and filter is practically an equivalent of the normal eye. Here the result is called a photovisual magnitude.

Since the color of a star as we see it in the sky depends upon the proportions of blue and yellow in the light it sends us, we can thus actually measure the color.

Something of the difficulties of measuring directly the distances of the stars has already been suggested. An indirect method, however, based upon the motions of the stars, gives valuable information as to the average distance of any class of stars, say those of a certain brightness or those having a certain spectrum. The sun and its attendant planets, moving through space in a known direction with known speed, carry with them the observer who measures the changes of direction in which the stars are seen. These are the result of the observer's change in position, combined with the motions of the stars themselves. In the average the latter compensate each other and give a value which corresponds to the change in the observer's position as seen from a distance equal to that of the group of stars.

Actually the matter is not quite so simple as it thus appears, for the stars do not move altogether at random. We now know many groups whose members travel through space along parallel paths at a constant speed, for example, the bright stars of Ursa Major, the Pleiades, a part of the constellation of Taurus, a cluster in Perseus and one in Scorpio, and certain stars in the vicinity of Orion. But these moving clusters comprise only a minute fraction of the total number of stars, and until 1904 it was commonly assumed that the vast majority of the stars might be regarded as moving at random. Kapteyn, however, showed that this is not even approximately the truth, and that the facts can be explained by supposing that most of the stars belong to one or the other of the two great interpenetrating swarms whose motions, seen from the solar system, make with each other an angle of about 100 degrees. The fundamental nature of the phenomenon is suggested by the fact that the motions are parallel to the plane of the Milky Way. It is not to be supposed, however, that the hypothesis of two streams of stars is more than a first approximation to the systematic motions of the stellar universe.

ALONG THE TRAIL

(Continued from Page 8)

What is the message which these high and silent places have for the spirit of the city toiler? Surely some influence for good is in the power which makes him climb all night to see the sun rise. With a few hours of scanty rest he leaves the summit to be at work again by early morning! Language he has not to express whatever feeling brought him. "See that bird! How blue it is!" and "See that moss—those trees—that squirrel!" make up the substance of his conversation.

The great pines with short, gnarled limbs twisted first this way and then that as though when the storm came they drew their scant foliage about them; do they remind him of the subtle art of old Japan by their grotesqueness? Has he training in the art of any land to give him such background for comparison? The drooping sweep of spruce and cedar limbs, the straight beauty of a great tree with single branch undulate above the ranging vista, the corresponding lines that charm the eye trained in analysis and composition—these things are not the reason for his long, hard climb after a week of grinding toil, though unrecognized they may be a part of all the fascination of the mountains. With the wide outlook, the new view, the strange, unusual perspective they doubtless hold unconscious interest for him.

Yet, having heard the call and answered it, I, too, sitting alone upon the summit far above the Valley of the Angel, have sought and found *within* myself a deeper reason, and I hold the grace to claim it for my Brother. It is their isolation, their reserve, their very lack of invitation which compels my soul to seek them. Far from the constant whir of train and automobile, far from demands that drain time, strength and vision—here in the quiet peace of the Sierra *I find myself.* So, doubtless, does my Brother. And these, our Mother Mountains, standing so silently beside the busy, seething cities of the plain shall give us each some portion of their calm and thus prove our salvation.

Frederick Scares

Builders of Mountain Roads

THE first local lovers of the Sierra Madre Mountains found their way to Wilson's Peak by trail from Sierra Madre or through Eaton's canyon. Martin's Camp, just below the summit, was the stopping place for those who stayed for a few days after their long, hard climb; and trails from there, many of them first cut by J. H. Holmes and William R. Staats, developers and owners of the Mount Wilson toll road, led up to the summit, to Deer Park, the sunrise point, and around the steep and dangerous North Rim.

The hardy burro carried those who could not climb the steeper sections of a trail washed deep by winter torrents; and the pack train, still used in stormy weather, was, until a few years ago, the means for transporting daily food. Now the auto stage and trucks go up and down each day, although the mountain climber still uses the old eastern trail, which gives him the beauty of deep canyon, rocky gulch and dizzy precipice.

For many years successive groups of sturdy youth have climbed these trails to feel the exhilarating mastery of mounting above the plain, or to play with their first snow balls. Their shouts of joy may well express the gratitude felt by the community for those who opened up these mountain fastnesses. Their exclusiveness is gone, but here each man may build on his own hill. Up on the highest ridge of Linda Vista there has been built a private road that by its very grade insures seclusion. Like Napoleon when he demanded for his troops a straight road to Moscow, the owner of a mountain bungalow has drawn a line straight up the hogback of the hills; and engineers with modern skill have built the road it indicates. The joy of domineering over difficulties and the inspiration of a new view from dominating peaks can still be the goal of pioneers in mountain paths so long as the everlasting hills remain.

Mabel Watson

WILLIAM R. STAATS

The Phainopepla

("Shining Garment")

By JULIA BOYNTON GREEN

A little lonely plaintive note
Reiterates from a lofty spray.
That single syllable, remote,
Aloof, has witched my joy away.

The ebon garb this minstrel wears
Fits all too well his mournful word.
What are his griefs? his tiny cares?
He is too serious for a bird.

Seen close, in sun, I know his dress
Would flash a myriad dazzling hues.
His shape, his crest, prove haute noblesse.
Is he a spell-bound prince, I muse?

The mocker yonder pours a flood
Of wild, derisive melody.
No feathered thing in field or wood
Escapes his merry mimicry.

But not for me, my soul apart,
His shrill capricious carols float,
The phainopepla rives my heart—
His little lonely plaintive note!

On the Property of W. R. Timken, Linda Vista

BUILDING THE TIMKEN ROAD *Clarence Day, Engineer-Contractor*

THE COMMUNITY PRAYERS

By CARRIE L. STOUGH

MR. S. S. HINDS AS "THE THIRD FLOOR BACK"

Pasadena may well be proud of the unusual interest which her unique organization, known as the Community Playhouse Association, is attracting. Such men as Professor George Pierce Baker of Harvard and Sheldon Cheney, the well-known editor of the Theatre Arts Magazine, pronounce it one of the most important and promising of all the many community theatre groups in America.

Here is an organization founded on absolutely democratic principles with the idea of developing community recreation from the community itself.

Much has been accomplished and will be accomplished in fostering community singing. Few people in Pasadena will forget the notable sings last summer at Brookside Park. Civic Festivals have developed with the help of this organization. In one notable example, the beautiful Victory Pageant, over twelve hundred people took part at Tournament Park. An open forum is a part of the Association's plans for next season.

In the Community Playhouse, at 85 N. Fair Oaks Avenue, the Association presents The Community Players, a non-professional group under a professional director, Gilmor Brown. The Players welcome all those interested in designing, acting, stagecraft, costuming, singing, dancing or in any other part of their work. Their lists of available people now number several hundred.

During the past season programs of one-act plays have been given under some of the junior directors, under Mr. Brown's direction. The Players have presented excellent productions of "The Yellow Jacket," "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," "Much Ado About Nothing," "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," and George Bernard Shaw's "You Never Can Tell."

Although the productions are made for a full week, people have been turned away at many performances and several of the plays have been given for two weeks in response to the demand for seats. Percy Mackaye has given The Players special permission to use "The Scarecrow," which will be given the week of June 9. This will be next to the last play given in the Playhouse this season. During July an open-air dramatic production on a large scale will be presented.

Governing Board Mr. C. C. Clark, Mr. J. W. Morin, Miss Sybil Eliza Jones, Mr. L. H. Turner, Mrs. F. Bruce Wetherby, Mr. Sam'l S. Hinds, Mrs. A. F. Gartz, Mr. Geo. A. Mortimer, Mr. H. A. Doty.

Finance Committee Mr. L. H. Turner, Mr. C. W. Creller, Mr. H. A. Doty, Treasurer First Trust and Savings Bank, who will gladly receive all subscriptions and donations.

Consulting Committee Dr. Jeremiah Rhodes, Rev. Carl Henry, J. H. Pearman, Mrs. H. Van Sittert, R. C. Davis, Mrs. Henry Anderson, Alfred Brand.

Players' Committee — Mr. Gilmor Brown, managing director; Mr. S. S. Hinds, chairman; Mrs. A. H. Palmer, secretary; Miss Eloise Sterling, Mrs. J. W. Morin, Miss Cloyde Dalzell, Mr. Lloyd Messler, Dr. O. T. Fellows, Mrs. Carrie L. Stough.

Publicity Mrs. Lucy Ross, H. O. Stehhan, Larry Cowan, Fitz Beach, Walter Abbott, Robert W. Weeks.

Community Music J. W. Morin, George A. Mortimer.

Social Service Mrs. Martha Burton, Fair Oaks 2896.

Manuscript Mrs. Bruce Wetherby.

Playhouse Music Director of program music, Miss Alberta Jones; George A. Mortimer, Mrs. J. W. Morin, Caryl Brockway.

Costumes Mrs. S. S. Hinds, Mrs. A. H. Palmer, Miss Cloyde Duval Dalzell, Mrs. Irving Hollister, Miss Eloise Sterling.

Properties Mrs. E. B. Fuessle, Mrs. Henry Anderson, Miss Louise Crawford, Mrs. J. H. Van Sittert.

Hospitality Mrs. H. D. Bentley, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Turner, Dr. and Mrs. Huntington, Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Parker, Mrs. C. C. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hunter, Miss Eleanor Bissell.

House Miss Edna Breiner.

A LITERARY TROLLEY TRIP

Personally Conducted by Mr. Peck, Guide and Lecturer, P. E. R. R.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

If you will kindly give me your attention for a few moments, I will endeavor to explain the purpose of the Orange Empire Trolley trip. This is one of the trips conducted by the Pacific Electric Railway, and by taking them all you will have covered the principal points of interest in the Southland. The Balloon Route Trolley Trip, a delightful journey through Hollywood, Sawtelle, and the Beach cities, the Old Mission Trolley Trip to the Old Mission at San Gabriel, through the beautiful Busch Gardens at Pasadena, and Long Beach. Also a trip to San Pedro via trolley and boat to and from San Pedro to Catalina Island.

This trip was given the name of the Orange Empire Trolley Trip because it passes through the great citrus fruit district of Southern California. The growing, packing and marketing of oranges is one of the largest industries of this part of the state. In fact, most of the oranges you see in the East were shipped from California. Between 40,000 and 50,000 cars of fruit are shipped each season, that is from November to November, or a period of one year; and when you know that there are 390 boxes of fruit packed in each car, and from 110 to 120 oranges in each box, you will have a faint idea of the volume of business.

Last season the crop was light because of climatic conditions. This season, however, the crop was one of the largest in the history of the country. From this you will see that when the crop is good and market conditions right,

IN THE FIELDS OF ALFALFA NEAR EL MONTE

it is very fine to own an orange grove, but like all other things it has its ups and downs. Some little damage was done by the frost last winter, but not enough to affect the crop seriously. A little later on I will tell of the method used by the orange growers to protect their groves from the frost.

You will notice, along the way, fields of what looks to be a kind of clover. This is alfalfa. If any of you folks come from Kansas you will recognize an old friend. This is one of the most valuable crops of the Southland, and one that is easily raised. Alfalfa requires but little irrigation and a succession of crops may be taken from the fields each year. A little farther out we shall come to groves of trees with wide spreading tops. These are walnut trees. These trees leaf out during the latter part of March, and the crop is shaken from the trees from the first to the middle of September. Of course you will understand that some districts are better adapted to walnuts than others. Such a district is located around El Monte, just before we come to the orange groves. There are a great many varieties of the English walnut grown. Experiments are being conducted with a view to developing a walnut with a very thin, soft shell, one that can be broken in the hand like a peanut. Take it all in all, the walnut industry is one of the most conservative and substantial in the State.

The trip passes through El Monte and then through Covina, the western gateway of the Orange Empire, located in a very fertile district. Many citrus packing houses are here. They are maintained by the California Fruit Growers Exchange and other associations, where fruit is packed and loaded into refrigerator cars for shipment East.

San Dimas, where one of the largest lemon storehouses in the country is located, comes next. This storehouse has a capacity of 300 carloads. You have no doubt wondered at the climatic conditions of California. A peculiar state of affairs exists here, namely, that the isothermic lines run north and south instead of east and west. By reason of this, fruit ripens earlier in the north central portion of the state than in the south.

In and around San Dimas you will notice groves of trees with leaves slightly lighter in color than the orange. These are lemon groves. The trees are very hardy and the owner of a lemon grove has a money-making proposition. From six to eight crops of lemons are picked from the trees each year. Lemons, when first picked from the trees, are not edible. They are placed in storage houses for a short time to acquire their color and flavor.

But to get back to the subject of oranges, in honor of which this trip is named. The Department of the Interior at Washington, D. C., in 1870 received a shipment of stock from Brazil. After a great deal of experimenting was done, five of the trees were brought to Riverside. Three of them died, but two lived, and from these trees most of the present groves originated. They are known as parent trees, and through a wonderful process of grafting are still living. One of them is to be seen on Magnolia Avenue and the other is located in front of the Mission Inn at Riverside.

When you come to the groves, you will notice a number of what looks like cement tile sticking out of the ground. This is part of the irrigating system. California, as you no doubt are aware, is a semi-arid state, and were it not for irrigation would be little more than a desert. Water is obtained from two sources: one, artesian wells driven down to the water bearing strata; and the other, the mountains.

On the Orange Empire Trip

Trippers Picking Oranges

To the north you will notice a range of mountains known as the Sierra Madre Range. This is Nature's storehouse. During the winter months while rains are falling in the valleys, these mountains are being covered with snow to a depth of several feet. And from this snow and numerous springs, the principal water supply is secured.

You will also notice what appears to be a small stove under each tree. These are the smudge pots. The stoves are filled with crude petroleum, and when frost is in the air, the stoves are lighted and a dense smoke with considerable heat is given off. This raises the temperature in the groves and prevents the fruit from being frost-bitten.

As to oranges, there are many varieties. There are the Washington Navel, the St. Michael, and the Valencia. The Washington Navel and the St. Michael are winter fruit and the Valencia an early and late summer fruit. There is a great deal of mis-information concerning orange crops. People from the East, and, in fact, people residing in and around Los Angeles, usually think that two or three crops a year are taken from each tree. This is not the case, however, as the trees are not hardy enough to stand it.

One of the peculiar things about an orange tree is that it blossoms out while the fruit is ripening. In the latter part of March the trees are loaded with beautiful white blossoms, the beginning of next year's crop of oranges. The up-to-date orange grower usually has stands of bees located near the grove, and the industrious bees gather a harvest of the finest honey, comparing favorably in taste and flavor with the white clover honey of the East.

The raising of grapes is also a large and profitable business. These vineyards you see are principally wine grapes, the raisin grape being better adapted to the soil around Fresno. About 1,700 cars of wine grapes were shipped from the district near Fontana, Grapeland and Etiwanda. You will also notice that the vines do not look like vines in the true sense of the word, but are more like stumps. They are cut back each year. However, in the spring they send out new shoots. The reason the vines are not more advanced this season may be traced to the fact that the owners are looking for a long dry spell to take effect around about the first of July.

The valley widens out as we come to Pomona, a substantial town of beautiful homes, situated in the heart of the orange district. The town is on the edge of the old Chino rancho. Packing houses are here in abundance and canning factories. Over 1,000,000 cans of tomatoes were packed here last season.

We pass through Upland and Ontario, towns of some 10,000 pop-

ulation. At Upland a cross line of the Pacific Electric runs south to Ontario. This track also runs north from Upland on a beautifully shaded avenue, to San Antonio Heights, located at the foot of Mt. San Antonio (Old Baldy), towering 10,000 feet above sea level. This mountain is covered with snow on the north side all the year round, but on the south side there is no snow to be seen during the summer months. This is one of the strangest sights of the Southland. Down in the valley sunshine, golden oranges and eternal spring, above on the mountain top snow, bareness and desolation.

Then through the grape district of Grapeland, Etiwanda and Fontana. At Rialto the track runs south through orange groves to Riverside, passing at Crestmore one of the largest and most completely equipped cement plants in the world.

Just before we enter Riverside you will notice on the right of the track a mountain of three peaks. This is Rubidoux Mountain. In the old days a Frenchman by the name of Rubidoux kept a meal mill at the foot of the mountain and supplied the pioneers. Upon the summit of Rubidoux a cross has been placed in honor of the founder of the missions in California, Father Junipero Serra. Easter services are held at sunrise on the mountain.

Passing through Riverside, a prosperous city of 18,000 population, with splendid parks, schools, churches and so-forth, we pass down Magnolia Avenue, between great palms and pampas plumes for a distance of about nine miles to Arlington. Near the northern entrance of the avenue one of the parent orange trees may be seen.

At Arlington the Sherman Indian School is located. This school is maintained by the Government and no tuition is charged. However, when the children enter the school they must stay. In fact, they are not allowed to visit their homes for the first five years. Eight grades are taught. The course covers a variety of subjects from domestic science to trades, such as working in woods, metals, etc. It is remarkable that over eighty per cent of the students follow the trades they are taught. An opportunity is given to show the visitor some of the salient features of the institution and some of the handiwork of the Indians. We are taken through the dining room, where everything is found to be scrupulously neat and clean.

Leaving Arlington we return to Riverside and lunch at the Mission Inn, but to describe the beauties of this remarkable hotel will take another article, or a lecture in the museum and art gallery, where a wonderful old-world atmosphere surrounds a notable collection.

LOOKING OUT OVER SMILEY HEIGHTS

THE PASADENA BOY SCOUTS

TALLMAN H. TRASK, *Scout Executive, 72 N. Fair Oaks, Annex, City Hall. Phone Fair Oaks 472*

ALTHOUGH there have been Troops of Boy Scouts in Pasadena for several years and on two different occasions a temporary organization has been attempted, it was not until March of this year that a First Class Council was established. This Council is composed of over fifty of the most prominent men of Pasadena, with the following men composing the Executive Committee: Stuart W. French, President; Clinton Churchill Clark, Dr. James H. McBride, Dr. J. M. Rhodes, Vice Presidents; Edwin R. Sorver, Secretary; Chas. J. Hall, Treasurer; R. E. Winchester, Commissioner; Tallman H. Trask, Scout Executive; Joseph P. Howe, Dr. Chas. D. Lockwood, J. W. Reeder, J. C. Sloan and H. M. Snider.

The Pasadena Council will have supervision of all Scout activities in Pasadena, Lamanda Park, Altadena, San Marino, La Canada and will without doubt affiliate with Troops organized in South Pasadena and Sierra Madre.

The plans for the coming year included a ten days' vacation training camp at Howland's Landing on Catalina Island, a permanent week-end camp in the mountains near Pasadena, to which the local Scouts will go for training and recreation, spending a Friday night and Saturday once each month, a Scout Master's training class to prepare leaders for new Troops, a special class in signaling, and a standardized system of examinations. With these features in full operation, Pasadena will be one of the best established Scout Councils in the United States.

Although the Council has been organized only three months, the Pasadena Scouts made a remarkable record in the Victory Liberty Loan. They sold eight hundred and ninety-nine bonds, amounting to $129,300, in a five day Clean Up Campaign, after the city had been thoroughly canvassed by the regular campaign teams.

THE ORIGIN OF THE SUNFLOWER

By ROSE ZEIGLER WEILER

ON the wind-swept plains dwelt Heliantha, a beautiful maiden who was favored of the gods. Her hair glistened like polished stalks of ripe wheat, and her large brown eyes were like limpid pools beneath overhanging grasses.

Ormond, child of the sun, loved her, but being of a serious mind and having once declared his devotion, was content to worship her in silence. Hand in hand they wandered through the fragrant valley gathering roses, daisies and violets and weaving them into garlands as they rested on the mossy knolls, while they planned their coming marriage.

Heliantha loved these hours, but also had a taste for gayer things. Vivacious, proud of her charms and inordinately fond of flattery, she could not resist the admiration and favor of other village swains. Ormond at last became aware of her capriciousness and gently remonstrated. Seeing the sadness in her lover's face caused by her lightness, Heliantha promised fidelity. But naturally frivolous, she soon forgot the promise. Then, feeling that she was entirely heartless, Ormond bade her a sorrowful farewell and left the village never to return.

When she realized that her lover was gone forever, Heliantha found that she truly loved only Ormond, and in contrition repented having wronged him—with her whole soul she now longed for his return.

Day by day this longing grew until there came a night when she sat all through the long hours of darkness watching the stars and praying that he might come back. At daybreak she started out, over the paths where they had so often strolled, with the hope of finding him. All day she wandered. One path led out of the valley to the wooded slopes and up to the highlands, bare of trees—there she traveled along a dusty road till eventide.

The moon was shining brightly when she awoke and through the silvery night a soft, clear voice was speaking: "Heliantha, you have rejected and scorned the love of a sincere heart. You shall no more return to your beautiful valley, but henceforth shall wander on the fields and prairies, seeking him to whom you have been faithless. But you shall not find him. You knew not he was a child of the Sun and that his father had pitied his sorrow and taken him home."

The voice died away and looking about, Heliantha saw a rosy finger of light athwart the sky heralding the dawn. She tried to rise but found her feet firmly planted in the earth. Her brown eyes became one large velvety orb, and her golden tresses, no longer soft and wavy, encircled her face in short separate strands.

And there she stands with her face turned toward the sun, mutely imploring tidings, hoping that her penance may some time end and she may once more join her lover, Ormond, child of the Sun.

Today, her story forgotten, she is known only as the beloved sunflower of the Kansas prairies.

INTERNATIONAL RED CROSS

By J. B. COULSTON, *A. R. C. Zone Manager in France*

WHILE the Peace representatives have been engaged in Paris, representatives of the Red Cross societies of the allied countries have been holding conferences at Cannes in Southern France, formulating plans for the League of Red Cross Societies of the World, which it is believed will be of as much importance to the relief organizations of the world as the determinations of the Peace Conference or the League of Nations.

Mr. Henry P. Davison, until recently Chairman of the War Council of the American Red Cross, has been chairman of these meetings, and it is to his farsightedness and organizing ability that the successful carrying out of the plans will be due. It is hoped by means of the experience gained through the unequalled organization of the American Red Cross to make the League of Red Cross Societies the greatest humanitarian force ever set in motion in the interest of all races, sects, creeds and colors. The coordination of the Red Cross Societies of the World will be one of the greatest achievements of modern times. Its objects will be, not only to relieve distress wherever found, but to prevent disease and improve general health conditions.

As a result of the meeting at Cannes, a conference of the Red Cross Societies of the World has been called to meet at Geneva within thirty days after the signing of the Treaty of Peace, to propose and perfect details for a program of world Red Cross activities in the interest of humanity. This plan is receiving the active support of the heads of all the allied countries, and it is believed that eventually the organization will include Red Cross societies from every civilized nation.

The Inter-Allied Conference of Specialists has also been holding meetings at Cannes, to prepare a world-wide program for aiding humanity and combating diseases.

Mr. Davison states that it is not planned to interfere with or limit in any way the activities of National Red Cross organizations, but on the contrary to stimulate and enlarge the peace activities of their respective Governments in caring for public health and promoting public welfare. This public health conference will be followed by other meetings in order that a complete peace program may be submitted for consideration at Geneva.

The preliminary organization of the League of Red Cross Soiceties of the World was completed in Paris on May 5, and Mr. Henry P. Davison was elected Chairman of the Governing Board. The first members of the board are: Henry P. Davison, United States; Sir Henry Stanley, Great Britain; Count Kergorlay, France; Count Frascara, Italy; Prof. Niragawa, Japan. These five members will appoint ten more, who will serve until the general council convenes.

THE WORK OF THE JUNIOR RED CROSS

By MARGUERITE S. CAMERON

THE call of the American Red Cross for certain products has stimulated the craftsmen in Pasadena. The pulse of Junior Red Cross activities has registered a large share of their efforts. In some instances an old art has been revived, in others demands of war and shooting market prices have forced the creation of a wholly new activity.

In the latter class we place the toys which have been constructed by the Junior Red Cross Auxiliaries. War had cut off the Christmas toy supply from overseas. American craftsmen were still amateurs and so overburdened with war activities that it naturally fell to the boys and girls to become their own toy-makers. In the splendidly equipped manual training departments they set to work. The "made in America" slogan took fire. Art teachers and manual training supervisors led their classes into practical design. The variety and scope of toys in wood and tin leaped beyond fondest dreams. Just when the price of tin threatened to make its use prohibitive, the three-pound coffee tin emerged from the salvage enthusiasm. In the shops the boys reconstructed these into attractive watering cans, small carts, doll furniture and kitchen utensils. The art class turned its ingenuity to practical decoration, Red Cross Street created a public market, and the Junior Red Cross credit grew apace. The industry has come to stay. These attractive toys have meant more than a year's diversion. Out of the creation of the moment has arisen a vocational activity which will mean further creation, practical art decoration, and a vocation for some boys and girls in the craft of toy-making.

The making of furniture for our camps and hospitals at home and abroad and now for the homes of the refugees, as well as the making of canes, crutches and splints for the wounded has given splendid opportunity for the finest kind of service from the boys in the regular manual training classes. It was regular work, but it has been leavened by the high purpose of service for others.

The building of Red Cross convalescent hospitals and nurses' houses in these western states stimulated a second craft which had lagged into seclusion—hand weaving. Before the school year closes the Juniors will have completed over fifty rugs as part furnishing for these houses.

HIGH SCHOOL CLASS IN WEAVING

Bags, pillow tops, table runners and couch covers made of roving yarn and silks have evolved from the general interest in weaving as artistic expression. There is so great an opportunity for originality in design, color combination, etc. It is elastic, creative.

The Juniors have learned to weave because the Red Cross requested woven products. They have given their time and talent, and they have found new and permanent interest in this craft of "ye olden days."

THE DUNES OF MONTEREY

A Painting by H. A. Bruer, Photographed by Oscar Maurer, and to be seen in his studio, 3863 West Sixth Street, Los Angeles. Price Eight Hundred Dollars.

THE HIGH SCHOOL RUG ROOM

By ONE OF THE WEAVERS

THE textile classes of the Pasadena high school have taken upon themselves the responsibility of weaving rag rugs for the convalescent hospitals for the soldiers.

The new hospitals built hurriedly to take care of the shell-shocked and wounded soldiers recently returned from the battlefield, present a bare and cheerless appearance to the boys who have to spend much of their time in them. The addition of even an interesting rag rug or bed cover lends much to make things look more home-like.

Attractive bed covers made of silk neckties and garments discarded by the owners are among the things woven.

In the loom room are two looms presented by the Weavers Guild, and here the girls present an interesting appearance while busy with this fascinating work. They have sewed and dyed most of the rags, although they have been assisted in this by the Parent-Teachers Association and the Junior Red Cross. They hope to be able to finish a rug a day, up to the close of the school year. This work has been made to fit into the work in home decoration and textiles classes, and the girls are quite delighted with it.

COOPERATION AND CALIFORNIA WALNUTS

By H. H. WARNER

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA produces about ninety-seven per cent of all the English walnuts grown in the United States. The production is centered in a strip about 200 miles in length by 25 miles in breadth, extending along the coast from Santa Barbara to San Diego counties and including about 65,000 acres of orchards, approximately 45,000 acres of which are in bearing. In this area there are about 28 separate valleys, or districts, where walnut growing is one of the principal industries.

In general, walnut trees are planted about fifty feet apart, making seventeen trees to the acre. The total average production of bearing orchards is about 900 pounds per acre, and the cost of farming operations, including cultivating, irrigating, harvesting and taxes, is approximately $60 per acre. A total crop failure has never been known, and the prices received by the growers usually fluctuate according to the production. The walnut harvest generally commnces toward the last of September and continues through the months of October and November.

In the season of 1918 California produced the largest crop ever shipped from the State—some 35,000,000 pounds of exceptionally fine-quality nuts. The normal consumption in this country is over 70,000,000 pounds, the balance in normal years being imported from France, Italy and China. This past year, owing to war conditions, there were practically no importations, so that even the enormous crop in California was unable to meet the demand. Prices have therefore been very satisfactory to walnut growers, and practically no walnut groves are now being cut out to permit planting of citrus fruits, as has been the case to some extent for the past few years. In fact, there is a strong tendency toward increasing the acreage; and as many young groves are coming into bearnig, the normal production for the next few years will rapidly increase.

In 1900, after California growers had been at the mercy of speculative buyers for several years and had seldom received enough to pay for the cost of production, a cooperative movement was started by those growers who were dissatisfied with marketing conditions. The first steps were taken in 1905, through the organization of an executive committee, representing the majority of the local shippers, which agreed on uniform prices at the beginning of each season. The output was marketed through large, established brokerage houses here on the coast, who sold the crop at the prices determined upon by the committee. In 1913, after fifteen local organizations had joined the executive committee, the California Walnut Growers' Association was organized to undertake the marketing of the crop of its members through representatives in all eastern markets. The association started out and has consistently proceeded ever since upon the policy that there is always a satisfactory market for the highest quality product. The now famous Diamond Brand was established, and the trade was guaranteed that all nuts shipped under this brand would be of uniform high quality.

The association also named its selling prices for these Diamond Brand walnuts at the beginning of the harvest and guaranteed its prices against their own decline, thus protecting the trade from market demoralization and supplying it with a graded product of high quality.

The business founded on these fundamentally correct principles has grown steadily ever since, until the association members today are receiving satisfactory returns and Diamond Brand walnuts are consistently selling for more money than the imported nuts, which was far from being the case before the growers undertook to market their own output. Up to four or five years ago cull walnuts —those blemished or diseased, or having perforated shells—were a drug on the market, the growers receiving only from two to four cents per pound from peddlars who, in turn, misrepresented them as good walnuts to local markets. In order to take these poor-quality nuts off the market, the association established a by-products plant in 1914, which last season employed an average of 400 women at the height of the season. This plant is equipped with ingenious machines for cracking cull walnuts, which are shipped in by the members of the association. Edible meats are graded for size and color and the product is sold to wholesale grocery and confectionery stores. Even the shells are not wasted, for these are ground up and sold to large powder plants for use in the manufacture of dynamite. A return of several thousand dollars a year to the growers is made from this by-product alone. As a result of the highly developed "cracking plant," the growers are receiving from ten to twelve cents per pound for all their culls, as compared with the former price of approximately four cents per pound.

The California Walnut Growers' Association, through handling such a large volume of the business, has reduced the selling cost to its members to two and one-half per cent of the f.o.b. value of the product. Sales are made through over one hundred representatives in all the large cities, to some 1700 wholesalers and wholesale grocers in every state in the Union. This growers' cooperative marketing association now handles between seventy-five and eighty per cent of all walnuts produced in this state, returning to its 3000 members every cent received after actual operating expenses are paid. It ranks as one of the notably few strictly cooperative growers' marketing organizations that has achieved success in the nation-wide distribution of a California food product.

As the production is increasing every year, the association has now launched a national advertising campaign, designed to increase the consumption of Diamond Brand walnuts by showing the consumer that they are just as good to eat in May as in December.

INTERIOR OF WALNUT PACKING PLANT

FARMERETTES GATHERING DIAMOND BRAND WALNUTS

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THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

STEER BEEF VS. COW BEEF. THE SECOND ARTICLE BY SOUTHLAND'S GUIDE TO SANE LIVING

THERE are two ways to cut down the high cost of living: one is to spend less, the other is to get more for what you do spend. Yet how few women know how to use the second method. We see great double page advertisements telling us day after day where the bargains are displayed and we try to economize by buying five-cent lace for the baby's dress instead of the eight-cent lace we wanted. How are we to know that the five-cent lace at one store cost a cent and a half while that five-cent lace at the reliable store cost four cents? Five cents is five cents to us, and all we really accomplish with it is to help build up the fortunes of the boosters of the so-called bargain counters. The bargain counter has fooled us into making millionaires of unscrupulous tradesmen.

Our High Schools are now training girls in textiles as well as in other departments of Home Economics, but those of us who left school long ago have only sad experience to teach us. The federal and state laws protect us to some extent, but those who profiteer in war time can always find more ways still to do so in times of peace.

Our chief protection seems to be an intelligent search for honest experts in every line of trade. Having chosen carefully such an expert to do our wholesale buying, let us be loyal to him until he fails us, and thus build up sound business in our community.

Such an expert in the buying of food was found by the writer of this article when lately given the instructive pleasure of a talk with Mr. P. M. Young, the owner of a chain of eleven fine, first-class markets. Knowledge of the real difference between a round steak, self-larded and luscious, juicy and life-giving, cut from a steer that an expert has selected, and the curled-up, saucer-like piece of meat that will rock in the pan and stew in its own watery juice when we try to broil it on a hot griddle, this knowledge came like a revelation. It seems there is great difference in the food value of beef, pound for pound, the same cut from different animals. The beef of young steers fed for food purposes surpasses not only in flavor and tenderness, but in strength-building power that of the ill-fed animal, or of the dairy cattle developed for other purposes. Even inspected meat differs in food value given for the money. It is not economical to patronize the fake bargain-counter. True economy lies in getting the most food value for the money spent.

Now, when a market man takes the trouble to explain all this to the housewife in a manner both quiet and convincing,—when he gives away the secret and shows her how to know steer beef from cow beef, housekeepers and cooks all over the city may know that they can trust that market man to buy beef for them. When he says that Young's Market Company buys only steer beef, which has 20 per cent. more food value than cow beef and considerably less bone, we know why it has satisfied us to trade there. Mr. Young also explained how to select cheese and how to care for it in the store house. The testing of cheese made in different kinds of weather forms itself an interesting story. The same principles set forth in regard to beef apply to all food commodities. When we buy the best we get full value for the money we have to spend.

The way to meet the high cost of living is to train ourselves to see through all the camouflage of those who try to fool us, and trade with only those who buy the best, take proper care of it, and give full value when they sell it.

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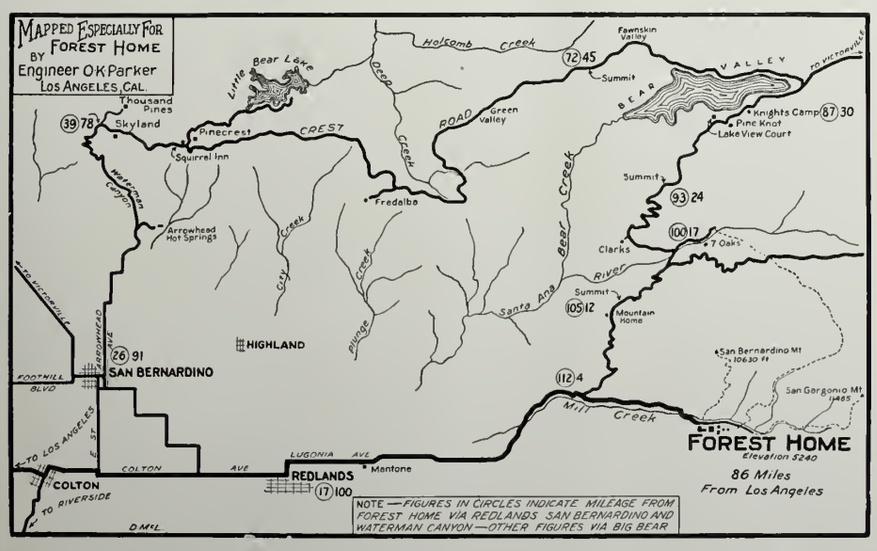

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PASADENA

A Vacation City---Recreation Parks in The Arroyo Seco and the Mountains Close at Hand

WELL-KNOWN throughout the world as one of California's most comfortable of winter tourist cities, Pasadena quietly, but rapidly, develops as a city of the home, the church and the school. Its churches number more than fifty. Its theatres, clubs and hotels are of a high grade. Its fine Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., its public library and splendid group of high school buildings, and other educational institutions are important influences. Its modest and beautiful bungalow homes are as great an attraction as are its magnificent residences. It is without saloons and is especially attractive as a residence city. Living expenses are not higher than elsewhere in this section of the country.

Lying near the beautiful Sierra Madre mountains, it has the advantages of mountain scenery, mountain water, refreshing breezes, and recreational opportunity. Situated in the far-famed San Gabriel valley, it is within easy reach of Los Angeles.

Electric light and water plants are municipally owned—the service is satisfactory and the price for both light and water is reasonable. The fire department is entirely equipped with motor-driven apparatus, and, with its six completely outfitted fire stations in various parts of the city, gives ample protection in case of fire. The city covers more than fourteen square miles and is from eight hundred to twelve hundred feet above sea level. The present population is between forty-five and fifty thousand.

Five parks furnish athletic fields, tennis courts, an open air plunge, picnic grounds and other recreational facilities. A parking space, with water and other conveniences is furnished for automobiles on touring trips.

Pasadena is noted for its clean and well-kept streets, its miles of trees in parkings, and the general cleanliness and safety provided for its citizens. It is linked up with Southern California's great boulevard system, affording the finest motoring in the world. The great Colorado street bridge over the Arroyo Seco, within the city, is notable in size, design and picturesque setting, and forms an important link in this system.

The city is governed by a commission of five members, who apportion its various activities and administer its affairs. It has been under this form of government for more than five years, and has experienced a most successful administration—much money has been expended for permanent improvements, tax values have been reduced, and the tax levy has been lowered. No bonds have been issued since 1912, when the water system was acquired. Few cities can show a more successful government.

CENTRAL VIEW OF HIGH SCHOOL, SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA.
AN EXAMPLE OF THE SCHOOL ARCHITECTURE OF ALLISON AND ALLISON, LOS ANGELES.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE—The cover plate on this number shows the entrance to the grammar school at Corona, Riverside county. This plate and three others, showing the work of Allison and Allison, are presented by courtesy of *The Architect*, San Francisco, which gave, in its issue of December, 1917, a comprehensive illustrated account of the school work of these Los Angeles architects.

Fortunate indeed is a city which has learned that all the slowly built-up knowledge of what is good in architecture is to be found in the offices of our trained architects. On them rests the responsibility of seeing that the public buildings are beautiful and up-to-date and they alone should be asked to decide what is good in architecture and what is bad.

The full page illustration of the State Normal School at Los Angeles, page 6, gives but a glimpse of that superb group; and the Glendora Grammar School is typical of the charming appeal of all the work this firm has done for California and the good taste of her people.

THE CITIES OF SANTA MONICA AND OCEAN PARK

THE crescent of California Coast which curves around Los Angeles has for its northern tip the choicest of the many pleasure cities which stud it thickly like a brooch of pearls. Santa Monica and Ocean Park together hold all the salient features of shore life on the Pacific Coast. Pleasure pier and bath houses, public tennis courts and golf course, theaters and public libraries all excellent in quality and management, furnish the amusement and recreation demanded of a beach town. But the situation of Santa Monica is its chief asset which its twelve or more thousand enterprising citizens have studied and used to the utmost advantage. Posed on stately palisades above the beach, its high ocean front has been preserved for a park and boulevard. Rolling hills beyond the boulevard make sightly places for residences along a livable little canyon that breaks the monotony of the long beach line. Here is a pleasant and comfortable residence town undisturbed by the crowds upon the beach.

By some unusual forethought the whole length of the Palisades has been made into a park well planted and a delightful place to watch the waves or to lie in the sunshine and listen to the ocean's roar.

Since the measure of a city is seen in its schools, the handsome new high school with its outdoor auditorium may stand for the quality of the people who have built it. Set on a hill, beautiful in its grouping, this delightful example of all that is best in California school building, noted the country over, seems to enjoy its situation and to smile on all who come within the circle of its influence.

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No. 6 AUGUST-SEPTEMBER, 1919

CONTENTS

		PAGE
THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, CORONA		Cover Design
Allison and Allison, Architects.		
PORTRAIT OF MISS MARION-MABEL URMY		Contents Design
A great granddaughter of the Rev. E. Thomas (1814-1873), a founder of Methodist journalism and education in California. Photograph by Rena Cary Sheffield.		
THE NORMAL SCHOOL	*Ernest C. Moore*	5
RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE SCIENTIST	*George E. Hale*	8
SOUTHLAND OPINION		
TO THE YOUTH OF OUR DEMOCRACY	*Albert Shiels*	11
THE WORK THAT LIES BEFORE US	*Frederick Davies*	11
COLLEGE ARCHITECTURE	*M. U. Seares*	12
THE AIMS OF OCCIDENTAL COLLEGE	*William D. Ward*	12
BRITISH BALLADS	*Hubert G. Shearin*	13
AT THE SOUTHLAND'S SUMMER SCHOOL	*Richard Burton*	14
THE UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA	*Paul Spencer Wood*	14
GATEWAYS TO PASADENA	*J. J. Hamilton*	15
CALIFORNIA GOTHIC		16
THE GARDEN SMOCK		17
FURNITURE THAT FITS	*Kate Greenleaf Locke*	18
DESIGN IN THE SCHOOLS	*Fanny M. Kerns*	19
TUDOR HOUSE		19
YACHTING TIPS	*W. C. Sawyer*	20
THE COMMUNITY KITCHEN	*Helen L. Coffin*	21
THE SAN BERNARDINO MOUNTAINS	*R. S. Vaile*	22
A PLACE FOR A FOUNTAIN		23

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AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF NATIONAL INTEREST

THE SOUTHERN BRANCH OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

By ERNEST C. MOORE

THE plant of the Los Angeles State Normal School is large and commodious. Moreover, it is a group of beautiful buildings. The Southern California Chapter of the American Institute of Architects awards an annual medal for meritorious work in architecture, "the purpose being to give recognition to work of unusual or particular merit." Its first medal was awarded to the Los Angeles State Normal School. The report of the jury has this to say about these buildings: "It is a well balanced group plan, free, straightforward, and losing nothing essential in the way of symmetry. The exteriors express a sentiment sympathetic with the development of the American youth. The facades are quiet and free from an atmosphere of pedantry." There are ten buildings in the scheme. Two barracks buildings, convertible into some twenty-four classrooms, have been added on the outskirts of the grounds. This school plant provides space enough for three thousand students. As a normal school it has about twelve hundred students to care for. It is evident that the State of California was not getting satisfactory returns for its investment as long as it did not use this educational plant to capacity.

The normal school, as it now exists in America, is an anachronism. It is no longer a going concern, but it is not through any fault of its own that failure is written upon it. It exists to provide teachers for the elementary schools; and the elementary school, since it trains all the people, is the chief reliance of the nation. It has had a curious history. It was at first a Prussian institution, created for purposes just the opposite of those for which we use it today. The Prussians relied upon it to keep their people in servility. We rely upon it to make our people free.

The American elementary school is the transplanted volkschule which Horace Mann and Calvin Stowe, and their colleagues of the elementary school revival, brought back with them from Prussia. Since it was created to do a specific work in Prussia, teachers had to be trained to do that work, and to be trained they had to be sent to

Oscar Maurer

A GLIMPSE OF THE UNIVERSITY CAMPUS AT BERKELEY
NORTH HALL, NOW TORN DOWN, MAKES SPACE FOR THE NEW LIBRARY IN WHITE MARBLE. JOHN GALEN HOWARD, ARCHITECT

DETAIL, MAIN ENTRANCE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, SOUTHERN BRANCH OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, AT LOS ANGELES

school. If they had been allowed to go to the universities for that training, they would have gotten a ruling class education and would not thereafter have epitomized in their own persons that servility to their high-born rulers which the state intended them to teach. It is always well to have the blind lead the blind, if they are to have no benefit of seeing. So Prussia decided, for reasons which were peculiarly her own, that her elementary school teachers must not be trained in a university but must be trained in a second class institution. That is the origin of the normal school. A second-class institution it was intended to be and a second-class institution we have allowed it to remain, although when we borrowed it from Prussia we put it to doing a first-class work. It is not intended to teach inferiors here, yet it occupies an inferior position, is outside of the system of higher education, and consequently trains for an inferior position.

Everywhere we are discovering that we must build our education upon stronger foundations than we have yet provided. General Wood and Judge Hughes, neither of whom found the teacher's work an American issue which demanded a place in the speeches which they former-

ly made, find it a superimportant issue now. Scores of powerful champions now demand an adequate recognition of the teacher's service who took it for granted in the days before the war. The teacher must not only be better paid, he must be better trained than formerly. The isolation of the normal school must be given up. It must not go apart by itself and live a life of its own. It must come out of its academic retirement and become an integral part of the college and university life of the nation. A great medical or law school cannot be built up save as a part of a great university, neither can a great institution for the training of teachers exist apart from the organizations which have charge of the higher professional training for other callings. Because they exist in isolation, the normal schools do not attract the large numbers of students from which they should be able to select the best for training in the teacher's profession. Teacher training has suffered by going apart and becoming a disconnected affair. It has cut itself off from the vitality of the educational trunk. The whole future of our undertaking depends upon the normal schools getting into organic relation with the colleges and universities in order that they may draw their students from the large companies who have not made up their minds when they graduate from the high school what their life work is to be.

And those who teach teachers must take their place in the academic army on the same footing as their fellows to whom the professional training for other callings is committed. They must not think of themselves as inferiors or of their service as inferior, but as equals performing an equally difficult and responsible service. There can be no profession of teaching until there is professional knowledge, zeal, and pride on the part of those who foster it. Nothing is well done in a normal school that cannot be better done in a university with the incitement and the stimulus of a great company of fellow students and fellow teachers to augment our efforts.

And the students themselves must not be compelled to give up what those of them who are most serious-minded most want; namely, to go on to college, in order to come to our classes. There are many kinds of colleges now; why should not the teachers' college be one of them? In most places the students must bring the same preparation to get into the normal school that would admit them to the college. Their preparation has been college preparation; they are of college age; their instruction is no less thorough than college instruction is, but their course is shorter and it does not lead to a college degree. All through their course they feel that they are in a blind alley, that they would have been wiser if they had chosen to go to college instead. And in public estimation they would have been. Public estimation is sometimes wrong and this may be, and most likely is, one of the times. Nevertheless, the issues of teacher training are too important to be forced to carry a needless handicap.

Our elementary school teachers should be expected to train themselves thoroughly and should be surrounded with inducements to do so. They do not have an opportunity to do that in the Normal School. They come by hundreds to us after graduating from our courses to ask for additional work.

We think that our undertaking is serious enough to warrant us in offering a four-year course, instead of the two-year general professional course which we now offer. Since there is a great shortage of teachers at present it would not be wise to lengthen the period of study which is required for the teacher's license, but it would undoubtedly be wise to add to it a course of further study which should lead to a degree.

The Los Angeles State Normal at present is a collection of eight different schools, of which the general professional course is but one, though it is the largest. There is a School of Music, with a four-year course, which leads to the secondary teacher's certificate, which authorizes the holder to teach music in a California high school. There is a School of Fine Arts, with a four year course, which leads to a smiliar certificate to teach Fine Arts. There is a School of Home Economics, with a four-year course; a School of Commercial Practice; a School of Physical Education; and a School of Mechanic Arts. In addition to these schools with their four-year courses, there is a Kindergarten Training School with a two-year course. It is our purpose to make all these courses so thorough and so rich in content that the students who worthily complete them will merit the bachelor's degree.

As long as we were a normal school, a provision of the state law forbade us to admit students to any of our courses who did not make a declaration that they were fitting themselves to teach. A young woman who wanted to attend our classes in Music or Fine Arts or Home Economics, or a young man who wanted to attend our School of Commercial Practice or Mechanic Arts was barred by that law. Now that we are to be a branch of the University of California, such students will be admitted as long as their presence does not exclude those who offer themselves as candidates for the full course.

This region has a large population, great numbers of students, and as good schools as are to be found anywhere. Its people feel that its elementary school teachers should be as well trained as schools can train them, and that a college course, leading to an academic degree, is not too thorough a preparation to open to them.

In addition to this amplifying of the work of teacher training, there is great need in this part of the state for a college of at least junior grade conducted by the University of California. There are hundreds of our own best young men and women who find themselves too poor to travel five hundred miles to college. The State is attempting to put college education within their reach. It has converted the Los Angeles State Normal School into the Southern California Branch of the University of California. At present it has two primary functions: The organizing and conducting of junior college classes and the more thorough training of teachers in a series of four-year courses.

The exclusive right to grant degrees on behalf of the State has long been committed to the State University. The University is a statewide institution, which must be one in organization and management, but which should and does have parts in the several regions of the state where its work is the most needed. A long state like California cannot well gather all its students into one place for instruction, yet its higher educational system must be one unified undertaking without the possibility of competing rival institutions or wasteful dismemberment of educational forces. It was quite clear to us that if our school was to become a college, the only way it could do so was by becoming a part of the University of California. To that end, the Trustees of the Normal School asked the Legislature to transfer its plant and equipment, worth about a million dollars, to the Regents of the State University. The Legislature directed that that transfer be made, and on July 21st the bill will take effect, and the two schools will become one.

The administration of the local branch of the University will be looked after for the Regents by a subcommittee of their body made up of six members, three of whom reside in Los Angeles. A faculty has been appointed and plans are being completed for next year's work. Inasmuch as the appropriations which the Legislature was able to make for the new undertakings were small, it authorized the limiting of the enrollment for the present to such members as the school could handle with the funds at its disposal. Consequently but three hundred students will be admitted to the junior college and but one thousand to the teachers' college classes for the next year.

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, GLENDORA. ALLISON AND ALLISON, ARCHITECTS

THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE SCIENTIST

By GEORGE ELLERY HALE, *Honorary Chairman, National Research Council*

Read at the Pasadena Meeting of the Pacific Division, American Association for the Advancement of Science at Throop College, June 20, 1919

LITTLE more than two years ago the American man of science was in his laboratory busy with the problems of research. The possibilities of progress were never greater, and the obligation to exceptional effort, for the purpose of assisting to retrieve some of the heavy losses suffered by science through the war, was constantly before him. But the perennial attractions of research and the strongest desire to advance science were insufficient to hold his attention. He watched with indignation the piratical attacks of the submarine, the brutal invasion of provinces and states, the unspeakable horrors of the German advance. Undeceived by specious pleas for peace, he recognized the clear duty of the United States, and chafed at repeated delays, when quick and determined action would have saved countless lives. And when, at last, we entered the war, he eagerly grasped any opportunity for service that came to him. Sometimes the opportunity did not come, and he then accepted the more difficult, but no less obvious duty to persevere in his researches and thus to preserve the continuity of scientific progress.

TRACTOR DAY AT THE GRADUATE SCHOOL OF TROPICAL AGRICULTURE, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, AT RIVERSIDE

During the war the experience of the man of science has sometimes been confusing, and it is possible that his responsibilities on the return of peace will not always be clearly recognized. Men who have previously devoted their lives to the advancement of knowledge have suddenly been called upon to solve practical problems of the greatest military or industrial importance. In attacking these new questions, they have shown remarkable powers of adaptation, and surprise has often been expressed that they could turn so readily from fundamental researches for the increase of knowledge to the most intensely practical undertakings.

But a moment's consideration will show how easily the change has been effected. An eminent physicist develops a new range-finder, which is adopted by the Navy because of its superiority to any existing instrument. But what could be less surprising, in view of his life-long success in devising new optical instruments for physical research? Several men of science, working in close co-operation, effect great improvements in a device for accurately locating invisible submarines, even when completely at rest and emitting no sound. But the fundamental principles and methods involved in this war research were precisely the same that these investigators have employed for years in their electrical and astronomical investigations. And so I might go on, mentioning scores of important war services performed by physicists, mathematicians, chemists, astronomers, meteorologists, geologists, botanists, zoologists, bacteriologists, anthropologists, psychologists, and investigators dealing with every branch of science, whose previous efforts have been wholly devoted to the advancement of knowledge.

Some of these men, when seriously reflecting upon their responsibilities at the close of the war, have hesitated to return to their old tasks. They have often been applauded by those who know nothing of research, for their newly-discovered ability to accomplish "practical" results, and to contribute in this obvious way to the public welfare. Or they have been offered by the industries salaries far in excess of those they receive from the university or technical school. Which way shall they turn? How may they best serve the world?

These questions have been clearly answered long since, not only by students of science, but no less emphatically by great leaders of industry. No American engineer stands higher than J. J. Carty, Chief Engineer of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, recently Colonel in the Signal Corps, in charge of our lines of communication in Europe. In his address as President of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, after showing that the industries, through self-interest, will provide amply for industrial research, Colonel Carty dwells on the importance of fundamental researches in science, and remarks, "By every means in our power, therefore, let us show our appreciation of pure science and let us forward the work of the pure scientists, for they are the advance guard of civilization. They point the way which we must follow. Let us arouse the people of our country to the wonderful possibilities of scientific discovery and to the responsibility to support it which rests upon them, and I am sure they will respond generously and effectively."

ARTHUR NOYES, CHEMIST; GEORGE E. HALE, ASTRONOMER, AND ROBERT A. MILLIKAN, PHYSICIST, ON THE PORCH OF THE CHEMISTRY BUILDING, THROOP COLLEGE

Or take the word of W. R. Whitney, Director of the great industrial laboratory of the General Electric Company:

"Necessity is not the mother of invention; knowledge and experiment are its parents. This is clearly seen in the case of many industrial discoveries; high-speed cutting tools were not a necessity which preceded, but an application which followed, the discovery of the properties of tungsten-chromium-iron alloys; so, too, the use of titanium in arc lamps and of vanadium in steel were sequels to the industrial preparation of these metals, and not discoveries made by sheer force of necessity."

Or remember the statement of Huxley:

"I weigh my words when I say that if the nation could purchase a potential Watt, or Davy, or Faraday, at the cost of a hundred thousand pounds down, he would be dirt-cheap at the money. It is a mere commonplace and every-day piece of knowledge that what these men did has produced untold millions of wealth in the narrowest economical sense of the word."

How true this is, how directly the greatest practical advances are dependent upon researches made solely for the advancement of knowledge, without any thought of immediate application, is well illustrated in the case of wireless telegraphy. The existence of waves in the ether, much longer than those that give the impression of light, but traveling with the same velocity, was first definitely shown by Maxwell, in his purely mathematical investigations on the electromagnetic theory of light. For twenty years these waves were known only in his equations, but in 1888 Hertz found that they were actually emitted by a spark in his laboratory, and could easily be detected across the room and at greater distances. This made wireless telegraphy possible. Afterwards it was only a question of perfecting the transmitting and receiving devices in order to increase their range. This was no light task, and we owe much to Marconi and others for accom-

plishing it. But it is plain that wireless telegraphy could not have been even imagined before the discovery of electric waves in the ether by Maxwell and Hertz.

Some advances in science are less direct in their application, but even more significant. Of what benefit to the world is astronomy, the oldest of the sciences? I need not dwell on its obvious applications in the measurement of time, in accurate surveys of the earth's surface, in the determination of positions at sea. These uses render astronomy invaluable, but they do not represent its greatest contribution to the world.

To appreciate this, we must turn to the pages of Henri Poincaré, in his little book on "The Value of Science." The basis of scientific progress is law, and we owe the conquest of law to astronomy. Where would our modern civilization be, asks Poincare, if the earth, like Jupiter, had always been enveloped by clouds? Our remotest ancestors were creatures of superstition, surrounded by mysteries, startled at every display of incomprehensible forces, accustomed to attribute all natural phenomena to the caprice of good and evil spirits. Today we no longer implore the aid of nature: we command her to do our bidding, because we have learned some of her secrets, and are constantly solving others. We command her in the name of laws which she cannot repudiate, because they are her own. Recognizing, as we do, the unchangeable character of these laws, we do not foolishly demand that they be changed, but submit ourselves to them, and utilize them to the advantage of mankind.

Astronomy taught us the existence of the laws of nature. The Chaldeans, first to observe the heavens attentively, perceived harmony of motion and sequence of phenomena. Day and night, the round of the seasons, the phases of the moon, the periodic wanderings of the planets, held their attention and encouraged their study. Their work was continued by the Greek astronomers, who discovered rule after rule with the simple instruments at their command. Tycho Brahe, Copernicus, Kepler, and Galileo pushed forward the advance at an accelerating rate, until Newton finally announced the oldest, the most accurate, the simplest and the most general of all natural laws.

Encouraged by these never-ending successes, students turned their attention to the phenomena of the earth's surface, and found in their apparent disorder the same harmony and the same reign of law. But the infinite variety of nature, the conflict of forces, and the extreme complexity of terrestrial phenomena would have greatly delayed progress if the simple and easily-discovered rules of the heavens had not pointed the way. Faced with discouragement, the physicist or the zoologist could fall back upon the assurance, which astronomy had repeatedly afforded, that nature does obey laws. Their task, therefore, was to discover these laws, and to persist in their endeavors until the difficulties had been overcome.

I wish that time permitted me to follow Poincaré further and to show how the world's debt to astronomy rests not merely upon her initial discovery of natural laws, but also upon her proof that these laws, once accurately determined, are unchangeable through the centuries, and that they apply in every part of the visible universe. I might also show how Copernicus and Galileo, when they demonstrated that the sun and not the earth is at the center of our system, smashed into fragments the mediaeval mode of thought, and re-established the true methods of science, previously used in more restricted form by the Greeks. If it were still maintained that the task of astronomy has been accomplished, I might point out that only yesterday it demonstrated that the elements and some of the compounds of the chemist are not confined to the earth, but are present in the most distant stars, and that the latest developments of electrical theory and the most recent investigations on the nature of matter are tested by observations of the sun, stars, and nebulae. And I might add, if I thought it would strengthen the argument, that the light gas helium, which was first produced on a large scale during the war, and would have rendered the great bombing dirigibles of the Allies practically safe over Berlin, because of its non-inflammable and non-explosive character, was discovered in the sun a quarter of a century before it was found on the earth.

PRESENTING THE COLORS, R. O. T. C. THROOP COLLEGE
ON THE PORCH OF PASADENA HALL, HUNT AND GRAY, ARCHITECTS

But I have said enough, I hope, to convince you that astronomy has been of real service to the world, and that its study should be continued, especially in this prolific period when our understanding of the extent and nature of the universe is advancing more rapidly than ever before. And if the present duty of the astronomer to advance the knowledge of his science is plain, that of the investigator in every other field is equally so. He should return to research, with new vigor and redoubled energy, without troubling himself for a moment with the question of immediate practical return.

Industrial research must be enormously developed in the United States, and the old distinction between pure and applied science must be swept away.* But once awakened, as they already are, the industries may be trusted to follow the example of the du Pont Company, which began with five research chemists in 1902, and spent three millions in their research laboratories during 1918. The task of the educational institution and of the private research foundation under such conditions is a tremendous one. They must not only develop investigators capable of doing the work of the industries, as the German universities have done for so many years; they must also push forward, on a far greater scale than ever before, their researches for the advancement of knowledge. Only thus can the highest advantage of science and industry, the chief interests of public welfare, and the greatest national progress, be attained.

COMMENCEMENT DAY, THROOP COLLEGE, 1917
FACADE OF CHEMISTRY BUILDING—ELMER GRAY AND BERTRAM G. GOODHUE, ARCHITECTS

*See Hale, "The National Engineering Societies and the National Research Council."

SOUTHLAND

To the Youth of Our Democracy

HIGH SCHOOL graduation is a big event in the life of any boy or girl, and it may well be a period of joyous congratulation. Although there are those who speak patronizingly of the young folks who are graduating from high school, it is well to remember how small a part of our population, even in our democracy, has succeeded in getting so far in education. Of course, this does not mean that the high school graduate should feel superior to other people. A better education means but one thing: a heavier responsibility. Yet the city is proud of those of its youth who have devoted more than a quarter of an average lifetime to learning.

But one would scarcely be satisfied to say that all such graduates have is some knowledge and a mastery of the three R's. What else have they? They enjoy, I hope, the conditions necessary for retaining knowledge clearly and using it wisely. I do not mean money, for that will come and go. I do not even mean popularity, for that flows and ebbs. The big conditions are health, character, judgment, and self-control. These they must have, must conserve and develop, else the whole educational scheme has been a failure. Already we have a big list. To know not a little of the various arts and sciences, to use them, to be strong, healthy, clean in mind and body,—this is a fine education. The ten or twelve years of school have not been wasted.

And yet, if they have knowledge and the tools of knowledge, if they have health and character, and do not use them for a purpose, what would it all amount to? Usually there is always one purpose. Life makes it necessary. Everyone says, "I am going to make a good living; get a good job; own a lucrative business. What I am going to use my stock of learning for is to be rich." Well, that is a perfectly normal aim. We all love prosperity, especially our own. Yet you cannot work out a scheme of life merely on the theory that everything must be devoted to making a fortune; that is, to having a nice house, and an automobile, and a generous table, and rich clothes. For life is more than food and raiment. Some of the most delightful things in the world are those which depend not on how much money they cost, but upon how much appreciation we have to enjoy them. Therefore, besides working for a mere living, we must provide for a wise use of our leisure time. If these young people are going to be whole men and women, they must be trained for leisure as for work. Indeed, one cannot really speak with certainty of the civilization of a community unless one knows how its people spend their holidays as well as their working days. When the movies and the poolrooms and the merry-go-rounds are the only pleasures that get attention, and when the books, and pictures, and music are abandoned, there is something wrong. It is not a question of recreation. It is a question of developing a spirit, a soul. We have got into a bad habit of supposing that everybody works only to benefit himself. As a matter of fact, in every human being there is a great well-spring bursting to do something for the people about. If we do not tap it, it dries up. The greatest men and the finest women are those who know it is running fresh in their breasts and who are ready to work and plan and think of something beyond themselves.

No man lives quite alone. Whatever he does for himself affects his community for good or ill. But whatever he does consciously for his community benefits the community and benefits himself. Now, it so happens in our own country that there has been developed among us a form of government that we call democracy, which is wholly dependent for its continuance and survival on the solution of this problem of one's purpose in life. There are really two fundamental forms of government. In the one form some single person or group of persons undertakes to take care of the community. Sometimes they do it well and sometimes not. But always theirs is the responsibility. The duty of all the other persons is to follow the path laid out for them, to do what they are told. The theory is that the few people at the top have the training and the intelligence, and the ability, and that if the others simply attend to their own affairs and learn the lessons of absolute obedience, there will be a working government. That was the German conception. We need not stop to debate as to the merits of this idea, because the idea has itself been pretty well settled by the results of the late war. But I do wish to point out that it did make the duty of the ordinary citizen rather easy. To follow his leader and then, beyond that, to look after himself, is a simple formula and does not involve very much conscious responsibility.

Now, the other form of government, which is ours, conceives that the responsibility for the welfare of the whole rests upon the shoulders of every one in the group. Morally, no one can escape it. If among a thousand there is just one who forgets his share in the common work, then we have a weak spot in the government. If there be a dozen, it is weaker. But if there be a very great number who forget this common relation and common responsibility and who conceive of their whole duty as merely looking after themselves, then the whole scheme of democracy fails. You may glorify it in a speech, you can describe its virtues in a book; but there is no escaping one fact: A democracy is good or it is bad, just to the degree that all the people or only a few realize their share in the scheme.

There is bound to be slumping and slacking, because human beings are not perfect. Some will fail; and many, alas, will be indifferent,—unless at some period of great emergency like the late war. That means that the others will have to take up their own burden and will have to bear that of their neighbors also. The others, who are they? Are they to be the aliens recently landed on our shores, who know little of our institutions and in many cases not even our language? Surely not. Are they to be the ignorant ones or those of limited schooling? May we call first upon those who have none of life's advantages, or are handicapped by a lack of opportunity? That burden belongs more than all to those who have best reaped from the country its advantages and opportunities, who have received whatever is good in our schools, who have learned the lessons of patriotism, not merely as an emotion but as a conviction. Among them there is none so conspicuous as the graduate of the American High School. For him is the one dominant purpose: to preserve this democracy by so framing his life and directing his aims that he shall be dedicated to the welfare of this country and to the preservation of its best institutions. No matter who else fails, the high school graduate must not fail.

And what a noble purpose it is! When the standard-bearer of the regiment falls, he passes the flag to another: in the carnage of battle that flag is passed from hand to hand that it may be preserved for the glory of the regiment. That is a fine picture. But it is framed in a small compass when compared with this other and greater function, the passing of the Standard of Democracy from hand to hand, no matter what individual fails.

It has taken men centuries to develop any sort of society that will preserve them the right to live peacefully with one another. 'Way back in the dawn of time, the struggle began, from the family to the tribe, to the state. How slowly men learned to work in unison! How painfully the old rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness were acquired! There are great bright spots in history to remind us of the critical times when democracy was almost lost and then won: Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights, the story of the Charter Oak, the great Declaration, the Civil War, and this last and most awful struggle that counted treasure by billions

OPINION

and lives by millions to preserve this right. We can see that banner passed on from hand to hand, through the great panorama of history.

It is not in war alone that a democracy calls upon its people for service. Always in peace the danger is from within, the danger of selfish exploitation or civic indifference. It is not the splendor of its public buildings, but the loyalty of its citizens, that makes a city great. Trustees, governors, legislators are but the humble instruments in the hands of the people who must themselves determine the salvation of democracy. For democracy is not in Washington or in Sacramento. It lies in our hearts, and its fate is carried in our hands. Let others be indifferent. Let others fail. For them you are not responsible. But you, the graduates of high school, you can yourselves control.

There are times when there is neither war nor peace. It is like a twilight or a dawn. Such a time we have with us now. We call it a period of reconstruction, of rehabilitation. The cauldron of the world has been mightily stirred, and the dregs are coming to the top. We have defeated autocracy, but there remains another foe. We have seen it in Russia, and we have seen its outcome. Even in our country, we find its supporters. The people who but a year or two ago were plotting against our nation, who were pleading for Germany and begging that we should play the coward's part when our own civilization was at stake, are among the ones who today seek to destroy our own traditions, to overturn the painfully wrought structure which it has taken ten thousand years to erect, to substitute for it anarchy and violence and revolution. For the old autocracy of birth we are asked to exchange another autocracy of ignorance.

And these appeals are cunningly worded. Such pleasing terms as liberty, the rights of man, the new justice—any phrase that may be coined to interest those sympathetic and sentimental souls who never have to trouble with such old-fashioned things as reflection and clear thinking, all these motives are employed because they are lurid, violent or novel.

So that upon those in a community who are bound to no class, but whose loyalty tomorrow, as yesterday, is for the whole country, those who have had some training, some knowledge, some skill, those who are mentally, physically, and spiritually strong, it is upon those the nation must depend at such troubled times. To them especially is consigned the survival, the care and protection of our country. We never shall permit our country to be another Germany; neither do we wish it to be a second Russia.

There are doubtless many people who think themselves good citizens, who find that a discussion of such subjects is unpleasant. It is so much easier to turn to our social engagements, to go back to our bank accounts, or if it be election day, to play a game of golf. The slackers of democracy may be found in all places and in all conditions. The workers must make up for them by added efforts.

The war is over. But to you who graduate from high school this year comes the trumpet call for service. Fix things in their true perspective. Place yourselves and your interests where you will in the picture, but remember that they must have a minor place, else even you will not yourself survive. It does not require any great learning to perceive the real problems. We can all know what this country stands for; we can all know what threatens it outside and in. The most ignorant knows the difference between the principle of right and wrong. But to carry out the principle, to give service consistently and wisely,—this does require some knowledge, some skill, some feeling, some understanding, and some love. For this purpose especially, and for no less purpose, do the high schools of America exist. You, the young men and women, are the leaders! To you are consigned the interests of our country!

ALBERT SHIELS,
Superintendent of the Los Angeles City Schools.

The Work That Lies Before Us

WE must make very sure that there is no social injustice, no unfair exploiting of labor, no wicked luxury existing side by side with unnecessary want. We must see that wages are adequate, and time of labor so apportioned as to make life worth living. We must try to establish freedom from foul air, dangerous conditions, unrelieved monotony, brutal bullying, bribery, and corruption. We must go on making Liberty Loans, and our securities must be public parks, playgrounds, proper places of entertainment and refreshment, good music, and good art. We must try to see that every free man lives in a decent home; that little children have freedom to grow and be healthy, and love and laugh; that the criminal is freed from senseless torture and possesses the possibility of reform; and that the poor prostitute is freed from her awful slavery of body and soul.

When we are once sure that these liberties are universal, we can safely hold men to an account of strict justice—justice for rich as well as for poor; for employer as well as for employed. When we have established the liberty of men's bodies, we can teach them Mazzini's great doctrine, to recognize their duties rather than to clamor for their rights: but it will be hard to teach them that until we are all convinced that there is some measure of such liberty for every man.—From the Convention Address of the Right Reverend Frederick Davies, Bishop of Western Massachusetts.

Omitting the Management

OF THE various problems upon which the war has shed a flood of light the most pressing is the relation between capital and labor. Whoever can do straight thinking on this subject now should do it out loud so that all citizens may follow his logic and test his solution.

For the extremists on either side of the question there has lately been uttered this new view of the problem:

"The parties to industry are [not two, but] four in number; they are Capital, Management, Labor, and the Community. . . . Management is an entirely separate and distinct part of industry. Its function is essentially administrative; it comprises technical skill and managerial experience."

Is not this field, of management, the no-man's land across which capital and labor have been firing at each other to the detriment of the community. Should it not be instead the meeting place for all the other factors interested?

Here is another thought from the same source. It applies to those who, through the accumulation of wages, are now rapidly changing their position from that of laborite to that of capitalist. In that process they are in danger not only of ignoring the necessity of careful management, but of forgetting their obligation to the community which makes their improved condition possible.

"The day has past when the conception of industry as chiefly a revenue-producing process can be maintained. To cling to such a conception is only to arouse antagonisms and to court trouble." The purpose of the whole of industry is primarily to serve the community—the whole community.

M. U. S.

With this number, California Southland completes its first year of six issues. Started in August, 1918, when the necessity for recording our war work and of meeting local conditions weighed heavily upon the publicity department of the Pasadena Chapter A. R. C., California Southland was born in war time. Its second issue struggled out of the press-rooms in Los Angeles as the armistice was being signed, and, like many another enterprise, it found itself full panoplied for war just as Germany lay down. Its present attitude is, therefore, fully expressed in Dr. Shiels' splendid address which fills the editorial pages of this school number.

COLLEGE ARCHITECTURE

An Appreciation of the Work of Myron Hunt
Architect for Occidental College

Out of the experience gained by Mr. Myron Hunt in his plans for the different needs of Throop College of Technology, Pomona College and Occidental College, and more especially out of his conscientious preparation and study for those plans, the West gains a large fund of wisdom. In the development of these campus plans, Mr. Hunt has placed on record the fact that college architecture must first of all be flexible. Let who will come after him in the designing of individual buildings, the man whose campus plan is accepted will guide or block the wheels of progress.

The University of California set pace in this matter when it spent a large appropriation in order to have thought out by all the leading architects of the world a fundamental plan comprehensive and adaptable to whatever may be demanded of it.

Just as flexibility on the campus means that any single building may be modified or moved from its original place in the plans; so flexibility inside a building provides for changes demanded by the growth of the college. The stately buildings of Occidental, whose true and dignified lines must influence every pupil, are built like great office buildings in their interior arrangement. Every partition can be moved when larger classes or administrative changes call for it.

All the work of the past ages, the slow development of beauty out of use, the careful study of Greek art which devoted hundreds of years to the curve of a molding, all these are ours, not in a vague way, but actually to be called upon in the person of the trained architect. With this training to aid his natural ability and his good taste, the architect plays with his chosen medium and cannot fail to express the character and desires of those for whom he builds. But the inspiration of untouched hills and plains, the pleasure of new problems of environment and use make modification and adaptation and even the origination of new forms inevitable.

The charming academic retirement of the campus at Pomona and its exquisite Music Hall, in which the artist has expressed a delight in music as well as the delicacy of a memorial, these are the rare possessions at Claremont. In the more difficult problem at Throop the use which the townspeople might make of the buildings must be combined with the rugged character of engineering studies. Occidental, on the other hand, seems to the writer to have faced the problem of the community as one fully and fundamentally its own. Set upon seven hills just ouside the busy city, its chaste and somewhat severe architectural attitude seems to express, in the beautiful language of all time, that restraint which our slowly-acquired civilization must demand of the free and abounding energy of California.

JOHNSTON HALL AND FOWLER HALL, OCCIDENTAL COLLEGE

THE AIMS OF OCCIDENTAL COLLEGE

By WILLIAM D. WARD, *Professor of Ancient Languages*

OVER the arroyo bridge and down a winding drive among the foothills—three miles from the business center of Pasadena—brings one to the classic halls of Occidental College. The location, beautiful even in California, has all glory of the country combined with accessibility to the city. On a tract of ninety acres, where the wild flowers still bloom in profusion, a fine group of buildings sets forth the architecture of the Renaissance. Here, amid the superlatives of nature, an institution of high cultural ideals is rapidly rising. Here President Evans, following in the footsteps of President Baer, collaborates with a trained faculty in the making of men and women. With this aim paramount, the humanities naturally receive chief emphasis. The philosophy of things, though assigned an adequate place in the curriculum, is deemed of less importance than the philosophy of life.

On the scholastic side, Occidental has been especially successful in preparing men for post-graduate work in the great universities. Her alumni are admitted everywhere, east and west, on a par with graduates of the strongest institutions. Better still, they stand the test. As the latest example, an Occidental alumnus has just won the LeConte fellowship of six hundred dollars at Berkeley, which the History department of the University doubled that he might spend the coming year in research at Oxford.

The very best preparation for the study of the learned professions is also provided. It is well known that men of more than local fame in these professions are usually graduates of a liberal arts college. Those who aspire to rank in this class will find no better opportunity for specialization in their chosen line than at Occidental. For those who must shorten their preparation, prevocational courses of three years are offered, looking toward law, medicine, engineering, library management, nursing, etc. A student who satisfactorily completes the three-year pre-medical course and one year in a college of medicine of grade "A" or "AA" may receive an Occidental diploma. A similar rule applies to the pre-legal course.

Business, nowadays, is the objective of thousands of college men. Occidental, therefore, offers courses, both prac-

THE ATHLETIC FIELD AND AMPHITHEATER, OCCIDENTAL COLLEGE

JAMES SWAN HALL (Men's Dormitory) OCCIDENTAL COLLEGE

tical and theoretical, preparing for the commercial life of the present-day world.

Occidental's science equipment compares favorably with any to be found among the liberal arts colleges of Southern California.

Her record in various student activities has attracted wide attention. In debate, statistics covering a period of 14 years show that she has distanced every rival met. In football her teams have frequently won the championship of the Southland—once, at least, the championship of the state.

The spirit of the College is well symbolized by the tiger. It was the tiger spirit which sent three hundred of her students and alumni into the war of freedom, seven of them never to return. It is the tiger spirit which has so often brought victory on the gridiron and in forensics. The same spirit may be counted on for enlargement of her usefulness in the reconstruction times to come.

THE BRITISH BALLADS IN THE CUMBERLANDS

By HUBERT GIBSON SHEARIN, *Professor of English, Occidental College*

FOR two hundred years and more the sequestered valleys of Eastern Kentucky have by their very isolation preserved the traditions of our colonial forefathers. Like the belated April snows upon their shady slopes, the folklore of the British Isles yet lingers here untouched and unchanged. Borne westward on the tide of emigration from England, Scotland, and even from Ireland, to Jamestown and Philadelphia, it has radiated by oral tradition thence through the "gaps" and "breaks" of the Alleghany ranges into its present seat, the land of the "Lonesome Pine" and "Kingdom Come," already glorified by the pen of a well-known living writer of Cumberland Mountain stories.

My pastime for some years was to gather the folk songs of this region: over six hundred are now in the collection. For, in spite of recent changes, industrial and educational, in the lives of these people, the spirit of balladry is vigorous yet. Not only are old songs transmitted, but new ones are created. A disaster in forest or mine, a murder or a quarrel, a county political campaign, in short, any unusual incident, is a ready source of inspiration to another "song-ballet." Any social gathering, whether a group around a banjo-picker by the stove in a cross-roads store, or a "frolicking" among the younger folks at their games and dances, is sure to call forth songs that thrill the lover of these native lyrics. To the thrum of banjo or "dulcimore" they are sung; or maybe it is fiddle or accordeon or mouth-harp; in these latter degenerate days one finds an occasional cabinet organ from some Chicago mail-order house.

The subjects of these mountain songs are legion: old romance, with knights in armor and ladies on milk-white steeds before ancestral halls, gold-seekers afloat upon the Spanish Main, Thames boatmen, London apprentices, and thieves transported for their crimes, lovers returning from the French wars, kings and queens and court intrigues, voyages to America, fights on sea and land in the bustling days of 1775 and 1812, canal-building in Pennsylvania, captures, raids, and battles of the Civil War, railroad-making, mining, "moonshine" distilling, impromptu jigs and number songs, even dialogs like the *tencons* of old Provence—all this and more is needed to suggest their manifold variety of theme.

These and many others have lived their own life, independent of the printed volume, passing from lip to lip through successive generations of the folk who came as pioneers to this region. In this century-long oral transmission they have suffered little change. British proper names of persons and places are faithfully preserved, as well as Old World customs, manners, or habits of thought or speech. In consequence, many obsolete bits of language survive in these Kentucky songs; such as, "dinna;" "good speed;" "riddle my sport;" "laughen;" "bailiff;" "post-town;" "dever," as verb, from *devoir*, to woo; "shillings;" "cordelee," for "corde-de-laine," a woolen cloth; "denter," for meadow; and "toise," to prop.

The attitude of the present-day Kentucky minstrel toward such expressions is one of naive acceptance, without wonder or questioning. One day a grey-bearded old fiddler was singing the Bailiff's Daughter of Islington. "What does that word Bailiff mean?" I asked. "Oh, shucks," came his prompt and logical reply, "that's just in the song." Occasionally, however, an obsolete word is made over clumsily into the current vernacular. I recall a curious instance from Lord Randal. The British version has these lines:—

"Mother, make my bed soon;
I am weary wi' hunting, and fain would lie down."

My singer could not brook the meaningless "fain," so he sang, "and pains me lie down;" while another yet more pointedly phrased it, "I faint and lie down." But such tampering with tradition is rare. "It's just in the song," that is all we know on earth and all we need to know.

In another generation or two these songs will be but a memory in the Kentucky Highlands: the clank of the colliery, the rattle of the locomotive, the roar of the blast-furnace, the shriek of the factory whistle, and, alas, even the music of the school bell, are overwhelming the thin tones of the dulcimore and the quavering voice of the Last Minstrel of the Cumberlands, who can find scant heart to sing again the lays of olden years across the seas.

DRILL OF THE S. A. T. C.—WARTIME AT OCCIDENTAL

A UNIVERSITY IN THE CENTER OF TOWN

ITS SUMMER SCHOOL

DR. RICHARD BURTON, UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA. NOW LECTURING ON THE DRAMA AT SUMMER SCHOOL

A Letter From Richard Burton

For three years I have had the pleasure of giving lectures at the Summer School of the University of Southern California, and it is only a duty to testify to the cordial response which has met my efforts and brought me to Los Angeles again and again. No one could ask for a more eager and intelligent hearing on the part of the students, and I have found the Faculty, as well, so kind and helpful and appreciative of the work of one coming from afar as to make it doubly agreeable. A genuine spirit of co-operation in the pursuit of literary stimulus has always been noticeable. My respect for and interest in the institution have grown with my successive visits and I hope to come from time to time in the future and feel confident that the reception will continue to make the experience delightful.

RICHARD BURTON

July 10, 1919.

CHARLES PADDOCK, STUDENT AT U. S. C.
Winner of 200 metre dash at the Inter-Allied Army Games, June 28, 1919, tying the world's record of 21.5 seconds

THE UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

By PAUL SPENCER WOOD

WITH a total enrolment last year of 3900 students in its nine colleges, the University of Southern California maintains its place as the second largest institution of higher education in California and one of the largest institutions in the United States. During the past decade, a growth even more phenomenal than that of Los Angeles itself has raised our local University to a position of importance that few people—even among those closely connected with education in the Southwest—have realized.

Indeed, size has been at times a serious problem, taxing the administration to provide the necessary equipment for throngs of students. In this situation, President George F. Bovard and the trustees wisely resolved to use the limited funds at their disposal for increasing the teaching staff rather than for providing those externals by which a university is often judged by outsiders. Attractive buildings and grounds could wait; an efficient teaching force could not.

But the time of waiting has come to an end. With the success last year of the million-dollar campaign, which actually netted more than a million and a quarter of additional endowment, a big step was taken toward providing the necessary buildings for a great, modern university. The entire frontage on University Avenue between Thirty-fifth Street and Exposition Park has recently been acquired by the trustees. As the first unit in the new building group, a four hundred and fifty thousand dollar modern, fire-proof building will be erected during the present year on the block between Thirty-fifth Place and Thirty-sixth Street. It is planned before many years appropriately to house on one campus the various colleges of the University: Liberal Arts, Medicine, Law, Dentistry, Pharmacy, Music, Theology, Oratory, and Fine Arts, which are now scattered about Los Angeles.

Under the management of Financial Agent C. E. Leitzell, who directed the campaign last year, a second and greater campaign for additional endowment is to be begun in the near future. The Forward Movement that has been so auspiciously begun will gather impetus as it proceeds. The University of Southern California is under the control of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In no sense narrowly sectarian, its ideal is broad-minded Christian culture.

Situated in the center of the city, close to Exposition Park, where Art, History and Science have the nucleus of collections, the University is closely knit with the life of the people. The hold which it has upon them is fully expressed in the generous response now being made to the call for permanent and beautiful buildings.

COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ARTS, U. OF S. C.

Educational experts are unanimous in declaring that Southern California offers the greatest educational opportunity in the United States today. That Los Angeles needs a great university is clearly shown by the wonderful growth of the University of Southern California even during the time when its equipment was scanty. Now, with immediate prospect of adequate equipment, there seems to be no limit to the possibilities of its growth. Already it is one of the large universities of the country. Ten years, twenty years hence, what can it not become?

Gate Ways To Pasadena

By JOHN J. HAMILTON, *Commissioner of Public Parks and Buildings*

THE tradition of gateways to cities has survived the day of city walls, with moat, drawbridges and portcullis; and the recent rapid growth of city planning has resulted in emphasizing the desirability of makng the entrances to our unwalled modern cities attractive and, if possible, nobly dignified and beautiful.

Pasadena has not been backward in acceptng and acting upon this enlightened view. Within the past year, the city, co-operating with public-spirited private citizens, has acquired a spacious and sightly parkway at the east end of the Colorado street bridge recently christened "Defenders Parkway" in honor of the city's slodiers, sailors, marines, nurses and war workers.

Thus beautified, this western gateway, commanding a grand panorama of mountains, woodland, arroyo and fine residences with the splendid bridge in the foreground, is a portal that any city in Europe or America might well be proud of. "Defenders Park" is to be adorned in the near future by a bronze tablet to be presented by the Order of Mothers of Defenders of the Flag, commemorating its memorial aim; and no doubt will in time be the site of monumental statues of like purpose.

DEFENDER'S PARKWAY AND THE ARROYO SECO BRIDGE, PASADENA'S WESTERN GATEWAY—LOOKING EAST INTO THE CITY FROM THE COLORADO STREET BRIDGE

The Pasadena High School and Throop College, with its handsome buildings, command the east approach to the city, but leave something to be desired farther east to signalize the tourist's approach to Lamanda Park, nestling among the stately live oaks. This enterprising community gives promise of the changes to come sooner or later, and will not remain unknown as a desirable residence district.

Along the Foothill Boulevard near Lamanda Park is a beautiful stretch of wild flower border which should be preserved as nature made it. Nowhere else nearby is this desert flora to be found

Why should not this matchless situation for a public park, at the junction of three boulevards, be used for the first civic botanical garden in which tourist and resident may study the wonderful desert flora of the Southland?

No jumble of conventionally planted cactus plants and palm trees would suffice. But an actual scientific collection of the beautiful wild flowers of the unwatered plains might here be so arranged as to attract botanists and amateurs from all over the world.

Interest and pleasure would thus be added to Pasadena, and Lamanda Park become a park indeed. Those who now have no chance to study these unclassified flowers would be attracted to the Botanical Gardens which would soon become famous if placed on a scientific and financial basis.

For several years, the ambitious little foothill city of Sierra Madre has entertained the dream that its cosy Central avenue might one day be extended west and connected with East Orange Grove avenue, Pasadena, thereby lengthening one of our noblest thoroughfares and adding another star to the coronation of the Crown City.

BRIDGE BUILDING, THROOP COLLEGE

Hotel Raymond, with its fine, large grounds, at Fair Oaks avenue and Columbia street, flanked by a pretty little park of South Pasadena, furnishes the principal element of dignity and beauty for Pasadena's most prominent southern gateway, although the approaches to the city from the southeast, through Oak Knoll, with its fine winding avenues, are all that the most exacting taste could demand.

At the southwest corner of town, streets and bridges give ample opportunity for new and interesting features. The far-famed Orange Grove Avenue is, at this point, an alluring entrance for tourists and a convenient thoroughfare to Los Angeles. Another beautiful bridge, a tunnel and a fine park to camouflage it are all possibilities for the future. There is no more beautiful portion of the city than this end of Orange Grove Avenue. This would make one more distinctive entrance to Pasadena, which in due time will doubtless be known far and wide as the City of Beautiful Gateways.

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE IN CALIFORNIA

THE wisdom of any form of modern art will be found in its discriminating choice of that portion of the past it elects to build upon. For modern art, like the social fabric it expresses and adorns, is supported by the product of the ages and cannot build otherwise. This is peculiarly true in architecture. The confusion evident in the mass of current construction is the logical result of a facile communication between all countries and a widespread knowledge of styles.

Two general tendencies are found to be working underneath the outward expression of social forces today. One speaks of solidarity in the mass formation dominated by leaders who rule as did the Roman emperors. Romanesque forms and solid concrete structures poured in one great mass, express this solidarity and community of interest. Individual life and initiation are lost in the smooth curve of one great dome.

At the other extreme, individual expression is found uncurbed in churches which combine in a group of useful parts all the various styles of architecture, both domestic and religious, which Europe and the Far East have so far made known to the United States of America.

In the West where religious thought is little trammeled by tradition, the extremes of liberty in church building are found. The idea of bringing religion into daily life seems more honored in its converse than in its observance, and ecclesiastical interests are often made subservient to commercial enterprise.

Great business blocks are built combining offices, hotels, and theaters with the meeting house. Sometimes the baptismal font or pool rests through the week beneath a moving picture show!

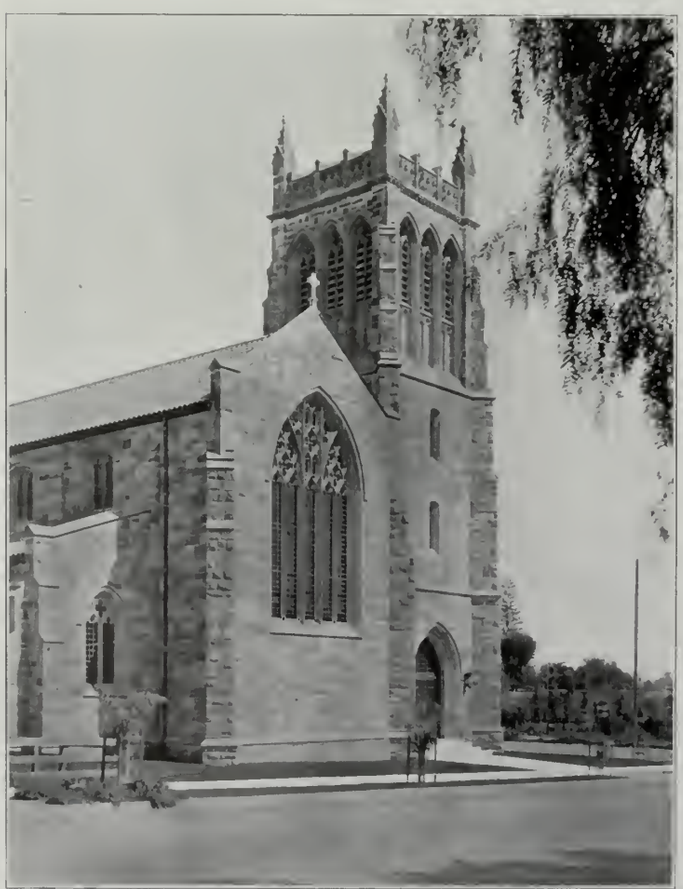
Out of this babel of unknown tongues what voice shall the intelligent architect follow if he be not already lost in the wrack and foam of conflicting currents? Assuredly he must look deep beneath the surface if he would find a worthy motif, and he must consider the past work of his profession with the insight of a genius if he would build for all time.

Let us look at some of these underlying facts which have led Mr. Hubert Frohman, a young California architect, to select the Gothic as the basis for his ecclesiastical structures and to adapt it to California.

Surely the Romanesque forms, which typify the imperialistic character of the eternal city rather than its republicanism, are less representative of democratic America than are those structural forms developed out of the Roman, under the leadership of artistic and liberty-loving France.

Floods of that pagan imperialism and selfishness which would grasp the whole earth for its own, continue to sweep over modern efforts toward universal freedom. These periods of relapse are illustrated by a revival of Romanesque architecture. But interesting as they may be in familiarizing society with past beauties, the truth is, that when the debris of time and confused ideas is scraped away and a structural foundation reached, the latest, solid work in architectural style is found to be that which is called the Gothic. Upon this cleared foundation, then, must modern art build its contribution to posterity. The free participation of every individual in the work and government of the nation is typified by the cooperation of the various craftsmen in the building of a great Gothic church. As democracy becomes more and more a reality, the buds of individual craftsmanship appear here and there and may be directed by the architect toward the same artistic end.

Frederick Martin
INTERIOR OF TRINITY CHURCH, SANTA BARBARA
FROHMAN AND MARTIN, ARCHITECTS



Frederick Martin
TRINITY EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SANTA BARBARA
FROHMAN AND MARTIN, ARCHITECTS

Reinforced concrete, the most definite development of our time, will be seen in the perspective of the future to fit directly into the place where the extreme development of Gothic construction, as in the cathedral of Beauvais, fell by its own beautiful weight.

With other builders in this material, Mr. Frohman has made a serious study of its logical application to Gothic construction, whose basic ideas demand that the exterior express the interior, that the design of details express their structural purpose, and that the building should lay claim to beauty only in its very being—its necessary structural parts. These ideals can accept modern concrete construction and use it as their own.

There is nothing false in concrete *per se*. It is its possibilities for use in imitation of cut or uncut stone that has made it a menace to art. It is the most blank of all materials.

By its very lack of intrinsic beauty it betrays the stupidity or the intelligence of the man who handles it. But Mr. Frohman has shown that handled with tender care in the mullions and tracery of Gothic windows and the molded work of arches and columns or given titanic work to do in the great pillars of a crypt, both reinforced concrete and cast cement stone respond most sympathetically and command respect and admiration. Here, in the proper use of molded stone work, has modern art added directly to the development of Gothic architecture.

In adapting designs by scattered individual craftsmen to the details of a Gothic building, our consistent architects must still search the country over for what they want. Mr. Frohman is especially fortunate in having the sympathetic co-operation of California craftsmen, most notably that of Mr. Ernest Batchelder, whose knowledge of the Gothic underlies many of his unique designs for tiles. In the crypt of the church for the parish of St. Matthias, now building in Los Angeles, Mr. Frohman has used a complete altar of Batchelder tiles whose exquisite tones blend with the wood-work of the chancel and echo the high lights of an oriental rug on the floor. Stately Gothic tracery of raised tiles crowns the reredos, accentuating the fact that in the freedom of the far west, Mr. Frohman has discarded that narrow view of the Gothic which limits it to the pointed arch, and shows not only pointed arches when there is height enough, but shows segmental arches of every form, used as structurally needed in the true Gothic form.

THE GARDEN SMOCK—A BEAUTIFUL INDUSTRY

"WHAT stunning smocks! Where did they come from? New York?"

"No, indeed! They are made here." "Where?" "In Pasadena."

The clever buyer of a large department store smiled as she thus opened the door to a new field where hundreds of California women are now working. Over two hundred manufacturing concerns in Los Angeles alone give employment in the making of California clothes for California and Eastern women.

But the most delightful phase of this enlarging industry in the Southland is the individual side of clever women's work.

Many an enterprising business brain has been discovered when necessity has called, and excellent designs have been originated.

Here at last is the home industry of fine needle work come into its own as a profession.

Among the most successful of the venturers into this new industry is the Linda Smock Company. Under this business name a charm-Pasadena family has developed a fine business. Endless seem the new designs and the clever use of local material.

The Linda Smock

Mrs. Klamroth, wife of the late Judge Klamroth, has capitalized not only her pluck and determination to succeed, but has sounded the depths of a remarkable talent in the development of smocks which sell in increasing numbers to the wholesale dealers and the big department stores.

Thrown on her own resources some four or five years ago, she proved their worth by attacking the eastern markets alone, and has reaped a fine reward.

No lack of materials has daunted her. When buttons failed, she used acorns—quarts of them, with de lightful effect. A keen sense of what would appeal has carried her past the rocks of imitation and theft of design which no copyright can conserve to its originator.

Beautiful, comfortable clothes are now the portion of every woman who insists upon wearing California designs worked out by California artists. The work of our most excellent teacher of design in the public schools is now justified. The new day is coming when appreciation of the best in dress will be apparent, when each individual woman will dress in these beautiful garments, exquisitely embroidered as are the kimonas of the Japanese.

Posed by the Original Peggy Anne

Photographs by Mabel Watson, Pasadena.

When an artist has opportunity to play with her camera, she can make pictures such as these. Light and shade are her pigments, the sunshine her brush.

Posed by Ethel Wall

A LOVELY HAT AND SMOCK FROM THE PEGGY ANNE SHOP

PEGGY ANNE FROCKS AND BONNETS

MRS. E. M. LUCKEY, so well known to Pasadenans in her work at the Welfare Bureau, has developed the principles there started by organizing and training skilled workers with the needle.

In her Peggy Anne Shop she has fostered the fine sewing and careful workmanship so delightful to the discriminating woman. Each smock and frock, each bag and hat band, is carefully designed by Mrs. Claire Green, Mrs. Luckey's daughter, and executed with skill in the pleasant shop where trained women find occupation in an important, artistic industry.

The teaching of color combinations, of fine sewing and expert dressmaking in distinctive gowns is a service this shop gives to Pasadena.

Furniture That Fits— The Italian House

By Kate Greenleaf Locke

IN considering seriously the problems of furnishing a house which, let us say, is architecturally perfect in its suggestion of Italy, we have several things to which we are committed.

First, we must hold tenaciously to the idea of the Italian atmosphere which the architect has created. To do this, we must, of course, make somewhat of an analysis of this atmosphere. It is one thing to be able to feel the charm of an atmosphere into which we may step all unaware and find ourselves enveloped with its enchantment; it is quite another to be able to reproduce this enchantment in cold blood.

The secret of the precipitance upon this country of the Italian and Spanish types of houses is that they have delighted us in their own environment and we are seeking, with more or less success, to transport their charm and reproduce it in our own country. So far as the house itself goes and its surrounding gardens, we have succeeded admirably. For not only does the climate of California lend itself to the delusion that one is in Italy, but its trees, shrubbery and growth of all kinds add to the desired effect. We may have the marble pools, the sparkling fountains, labyrinths of evergreens, trellised arbors, sun-and-shadow flecked, velvet terraces, and pergolas crowned and draped in magnificent profusion with roses.

But when this is accomplished, what then? Is the magic atmosphere which the architect and landscape gardener have combined to produce to be dispersed by a single glance into the interior of the house? Are we, with our enthusiasm thick upon us, to step inside and be wet with a cold douche?

The first thing, therefore, to which one who dedicates himself to this work is committed, is to retain that impalpable veil of a foreign atmosphere which has sought to invade our American homes in recent years. It is an obvious fact no one can reproduce that which he has never seen. Such an undertaking must, therefore, be in the hands of one who has lived and felt and dreamed under Italian skies, who has moved among the various objects confronting the daily life of the people. He must have a comprehension broad enough to appreciate the beauty of the simple villas that are scattered over the country, as well as that of the palaces and formal gardens. He must realize with a thrill that the grape arbor where the family make merry out of doors is an important asset in the joy of Italian life; that the baskets, jars, rush benches and gay pottery that form its paraphernalia are never ordinary or commonplace, but that each article adds its bit of interest or beauty to the local color of the picture.

In its palazzos, of which this article especially treats, the first thing that strikes the interested observer is a sense of space—of clear wall spaces that stretch upward to high ceilings. The ceilings may be richly ornamented but they are so far away that distance lends an enchantment.

The air of the great room is unworried by cluttering non-essentials. Shining through the dusky light, one sees a gem of a painting, or a rare and priceless piece of carved furniture stands out for admiration. The room at once takes hold of the imagination. Its mission is accomplished.

There are those who do not realize that wall paper and Italian furnishings are hopelessly divorced. They put them together and discord inevitably ensues. Sand-finished walls, uncovered, are far preferable and much more effective, especially for the cruder sort of sixteenth and seventeenth century pieces so dear to the collector and so difficult to procure.

The backgrounds for the Venetian types of rich carving, wonderful inlays of woods, ivory

(Above) Old Venetian cabinet of the seventeenth century. The wood is mahogany inlaid with satin and other woods. The figure supports are of ebonized walnut and gold enamel. Of the period to which it belongs it is one of the rarest antiques in existence.

(Left) This settle, also of the seventeenth century, is of carved and gilded Italian walnut upholstered with crimson damask. The publication of these beautiful museum pieces is due to the courtesy of Mr. Fahey of San Francisco.

and tortoise shell, are invariably damasks in the colors in which the Venetians know how to steep our senses. The supreme beauty of a private salon in Rome as it appeared in 1910 has lingered in my mind, and will never be effaced. With the exception of the tablet which recorded that Gallileo had once lived there, and the frescoes which pictured the marriages of one of Italy's most magnificent and oldest families, there were no features which could not be reproduced in this country. I shall therefore cite it as an example which could be followed with success. The room, which was sixty feet long, was paved with black and white marble. Between the marble pilasters which apparently upheld a ceiling thirty feet from the floor, were alternate panels of crimson damask and Venetian mirrors. A series of long glass doors at either end of the room opened into a balcony, one end of which was filled with orange trees. At the other end an enchanting conservatory of blooming plants and ferns gave a feeling of out of doors. There was a grand piano flanked by music racks. Midway of one side wall was an alcove where stood an exquisitely carved marble table, long and narrow, laid with priceless ecclesiastical lace. It held a tea service. This was a replica, with variations, of many of the most beautiful rooms in the Roman and Florentine palaces.

The STUDY *of* DESIGN *in* PASADENA SCHOOLS

By FANNY M. KERNS, *Supervisor of Drawing in the Elementary Schools*

ART has a very definite place in the curriculum of the Pasadena schools. It is a most interesting subject to teach and one that pupils enjoy most thoroughly. One reason that pupils like it is because it is a creative subject, and the creative instinct is strong and has little opportunity for development in most subjects.

Art is taught, first, for the cultivation of the appreciation—appreciation of what is good in shape, good in dark and light, good in color—and not taught primarily for the development of technical skill.

Appreciation is taught largely through the study of design, through the study of good things, and through the constant exercising of the judgment in making a choice.

The reason that appreciation is emphasized is that every person has the need of constantly making a choice, as—Is this the tie to be worn with this suit? Is this hat right with this costume? Will these flowers look right in this bowl? Should this rug be placed straight or cornerwise in the room? Is my office attractive enough to keep my clients or patients in a cheerful frame of mind while they wait? Is this poster a good advertiser for my business? and such questions.

Is it necessary to develop the appreciation? Does it make the world a better place in which to live? Does it pay in any way? If it does not, why teach it? If we think of art as something that can be used daily, and not of the painting of a few pictures, it *is* necessary. It should help us to arrange a room or our home so it will be a livable place.

A room with a disorderly arrangement of furniture, rugs at all angles, pictures all over the walls at different heights, is very exhausting to people's nerves, although they may not know it.

A room with a disagreeable color is also a most trying place in which to live. Experiments with color have been made to show the mental effect upon people. For instance, it has been proven it would be cruel to have people live in a room which has a predominance of red, for red excites the nerves and can cause insanity. A room with no color or only a little in the structural part is much more restful. Bright, cheerful color can be added in hangings, coverings, pottery, flowers and pictures.

Art should help us clothe ourselves attractively, plant our gardens attractively, plan our city streets, parks, and public buildings more beautifully.

Learning to draw is also important, as many vocations demand the ability to express ideas in graphic form. During the past war stress, statistics were made which showed that over one hundred vocations demanded a knowledge of drawing. Technical skill is necessary for those entering those vocations. Appreciation is necessary for all.

Love for the beautiful is taught through association with fine things. In music, pupils listen to the best that the great musicians have given us; in English, they hear and read the masterpieces of literature, and why should they not see the best in art that time has given us? We do not expect them to be great musicians from hearing and singing the best music, or to be poets from having read the good literature, but we do know that association with the best has developed their taste, and they will therefore demand better things.

It is much more difficult to put the best in art before the pupils because of the expense in obtaining it. It would be rather difficult for the schools to supply that need, but the community itself could and should help by having an Art Museum—a museum where good pictures can be seen, also fine examples of furniture of the different periods, applied designs of all ages in woven textiles, embroideries, painted and carved wood, photographs of beautiful buildings, of pictures and of designs, the original of which would be impossible to obtain. Such a museum would be a constant source of inspiration to the schools and also to the community.

From an Etching by Harold Doolittle

The Cheesewright Studios

THE most delightful innovation that has ever been made in the business section of Pasadena will greet the homecomer this Fall. Even now, as the charming gable of "Tudor House" breaks the long level line of Colorado Street stores, the new Cheesewright Studios awaken the imagination of the casual shopper in anticipation of pleasure to come.

The designer of this beautiful building has started the Cheesewright Studios with the idea of being of real use to those who, though knowing and appreciating the artistic, have not the ability to express their love of beauty in their homes. Feeling that a house or an apartment ought to show forth the individuality of the owner, the aim will be to give individual attention to the decoration and furnishing of houses, and although no large stock of furniture will be carried, the Studios will be a source of all that is necessary in furniture, draperies, rugs, pottery, prints, Sheffield plate and tapestries. Mr. Cheesewright, though young in years, is old in experience. Before coming to this country he was connected with the oldest firm of Decorators in the world, Warren & Gillow of London, who were established in the year 1695 and are now the leading Decorators in London. Thus equipped, and supplied as well with New York and Western experience, Mr. Cheesewright is in a position to carry out definite, individual schemes of decoration.

Behind the show rooms of Tudor House is a large studio, open to the heavy rafters, showing old English construction. In the rear the simple garden with its cypress hedge, brick walk and sunlit terminal, will bring a bit of old world beauty into the modernness of Pasadena's business streets.

THE BATCHELDER TILES

We produce Tile for Fireplaces, Fountains, Pavements, Garden Pots—anything that is appropriately made from clay.

PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

YACHTING ON THE SOUTHLAND COAST

SOME YACHTING TIPS

By W. C. SAWYER

"HOW about a swim?" George and I were having our first outing since graduation two years ago, and the yacht club veranda seemed exceptionally comfortable, with the gentle breezes from the bay. But I gladly assented, since we had agreed that the spirit which had made our college years so full of life was to rule our vacation trip.

In a few minutes we came out with our suits on. A few dives and handsprings from the porch and balcony—a swim out to the nearest buoy in the anchorage—then we slipped on our robes, made a three-block sprint, and were wrestling with the best surf on the Pacific Coast.

After a few minutes of dolphin-like sport, diving through the big comers and being tossed about by the ones we did not see in time, George noticed that the freshest little breeze was springing up from the southwest. "I believe we have time to race around the inside course before getting ready for supper and the party. Say, did you know there are going to be *some dames* at the hop?" said he.

So we cut our swim short, in other words came out just when we felt as though the whole world were just made for our especial benefit. The run back to the clubhouse, followed by a good rub, sent the blood tingling through our veins as it had not since our last football game.

As we were getting into our tender to paddle out to the skip jacks, a couple of youngsters approached us with, "Say, fellers, will you judge our canoe race tomorrow?" "We will if you have it in the forenoon. You know, the big race comes off in the afternoon on the outside water." "Say, by the way," turning to me, "have you got your new spinnaker ready yet?" "No, but the old sail maker has promised on his reputation to send it down before the afternoon. Will you be on hand early to help rig it and take a place on my crew?" said I. "I should say so."

By this time our sails were taut, and at a prearranged signal we were off. The wind continued to freshen until it was exciting work to handle the spirited little craft alone. For two-thirds of the course it looked like a sure thing for George, but by a lucky bit of handling at the second turn I got even with him and to windward. For the last leg he had no choice but to travel just a little behind, and I finished just half a length ahead. The boats were of the one design class, and so nearly matched that a slip of the sheet in tying or a sudden puff of wind from an unexpected direction would decide the winner. We returned in plenty of time to string the Japanese lanterns and other decorations on our canoes. For at a signal from the leader of the orchestra, about the middle of the evening, we were to take our partners on a grand marine parade about the bay, while the land lubbers were to watch the beauties of the reflected lights from the porch, listening to the music of our mandolins and the sweet voices of some singers who had been invited for the occasion.

W. C. Sawyer

THE NATOMA, C. G. PUTNAM, R. C., NEWPORT YACHT CLUB

A REMARKABLE CLEVER COMBINATION OF TWO PHOTOGRAPHS
BACKGROUND—NEWPORT HARBOR YACHT CLUB AT THE OLD CLUB HOUSE
FOREGROUND—MR. BROOKS CLIFFORD OF PASADENA IN HIS MOTORBOAT

Does this arouse any enthusiasm in your old bones? Well, if so, I will give you a tip and you can pass it to some of your intimates who possess a taste for salt air. This is merely a little word picture of the regular program at the Newport Harbor Yacht Club. A thousand dollar a minute meeting was held recently and a unanimous vote taken to purchase the East Newport Pavilion and fit it out into absolutely the best yacht club on the Pacific Coast.

The building, a hundred by a hundred and twenty-five feet in size, is floored with hardwood throughout and is being remodeled and furnished at this time. There will be a reception, a library, billiard and smoking room at the front, and grill and ballroom fifty by fifty overlooking the bay. Dormitory facilities will be provided for thirty-five or forty people. The width of the lot allows twenty-five feet at the side for a marine railway, where the members can pull out their boats.

A fine automobile boulevard lies in front, and a porch fourteen by seventy-five feet extends out over deep water on the west side of the protected Newport Bay.

A depth of water of twelve feet at low tide has been made possible by dredging and the still water of the bay will render it practicable to drop the passengers from the yachts directly on the float at all times before going to anchorage.

The city of Newport showed foresight and very materially assisted in making possible a great pleasure harbor when they appropriated $125,000 for a jetty to make the entrance to the harbor safe, and $115,000 for dredging from the entrance bar near Corona Del Mar to Newport. The work is now completed and the people of Orange County have voted a bond issue of $500,000 for further improvements, which will make possible a commercial harbor as well.

The social activities of the club, as well as the racing and cruising events for this season, constitute a very strong program. On July 4th there were almost more events than there was time for and the public were greatly entertained as well as the members and their guests. Speed boat, small sail boat, yacht, canoe and swimming races vied with one another for a place on the program. On the evening of July 5th an informal party was given in the new clubhouse, and proved a success in every way.

The remainder of the season will be given to a completion of the racing program, monthly guest cruises, gay social events and cruises to Catalina, San Clemente Islands and nearer objectives.

USING OUR WAR EXPERIENCE IN PEACE

THE CORONA FOOD SHOP

By HELEN LOCKWOOD COFFIN

LAST year we were salvaging for war purposes the prodigality of Peace; this year our problem is to utilize the spirit and experience of War in behalf of peace. Last year we had the spur of imminent dangers which demanded self-defense, the inspiration of martial music and flying banners, the appeal of military organization. This year everything is chaos, seething with possibilities but disorganized and changed. All nations, all communities, every individual is caught whirling in the process of reconstruction. All the bewildered world of us are trying to find a way out to something stable and enduring. Thinking back a year we wonder why we cannot use some of the agencies which proved their worth then. We have all of us at least the remnants of some successful war activity now idle; the supreme question is what to do with it.

Corona, for instance, has its Community Kitchen, sleeping behind closed doors because when the armistice put all the Food Conservation Units out of existence it had nobody to whom it really belonged or whom it had to obey. It is a perfectly good Kitchen, fully equipped for canning and dietetics; it was an efficient tool in food conservation and in the emergencies of the epidemic; in these tangible lines of service it proved itself. It was likewise efficient in certain invisible services: it succeeded in bringing together various classes and cliques to work at a common task for a common end. It bridged the gap between the practical experienced housekeeper and the home economic graduate, between personal and standardized methods. It took volunteer workers, organized them, standardized them, taught them, worked them in shifts on a time schedule, and had them running like clock-work, a sensitive and articulated machine.

CO-OPERATIVE COMMUNITY KITCHEN, CORONA, CALIFORNIA

"Invisible services" we called these; but that is not quite the right term for them; for out of the memory of those months come vivid moving pictures which illustrate this phase of the work. The first morning the new pressure cooker was used five women brought beans down to can. One of them was of the representative leisure class, who usually depended upon her maid for work of this character; one was a war bride; one a high school girl; one a Home Economics graduate with public school teaching experience; one of them a working girl, entirely lacking in domestic training. The beans were all of one class and general condition of servitude; the pressure cooker stood on absolutely neutral ground, a true democrat ,ready to serve all alike. Nobody knew just how to run the cooker; nobody had ever run one before, even the member of the Food Conservation Unit, who was in charge of the Kitchen that day. The five women put their heads together; pooled their experience and common sense; read the directions carefully and—worked out the problem *together!*

Another picture: Five Home Economic graduates (all there were in town) were appointed by the Director as the Food Conservation Unit. In addition twelve practical housekeepers, of the kind which is always capturing prizes for cakes and jellies at county fairs, were appointed as neighborhood chairmen. One of these practical housekeepers was frankly adverse to new methods; she accepted the position with the understanding that while she was in the kitchen she would, of course, abide by its accepted cold-pack standard, but when she worked at home she would use the open kettle as she always had. She stood by her guns bravely, but her guns went back on her; for after watching the cold-packers in the Kitchen she went home and tried it out for herself—and liked the new way better than the old. Not only that; she frankly confessed her conversion and opened her mind and heart to other new things, not condemning them offhand as had been her custom just because they were new. She even joined the Woman's Club and identified herself with civic interests.

Another intangible talent developed by the Kitchen was the ability to do things by faith. It began absolutely with nothing and ended after seven months with all running expenses paid, owning an equipment worth $200, and with an honorable record of good and necessary work well done. Of course, everybody helped; the churches loaned their tables and gas flats; the schools loaned their complete Domestic Science equipment; the Chamber of Commerce loaned its basement; the Library loaned chairs; the War Chest loaned $75 to buy the necessary things that could not be borrowed; the Red Cross Chapter footed the bills for the Diet Kitchen; women gave both service and patronage by buying the finished products. Not everybody believed in the venture, of course; there were those who said: "Who else is doing it?" and, "We never did it before"; there were a few who stood without the circle and criticised. But the majority fell into line and helped; none of us knew exactly where we were going; we were pioneers through uncharted country; but we were on the way.

That spirit of adjustability was a noticeable feature of the Kitchen; nobody concerned had ever run a Community Kitchen before; the five members of the Unit had been formally trained in institutional domesticity; the twelve neighborhood chairmen were housekeepers of individual homes; the Director of Food Conservation was a trained librarian and by no means domestic; the largest class of volunteer helpers were teachers, not accustomed to cooking or washing dishes or putting up fruit. The majority of us did not know a balanced ration when we met it face to face; and culls looked to us like very good things to get rid of, to throw away. The whole period of service in the Kitchen was to most of us some desperately hard work doing something we did not know anything about, had never been trained to do, and were not equipped to do. And just as soon as we began to see daylight through some obscure process or learned to do some part of the work fairly well, an order came to right-about face and do something else. As soon, for instance, as we had become fairly proficient in berries, the berries were no more and we had to make apricot butter; as soon as we had conquered that, the apricots disappeared and we had to make jelly. Ranchers were continually bringing in culls, with which we did not know what to make; ripe cucumbers and bell peppers and okra and persimmons, and the like. And just as we neared the end of the canning period—the dill pickle stage, so to speak—the Red Cross waved its wand over us and we became a Diet Kitchen. Other people may, and do, spend years learning dietetics, but not we; angels might hesitate, but we rushed in. Here's the picture:

Early that first morning—or about seven o'clock, to be exact—the Red Cross Chairman telephoned that we had been corralled as a Diet Kitchen and that in an hour they would want 36 slices of buttered toast to be delivered hot in a fireless cooker to out patients. The Director and the High School girl were the only workers in the Kitchen at the time. They were knocked literally speechless by this order, but the Red Cross Chairman was perfectly serene. "In an hour, then," she chirped cheerfully, "Good-by."

We were, please remember, a canning kitchen, fairly complete; but we had no bread, no bread knife, no butter, no toasters, no fireless cooker. Never had we realized how short, how impoverished, how totally ragged and lacking, is an hour. But ours not to reason why; other people, trained in economics or experienced in homes, would have gasped in horror; it seems there is a right and a wrong way to cut toast, several distinctly wrong methods of putting on the butter, and various kinds of vacuum containers (not fireless cookers at all) in which to deliver toast and keep it hot. But we did not know all this, being neither scientific nor experienced. So we simply got busy and had the 36 slices of buttered toast ready in the fireless cooker at eight o'clock. We were, as an institution, shining lights of adaptability and flexible service.

Now all these workable attachments of this community tool: this ability to get all sorts of people working together for good, to bridge the gap between experience and science and use both, to take the trained woman of every variety and use her where she is most needed, to work by faith and built air castles and dreams on such firm foundations that they come true, to drop prejudice and precedent and forget yesterday while we face bravely the duty and problem of today—these are all qualities we need and can use in this reconstruction period.

Since January the Corona women have been trying to find some way to use their Community Kitchen. The Public Library, which opened the Kitchen in the first place as the culmination of its work for the Food Administration, assumed, or resumed, ownership and control of the Kitchen and its equipment. It is a long cry from books to kitchens. Shades of monks in the monasteries, spending your lives in illuminating the old manuscripts, what did you think when Uncle Sam commandeered his public libraries to hold demonstrations in the use of substitutes? Did you, in your philosophy, ever dream of a social center library? Know, then, that it was only the social center library which could do this work which Uncle Sam asked of it. Library machinery is perhaps as complicated and inflexible as can be imagined.

There is the librarian and the staff, including the janitor; there is the library board, usually five trustees appointed by the mayor; and last, but by no means least, are the City Trustees who control the purse-strings. If among all these officials there is even one with the slogan, "Back to the book!" he has power to set brakes on the wheels of progress.

The Corona Library has been a social center for four years, the librarian, staff, and library board being heartily in sympathy with this phase of civic service, and the backing from the City Trustees has been unfailingly cordial. Being a social center means that the Library, recognizing a community need, arouses interest in it, furnishes information of a way to meet it, organizes a group to take hold of it, turns the matter over to this group to work out the problem, and takes up something else; always moving in on unoccupied ground and "starting something." People in a town with this sort of a library are accustomed to have it take up something new; they expect it and do not resent it; they know that whatever the project is it will be fairly presented; they know that they will be fairly treated; that nothing will be "put over" on them for individual personal preferment or gain, and that they will be given a fair chance to talk back on any proposition that does not meet with their approval. This is why we had the government combination of food and libraries. The Food Administration had in its corps of Home Demonstration Agents trained specialists in kitchens and all that pertains to them; it had in the libraries trained specialists in community organization; it combined the two and set them to work.

Now the Corona Library tried to find somebody or some organization to take charge of the Kitchen and its equipment, its good-will and efficiency, and use it for the good of the community. It knew there was a call for help. Among its other activities it conducts an informal employment agency and for some time the applications had all been for help, not work; and for domestic help at that. People were desperate for cooks, maids, laundresses, housecleaners, gardeners; but evidently nobody in Corona wanted to do that sort of work. Also, it kept hearing complaints about the High Cost of Living; people insisted that something ought to be done: why didn't the Library take up the problem? Why couldn't the Community Kitchen send out food to well people as it had to sick ones? What had become of the Kitchen, anyhow? Was the Library asleep at the switch?

The truth was, the Library itself was right up against the domestic labor shortage; it could not find anybody who wanted to manage or work in a community kitchen. It looked everywhere; it asked every local cook; it scoured the normal schools, the Y. W. C. A., the Salvation Army, the Canteens, the employment agencies, any and every suggested where. After six months it suddenly got in touch with two women willing to try out the plan; within two weeks the Corona women were organized, committees appointed, a place selected, workers engaged, and financial backing secured.

And now the venture is about to begin. The Community Food Shop will open July 12 in a store on Main Street. It will be a delicatessen run for the benefit of the consumer; that is, it will sell cooked food at cost price, with every possible effort made to keep the cost down to bedrock. It is controlled by a group of interested women, with an executive committee of ten. It will be managed by a woman who is an experienced graduate of Santa Barbara Normal School, assisted by a Corona woman of cooking renown. It is financed by 100 so-called "backers," women who are loaning $5 each to the Shop without interest, to be used for equipment and repaid as soon as possible; it is guaranteed by fifty subscribers, who promise to buy at least 50c worth each day at the Shop for the first month. It is to be an attractive blue and white kitchen with lunch tables; and one of the plans of importance is that of buying directly from the producer whenever possible.

Of course it is an experiment; of course it bristles with difficulties, hard work, and criticism. But remember, it is the same group of women engineering this that ran the Community Kitchen last year, with a few added recruits. They are used to criticism, difficulties, and hard work; they are accustomed to trying out something new. Once again—they don't know where they are going, but—they are on the way!

AN IMPRESSION OF THE SAN BERNARDINO MOUNTAINS

By R. S. VAILE, *Assistant Professor of Orchard Management Citrus Experiment Station, Riverside*

WE knew something of mountains, and loved them. We had been around the world; we had seen Fujiyama in all its snow-covered glory; we had roamed over the Himalayan foothills in the height of their summer verdure; we had passed twice through the Western Ghats, we had clambered laboriously across the Pushti-Kuh and Elhurz ranges, and traveled the length of the trans-Caucasian Valley—as well as crossing the better known Appennines and Rockies. Then we returned to Southern California in the early spring.

MOUNT SAN BERNARDINO FROM THE ROAD TO FOREST HOME

But after the open spaces of the Arabian desert, city life proved too confining and May found us leaving the valley with its boulevards and orange groves and rose-covered bungalows and seeking the seclusion of the heart of the San Bernardinos.

The winter's snow has gone except in the darker canyons. The oaks are alive with their new green fingered with pink after the somberness of winter, bringing back the memory of Paris awakening from the long years of awful warfare. The mountain lilac is a solid mass of grey-blue covering the hillsides. The birds and squirrels chatter with the happiness of springtime and seem to be keeping time to the frolicsome music of the brook.

The stage of the great out-of-doors is set for the throng of summer visitors, pleasure-hunters and health-seekers, valley-wearied, who have learned to know the repose and re-creation for which California's mountains are so widely celebrated.

To the lover of romance, our mountains are full of interest, so many of the scenes of California's romantic history as well as her industrial development having been staged under the shadows of their snow-capped peaks. Once the hunting ground of the Indian brave and the refuge of the white renegade, their abundant resources were soon put to more practical uses. The Mormon pioneers, treking across the desert from Utah, found the promised land under the sign of the Arrowhead. Here they started the town of San Bernardino, and to obtain building material for their new home, penetrated the timber-covered slopes of Mill Creek and built their first sawmill on the site of what is now the Forest Home Resort.

Here the mountain streams have torn the hills back to the original granite, leaving towering saw-toothed peaks which stand, jagged and grey sentinels over the pine-clad slopes below, reminding one of the rugged "Rockies" of Colorado. One need never go to Banff or Switzerland to get the thrill of crevice climb or sheer cliff. Even now the packed-in winter's snow lies deep in the canyons, with water-carved tunnels penetrating deep beneath.

Many years have past since the day of the undisturbed Indian and the Mormon settler. Towns have been built from the forests that clothe the mountains. Valleys have been made to blossom into verdure with the water from the heights. Pioneer work in hydro-electric power was undertaken in the California hills, until today large cities are lighted, railways are operated and the all-essential water for grove and garden is pumped with the "white coal" produced by the rushing mountain streams.

And still the mountains stand a home for thousands of people during the valley's summer heat, producers of untold wealth in water, mineral and electricity; an inspiration to the heat- and heart-weary. After our trip around the world, we come back to the mountains of Southern California, thankful and content. There we find peace as well as inspiration, beauty as well as strength, Nature at her best as well as material accomplishment, and we thank anew the Maker of all things for these, one of His greatest creations.

ON THE TRAIL TO LONE CABIN, FOREST HOME

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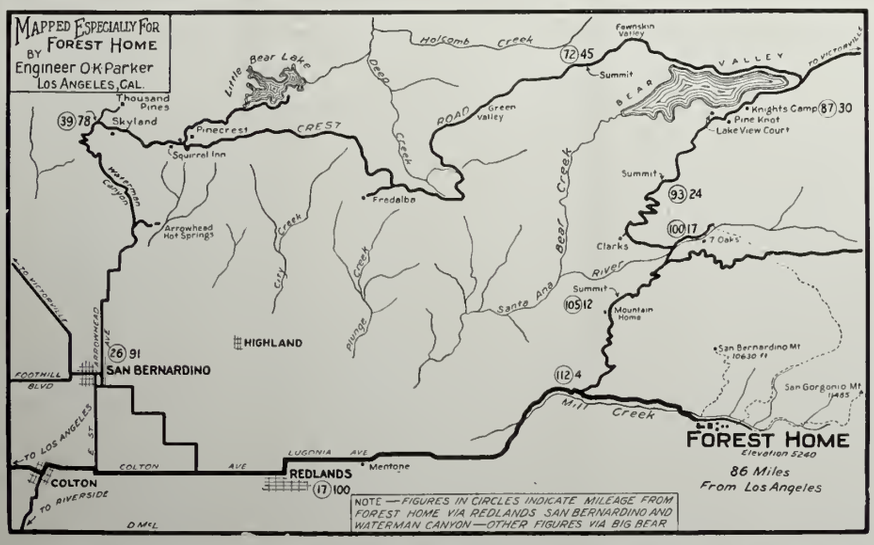

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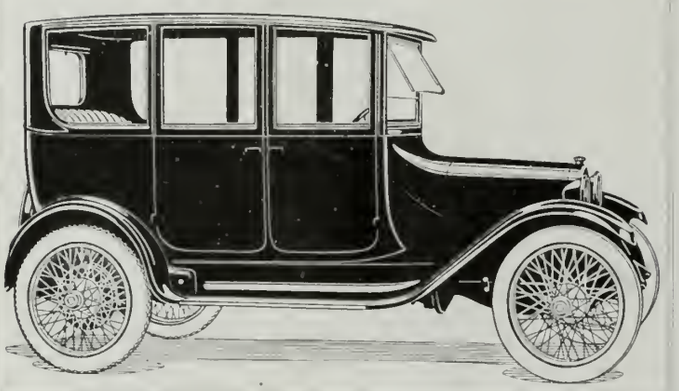

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PASADENA

A Vacation City---Recreation Parks in The Arroyo Seco and the Mountains Close at Hand

WELL-KNOWN throughout the world as one of California's most comfortable of winter tourist cities, Pasadena quietly, but rapidly, develops as a city of the home, the church and the school. Its churches number more than fifty. Its theatres, clubs and hotels are of a high grade. Its fine Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., its public library and splendid group of high school buildings, and other educational institutions are important influences. Its modest and beautiful bungalow homes are as great an attraction as are its magnificent residences. It is without saloons and is especially attractive as a residence city. Living expenses are not higher than elsewhere in this section of the country.

Lying near the beautiful Sierra Madre mountains, it has the advantages of mountain scenery, mountain water, refreshing breezes, and recreational opportunity. Situated in the far-famed San Gabriel valley, it is within easy reach of Los Angeles.

Electric light and water plants are municipally owned—the service is satisfactory and the price for both light and water is reasonable. The fire department is entirely equipped with motor-driven apparatus, and, with its six completely outfitted fire stations in various parts of the city, gives ample protection in case of fire. The city covers more than fourteen square miles and is from eight hundred to twelve hundred feet above sea level. The present population is between forty-five and fifty thousand.

Five parks furnish athletic fields, tennis courts, an open air plunge, picnic grounds and other recreational facilities. A parking space, with water and other conveniences is furnished for automobiles on touring trips.

Pasadena is noted for its clean and well-kept streets, its miles of trees in parkings, and the general cleanliness and safety provided for its citizens. It is linked up with Southern California's great boulevard system, affording the finest motoring in the world. The great Colorado street bridge over the Arroyo Seco, within the city, is notable in size, design and picturesque setting, and forms an important link in this system.

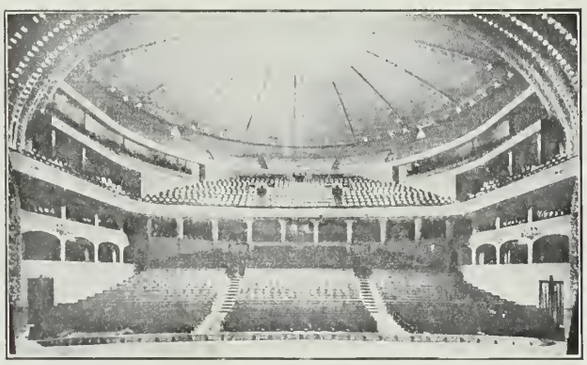
The city is governed by a commission of five members, who apportion its various activities and administer its affairs. It has been under this form of government for more than five years, and has experienced a most successful administration—much money has been expended for permanent improvements, tax values have been reduced, and the tax levy has been lowered. No bonds have been issued since 1912, when the water system was acquired. Few cities can show a more successful government.

Elaborate Plans to Make Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra Finest in the West

ADOLF TANDLER

THE Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra is making elaborate plans for the season 1919-1920, when they will give their symphonies in Clune's Auditorium (Theatre Beautiful), under the direction of Adolf Tandler. The orchestra has been increased to seventy-five members, and many Eastern soloists of national reputation will play for the first time as regular members of a Western orchestra.

The season as outlined includes eight symphonies in Los Angeles, given on Friday afternoons; ten popular concerts, given on Sunday afternoons; and Pasadena is to have a series of the Los Angeles Symphony concerts. The Pasadena High School auditorium has been secured. The Pasadena Music and Art Association, under whose auspices the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra will play, is already making plans for the season.



INTERIOR OF CLUNE'S AUDITORIUM HOME OF THE LOS ANGELES SYMPHONY

The city of Los Angeles this year is able to boast of a Symphony Orchestra which is on a par with the symphony orchestras of New York, Minneapolis, Boston and Chicago. It is taking an equal stand with the big cities of the world, musically, because of the personnel and the great talent of the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra.

Although the Orchestra is twenty-two years old, it has never reached its present eminence before. Recognized as a good musical organization, it was not until this year that it attained the brilliant genius which will make the concerts for the coming season notable.

Eight men, whose names are the token of all that is best in the music world of America, are added to this organization. One of these men is Alexander Saslavsky, the great Russian concert master, who came to America at the age of 17, and who founded the Russian Symphony. He also played as concert master for 22 years with the New York Symphony under Walter Damrosch. He studied under Tschaikowsky, Weingartner, Mahler, Strauss, Richter and others of the great masters. He will appear as the first soloist of the season, when the concerts begin at Clune's Auditorium, and the music which will vibrate from his magic bow will be—symphonic. For he has declared that no solo artists shall reduce the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra to a mere accompaning organization, and his own solo selections will be adapted to the orchestra for symphonic productions.

Besides Saslavsky, there will be with the Orchestra this year Alfred De Busscher, for years the first oboe of the New York Symphony Orchestra; Leonard De Lorenzo, flute soloist of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra; and Wendell Hoss, horn soloist of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

"The Los Angeles Symphony Association has placed Los Angeles among the foremost cities of the nation musically," Saslavsky declared on his arrival in Los Angeles. "Walter Damrosch, Stransky and many other famous men in New York are watching the development of the orchestra here. The musical world is keenly interested, and is watching Los Angeles with the belief that this Western city will go farther, during the coming year, than she ever has before, musically. Of course, what challenged the attention of the big men of the East was the fact that the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra has attached the Eastern Symphony artists to its own organization."

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
TOWER OF THE SANTA BARBARA MISSION - - - *Cover Design* Photographed by Oscar Maurer	
ON LAKE PATZENMARO, MEXICO - - - - - *Contents Design*	
MEXICO, THE MOTHER OF CALIFORNIA - *Charles E. Chapman*	5
HENRY MORSE STEPHENS - - - - *Benjamin Ide Wheeler*	7
A NEW SCHOOL OF CALIFORNIA HISTORIANS - *H. Morse Stephens*	7
HOME SERVICE, PASADENA - - - - - *Lon F. Chapin*	8
INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY - - *The Reverend C. Rankin Barnes*	10
PAN-AMERICANISM AND BUSINESS - - - *Norman Bridge*	11
AN INVESTMENT IN BEAUTY - - - - - - - - - 12,	13
SOUTHLAND OPINION—	
THE WORLD IS GROWING BETTER - - - - - - - -	14
MEXICO AND THE MONROE DOCTRINE - - - - - - -	14
HAS THE PACIFIC COAST A POLICY - - - - - - - -	15
CLEANING UP ADVERTISING - - - - *A. H. Wilkins*	15
AN EXPERT IN THE MERCANTILE WORLD - *Christine Weatherby*	17
THE USE OF MISSION ARCHITECTURE - - - - - - - - -	18
IMPERIAL VALLEY FRUIT - - - - - *Readjustment Note*	19
MAPS OF THE FAMOUS MISSIONS - - - - - - - - -	20
A SEA-CLIFF HOME - - - - - - - - - *J. W. Wright*	20
AMONG THE CARMEL PINES - - - - - - ... *Ethel Rose*	21
PASADENA'S WOODLAND THEATRE - - - - - *M. U. Seares*	22

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PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

CALIFORNIA SOUTHLAND
AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF NATIONAL INTEREST

MEXICO THE MOTHER OF CALIFORNIA

Being Certain Paragraphs from "The Founding of Spanish California"

By CHARLES EDWARD CHAPMAN
Illustrations By OSCAR MAURER

IT is difficult for a Californian of today to think that his state could ever have been lacking in food supplies. Yet that was the case for a number of years after the occupation of Alta California in 1769. The land and climate were suited to agricultural wealth, but the richest land cannot be developed without man, animals, or machinery to do the work, or without a market for its products. In all of these prerequisites Alta California was ill provided or entirely lacking. As for manufactured articles the province lacked everything from a plough or a smithy's forge to a piece of cloth or a nail. The only remedy for this condition was by importation of goods, which in this period had to come from New Spain by way of San Blas. [On the west coast of Mexico.]

* * * * *

The story of the occupation of Alta California need not be told here, other than to review the outstanding facts. In 1769, five expeditions were dispatched, two by land up the peninsula, and three by sea. A junction of four of them was effected at San Diego, one of the ships having been lost. From there the commander in chief, Gaspar de Portola, proceeded northward in search of Monterey, and actually visited that port, but failed to recognize it from the description of Gonzalez Cabrera Bueno. Pushing on, he reached and discovered San Francisco Bay, after which he returned to San Diego. The year 1769 saw a mission established at San Diego, and a garrison was left there which eventually became a presidio.

* * * * *

Failure of the new settlements, due to a lack of food supplies, was narrowly averted at the outset. There is abundant evidence to this effect in the various official diaries and accounts of the 1769 expeditions. Alta California made no appeal to these early explorers. All that there was to covet in that disagreeable country, said Portola, ironically, was rocks, underbrush, and rugged mountains covered with snow. Moreover, he and his men did not know where they were, and their food supplies had given out. Thus, although they could not feel certain that they had reached Monterey, they were checked, not by the Russians, but by hunger, and resolved to return to San Diego. Upon the return they would have perished, but for eating twelve of the mules. Finally they reached San Diego "*oliendo a Mulas.*"

* * * * *

As the insufficiency of Baja California as a source of supply played a prominent part in the plan for opening a route from Sonora, it requires notice here. Detailed proof of the sterility of the peninsula is hardly necessary, as it is a well known fact. Diaries of the northward marches to Alta California show that even as a route, entirely aside from the difficult voyage across the Gulf, Baja California was not a satisfactory medium between Mexico and the new establishments. So barren and dry was this land that water was not to be had for days at a time on the marches, necessitating its carriage for both man and animals. Furthermore, the Indians of northern Baja California were hostile to the Spaniards, as is attested in various documents.

Oscar Maurer

CHURCH AT ACAMBARO, MEXICO
AZTEC INFLUENCE IS SUGGESTED IN THE DECORATION

* * * * *

The immediate causes of the Anza expedition of 1774 and of the selection of the route are closely associated with the name of Father Francisco Garces, a Franciscan of the College of Queretaro. His explorations of 1770 and 1771 indicated that routes existed to both Alta California and New Mexico, and that the natives of the Gila and Colorado were friendly and desirous of conversion. Juan Bautista de Anza was a meritorious officer of Sonora. For a number of years he had been interested in seeking an overland route to Alta California, just as his father had before him. In 1769 he asked permission of Galvez to make the attempt, but was not permitted to do so. On May 2, 1772, he again proposed such an expedition, but owing to fears that the war in Sonora might again break out, and that an expedition such as Anza proposed might stir up the Indians of the country traversed, the junta was not willing to recommend it until further reports should be obtained. While these were being awaited Father Serra arrived in Mexico. His reports showed clearly that Alta California was in need of an overland route. More reports having been received a junta was again called. Bucarely, meanwhile, had received notice of foreign aggressions in the Pacific, and these influenced the decision in favor of the expedition. On September 9, 1773, a junta recommended that Anza be licensed to make the exploration that he had proposed, and on the 13th Bucarely so decreed. The long-planned advance by way of the Gila and Colorado Rivers was to come, at last.

* * * * *

As soon as he got word that his petition had been granted, Anza lost no time in making preparations for his expedition. On November 6, 1773, both he and Garces wrote to the viceroy, the purport of their letters being that the expedition would start on December 15. They planned to take a northerly route, feeling sure that in case of need they could return to the Yuma country at the junction of the Colorado and Gila, and proceed from there to the Pacific without

difficulty. This news was communicated to Arriaga by Bucarely on February 24, 1774, and was the latest that he had been able to hear, owing to the great distance of Sonora from Mexico City, but he felt certain that the expedition had started. Anza did not in fact leave Tubac, the starting point of the expedition, until January 8, 1774. Meanwhile, the existence of a route from Sonora to Alta California was definitely proved. An Indian, Sebastian Tarabal, by name, had escaped from the San Gabriel mission, and had reached Altar, December 26, 1773. Four others who escaped with him, including his wife and a brother, had died of thirst while lost in the Colorado Desert.

Oscar Maurer

ALONG THE ROAD NEAR MEXICO CITY

Tarabal alone reached the junction of the Colorado and Gila, and came from there to Altar by way of Papagueria.

Originally, Anza had intended to go by way of the Gila River to the Colorado junction, but he changed his plan, choosing a route by way of Altar and Papagueria to the junction of the rivers. Tarabal had said that that route was a good one. Furthermore, the Apaches had made a raid on January 2, stealing one hundred and thirty horses, including many destined for the expedition. These could not be replaced in that vicinity, and he did not wish to wait for others to be sent, as the Apaches might capture some more. He hoped to get more horses at Altar, having notified the governor of Sonora of his need. Finally, he had decided that it was better to ascertain the direct route from Pimeria, as that would be the only one by which produce could be sent to sustain the Californians, as it was alone free from the Apaches. Garces added that the Yuma chief, Salvador Palma, who had accompanied Tarabal to Altar, said that the Papagueria route was a good one. It is probable that the Apache incident was the determining factor with Anza.

The expedition left Tubac on January 8, 1774, reaching Altar a few days later. Writing to Bucarely from there, January 18, 1774, Anza said that Governor Crespo had arranged to supply him with what he needed at Caborca, the last village through which he would pass in that district, at which he expected to arrive the following day. Despite the difficulty of procuring pack animals he was carrying four months' provisions. They would last longer, but for the necessity of making gifts to Indians enroute. He was also carrying a quantity of baubles for them. These were rather scarce in Sonora, but for that reason they would be all the more valued by the Indians. The Indians of the Colorado River maintained communication and friendship with the Spanish post of Altar, in consequence of which Anza planned to send back letters of his journey, on arrival at the Colorado.

* * * * *

From Caborca Anza proceeded through sterile Papagueria to the junction, and crossed both rivers successfully. He wrote from San Dionisio at the junction, February 9, 1774, telling how joyfully he had been received by the Yumas, although a portion of them had originally planned to oppose him. A Soyopa Indian had told him that there was a westward branch of the Colorado River, farther north, and the same Soyopa also said that the ridge to the northwest was impassable, because of its ruggedness and because of the lack of water and pasture. The Yumas must be very numerous, for Anza had seen about two thousand of them in the space of a league and a half, but they were not a people to be afraid of, even if they had been less friendly. He hoped to find more pasture during the rest of the march than he had encountered in crossing Papagueria. The Papagueria route was not a bad one, but he had had difficulties, due to his lack of acquaintance with it; in seasons of rain it would be an easy route for a party, however large. Except for the soldiers who accompanied the Jesuits, no Spanish troops had ever penetrated so far as he then was, and his next day's journey would carry him beyond where they had gone.

* * * * *

Meanwhile, Anza had encountered serious difficulty in his first attempt to cross the Colorado Desert. After spending a terrible day in the desert on February 15, in search of San Jacome, a village which later turned out to have been abandoned, he had been obliged to return to Santa Olaya, near the Colorado River, because of the lack of water in the desert, and the exhaustion and rapid death of his animals.

* * * * *

Anza left Santa Olaya on March 2, traversed the desert by a circuitous route, entered the mountains by way of the San Felipe Canyon, and reached San Gabriel on March 22. His letter to Bucarely from there, April 10, 1774, gives the essential facts of his march after leaving Santa Olaya, and accords high praise to the route discovered, as a means of communication. His difficulties had been due primarily to the weakness of his animals and his ignorance of the country. Because of the former the soldiers had been obliged to march most of the way on foot, and because of the latter they had traveled more leagues than was necessary. Where it had taken two hundred and seventy-nine leagues in coming, the return could be made in two hundred leagues. Monterey should be about three hundred leagues from Tubac or Altar. There were no hostile peoples enroute; rather they were well disposed, and lacking in arms. In five days' march from the Colorado River, Anza had reached fertile lands with plenty of water, and the lands thereafter were good. The route from Sonora was a very good one, even suitable for wagons. Likewise, he expected that that would be the case if a more direct route were taken to Monterey, as by way of San Luis Obispo, which he thought might prove to be the best route from Sonora to Monterey. Lower Sonora could then furnish the necessary aid to Alta California; Primeria Alta could not, because of the Apaches. Due to a lack of provisions and the exhaustion of his animals, he had not attempted to go directly to Monterey, as originally planned, but had come first to San Gabriel, arriving there at the height of the

Oscar Maurer

A STREET IN OAXACA, MEXICO

great famine. Being unable to get animals and supplies enough from there or San Diego, or even from the Santiago, then at San Diego, he had also been obliged to abandon his project of a direct return from Monterey. He had only sixteen days' rations for his troops, and had, therefore, directed most of his men to return to the Colorado by way of the route discovered, while he himself would go to Monterey before returning. He expected to be at Tubac by the end of May, whence he would proceed to Mexico in June to report there in person. With this letter Anza enclosed his diary as completed to April 5.

* * * * *

Bucarely's letter of January 2, 1775, to Garces tended toward carrying out the suggestion attributed to Anza. Bucarely had just

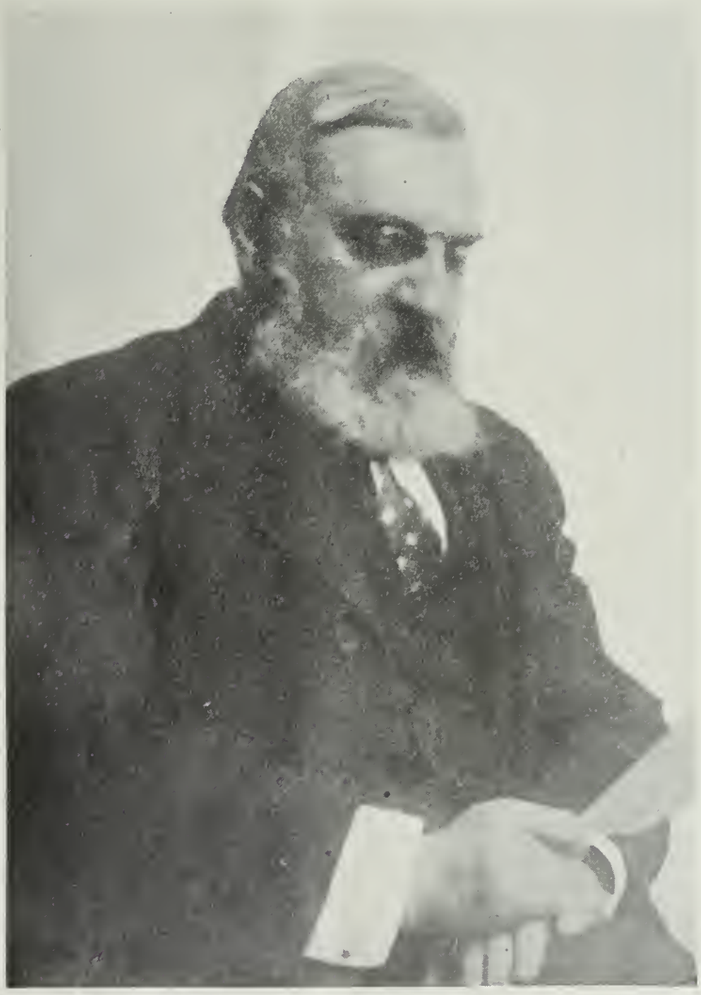
(Continued on page 19)

HENRY MORSE STEPHENS

By BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER, *President Emeritus of the Universiiy of California*

HENRY MORSE STEPHENS, Sather Professor of History, —since 1902 a member of the faculty of the University of California, was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, Otober 3, 1857. He was educated at Haileybury College, England, 1871-76, and at Balliol College, Oxford (B. A. 1880 and M. A. 1892). From 1880 to 1892 the higher type of journalism furnished him a chief livelihood, and his articles and editorials in the *Academy*, *Daily Chronicle*, *Speaker*, *Statesman*, *Friend of India*, and *India*, gave him name and standing, particularly in the field of British colonial history and politics. For four years he was a lecturer in the Oxford University Extension System, and from 1892 to 1894 lecturer at Cambridge (England) on Indian history. In 1894 he began at Cornell University his brilliant career as Professor of European History, and after eight years removed to the University of California, where a sympathetic environment opened to him for seventeen years a free opportunity for use to the full of his extraordinary talents as scholar and organizer, and as teacher and inspirer of youth.

Plans of authorship were laid aside or postponed in deference to the higher interest of living personality and the superior bidding of the call to teach. His earlier ideals of historical study apparently assigned him to the realistic school of scientific criticism; but his native instinct of human sympathy drew him inevitably back toward the interpretation of human character. And there he stood, whether he willed it or not,—an historian of human personality. His historic world was shapen on the rich materials offered and ordered by his matchless mind, just as personal attachments and amazing loyalties made up the structure of his inner world.



HENRY MORSE STEPHENS

Gifted for the exercise of human fellowship, the charm of conversation, and the remembrance of friends, he was beyond all ordinary measure a social being.

Devoid of all ambition to acquire for himself possession or station, he lived for his work and for the University of California,—and, especially, within the University, for his academic children, to whose wellbeing and growth he gave the constant thought and zeal of all his days and all his love.

Henry Morse Stephens,
Loyal friend, wise counsellor;
Great scholar, superb teacher.

A NEW SCHOOL OF CALIFORNIA HISTORIANS

By HENRY MORSE STEPHENS

THERE are two romances which lie at the back of the consciousness of California pride in the State of California; one is the romance of Spanish exploration and settlement, the other is the romance of the gold diggers. The first romance had been twined around the name of Father Junipero Serra and the history of the Franciscan missions in Alta California. Mission architecture, mission furniture, the study of mission sites, and the restoration of mission buildings all bear witness to the sincere desire of the modern residents in California to seek a common interest in at least one side of the Spanish settlement of Alta California. For some years, one of the most popular demonstrations of the interest felt in the Franciscan mission has been the success of the San Gabriel Mission Play, which has been witnessed by thousands and has stirred the sensibilities of the casual tourist as well as of the resident or the native son. Celebrations in honor of Don Gaspar de Portola, the Spanish captain of dragoons, who led the first expedition by land northward from San Diego, have been held in San Francisco. The study of California history, introduced into the California schools, among the new settlers of the south, as well as among the descendants of the pioneers in the north and central parts of the State, has, hitherto, always begun with the story of the Franciscan missionaries. And yet the establishment of the missions is but an episode in the Spanish settlement of California, and a new school of California historians is arising, and is attempting to cover the story of the Spanish settlement in a more thorough fashion and to show the forces that lay behind the movement of New Spain into Alta California.

Oscar Maurer
TZSIN TZSIN TZAN, MEXICO

The publication of Dr. Chapman's book is an evidence of the new spirit with regard to the foundation of Spanish California, developed among younger historians. All earnest students of California history acknowledge the enormous debt of gratitude they owe to Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft for the treasury of information with regard to California brought together with his colossal work. Mr. Bancroft undertook the task of writing California history upon a stupendous scale. He realized his opportunity. Seeing that California was first brought to civilization through New Spain, he collected sources of information, not only upon the history of Alta California, but also upon Central America and Mexico. The large way in which he conceived his work led to the gathering of the unequalled collection of primary sources which now forms the glory of the library of the University of California. All was grist that came to his mill, and he absorbed such great collections of material

as the Squier Collection on Central America, and the library of the Emperor Maximilian. Professor Langlois of Paris, the recognized master of historical bibliography, in an article published so long ago as 1891 in the *Revue Universitaire* under the title of *H. H. Bancroft et Cie*, drew the attention of European scholars to the remarkable work accomplished by Mr. H. H. Bancroft. Mr. Bancroft was not a native son of California, but came from Ohio, and yet it is to him that California historians owe their greatest debt of gratitude. Professor Langlois wonders at the grandeur of the ideas of this bookseller and publisher, without academic training, who conceived the possibility of collecting all the accessible sources on the history of California civilization, and who then formed an organization not unlike that of old Magdeburg Centuriators in the sixteenth century in Europe to collate and interpret them. "Mr. Bancroft and Company," to translate the title to Langlois' article, brought forth thirty-nine large volumes of Pacific Coast history, based upon his own collection of original sources. This is not the place to criticize, even if the desire existed, the stupendous work of Mr. H. H. Bancroft, and, as the years go by, the value of his vast collection is being more and more appreciated. To the same epoch of historical composition, belongs the *History of California* by Theodore H. Hittell, published in 1885, an admirable book composed upon a smaller scale than that of Bancroft's more elaborate work, and confined more strictly to the history of Alta California. These remarkable books were representative of the period in which they were written, and both of them laid a considerable amount of emphasis upon the Spanish settlement of California. But historians, like histories, get out of date, and now men arise to take up the task of interpreting the past where their predecessors left off. Among the more recent histories especial weight should be laid upon the books of Mr. Irving Richman, whose *California under Spain and Mexico* appeared in 1911, and of Mr. Zoeth S. Eldredge, whose *Beginnings of San Francisco* appeared in 1912. Both of these books, and especially that of Mr. Eldredge, are real contributions to a knowledge of the early history of California. But more remained to be done; for however wide-reaching had been Mr. Bancroft's net, he had failed to gather in all the sources upon the romantic history of the Spanish settlement of California. It was known that vast quantities of material were preserved in the great collections of public records known as the *Archivo General de Indias* at Seville in Spain. Here has been collected all the official correspondence from Spanish America with Spain. Mr. Bancroft had obtained copies of some of the most necessary documents, but it was quite certain that hidden away and unindexed among the masses of state papers there must be many more that would explain in detail the settlement of Spanish California.

The difficulty that presented itself was how to prepare students of California history to work among these great stores of official documents, and how to maintain them during a residence at Seville. The University of California made ready to undertake the task by calling to its faculty an acknowledged master of modern history, Professor Herbert E. Bolton, who had done admirable work in the University of Texas, and who had made himself familiar with the treasure houses of Spanish documents in Mexico, and who had finished his well-known *Guide to Materials for the History of the United States in the Principal Archives of Mexico*, was the very man to train California historical scholars. His wealth of knowledge of Spanish-American history, together with his practical experience in dealing with Spanish official documents, made it possible to deal adequately with the materials preserved in the Bancroft collection, and to prepare for further investigations at the fountain head in Spain. At this moment, came providentially most generous aid from the local California society, devoted to the study of California history, and organized as the Order of the Native Sons of the Golden West. At the critical moment, when a school of young California historians was foreshadowed in the work of Professor Bolton, the Native Sons of the Golden West came forward with a subsidy of $3,000 a year for the maintenance of Traveling Fellows, who were to reside in Spain and devote themselves to a search for documents on the history of Spanish California. The first fruits of their generosity are to be seen in Dr. Chapman's volume, to which this is a general introduction. Other volumes are now in hand, and during the next few years a series of monographs on the early history of Spanish California may be expected which will supplement the historical work accomplished by such pioneers as Bancroft and Hittell, and by such modern historians as Richman and Eldredge.

THE HOME SERVICE OF THE PASADENA CHAPTER, A. R. C.

By LON F. CHAPIN, *Chairman Civilian Relief Committee*

WHEN the term Home Service was chosen for the work of the American Red Cross in behalf of the families of men in the Service, it was surely by the happiest of inspirations. That terse name, with its two short, meaningful words, has defined and expressed just what this department of the Red Cross has stood for: Service at home; serving Homes, in all their interests.

Now that the war activities of Home Service sections are rapidly diminishing by reason of the return and re-entry into civil life of service men, the question of the peace time program of the Red Cross is everywhere a live one. National Headquarters has encouraged extension of Home Service to include whatever kind of welfare work shall be most needed by the particular community served. The American Red Cross will not sanction competition with the work of social agencies already in the field, but it does encourage supplementing and extending the work of such organizations, where the need exists, and also the development of new, well-advised social work.

To many it has seemed vitally important that both the spirit and the method of the Red Cross Home Service should be preserved to our communities; that the genuine human interest in the welfare of others on the part of so many who have given fine co-operation as friendly visitors and otherwise, should not be lost for lack of organized channels for its expression. In many cases this interest has amounted to a revival of the old spirit of neighborliness, long since disappearing in our cities, and that surely is worth reviving and preserving.

Maud Watson
WILLIAM H. VEDDER, PRESIDENT OF THE PASADENA CHAPTER, AMERICAN RED CROSS

It is true, of course, that during the war every one was keyed up to the utmost of endeavor. Many went beyond their strength, and probably few should now give so much time as during the crisis of the past two years. But a wonderful opportunity for worth-while community service is still offered; still presses its claims upon each individual heart and conscience. The co-operation which made Home Service possible is still needed in behalf of families; in behalf of the sick and discouraged; of the victims of tuberculosis; of under-nourished and pre-tubercular school children; of the struggling group and organization that is ministering to these. Its work in the future will no doubt be more and more that of a supporting rather than an operating agency, as recommended by Mr. Henry I. Davison, former head of the American Red Cross; but for a long time the active, personal help of a considerable number will be needed to enable Home Service to fulfill its mission.

Pasadena Red Cross Home Service was organized in November, 1917, with Mrs. Maud R. Drummond, chairman, Geo. W. H. Allen, vice-chairman, Mrs. Ruth D. Azarian, secretary, Lloyd R. Macy being then chairman of the Civilian Relief Committee. Mrs. Drummond and Mrs. Azarian were active in the work for more than a year. At present the officers are Mrs. Harold Ayer, chairman, Mrs. F. F. Carpenter, vice-chairman and Miss Myra Straub, secretary, Mrs. Carpenter having succeeded Mrs. G. S. Buchanan upon the latter removing East recently. All the officers have given much time to the work of Home Service.

SOME PROMINENT PASADENA PEOPLE

Who Are Carrying on the Work of the Red Cross in the Department of Home Service

The Home Service section of the Pasadena Chapter was the first in the Pacific Division to be authorized to extend its work and enter upon a peace time program. That which it has thus far definitely elected to do, is to further the Red Cross Public Health program, especially by co-operating with the Pasadena Dispensary and the Pasadena Anti-Tuberculosis Society, both of which have now to meet unusual demands, with rather restricted means for doing so. This extension of its work is natural and timely. The interest of its chariman, Mrs. Harold Ayer, in both these other organizations, makes for the effectiveness of such extension, and there has also been from the first the very finest co-operation with these, as with other welfare organizations of the city.

For next year, at least, the great need will be for personal service, for friendly visitors, for continued interest and support.

The field is broad; the work is deeply humanitarian. Who will heed the call?

Mabel Watson
LON F. CHAPIN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR PASADENA STAR-NEWS AND CHAIRMAN CIVILIAN RELIEF AMERICAN RED CROSS

Mabel Watson
MRS. GERTRUDE S. BUCHANAN, WHO HAS BEEN VICE-CHAIRMAN OF THE HOME SERVICE COMMITTEE

Raymond Studios
MISS EMILY McBRIDE, DAUGHTER OF DR. AND MRS. JAMES H. McBRIDE, A "FRIENDLY VISITOR"

Weston
MRS. HAROLD AYER, WHO, AS CHAIRMAN OF THE PASADENA RED CROSS HOME SERVICE, IS DOING EFFECTIVE WORK FOR THE PUBLIC HEALTH

INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY

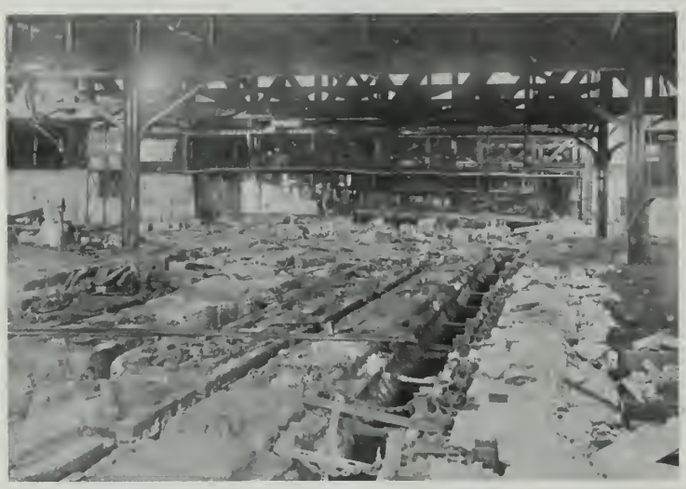
A Sermon Preached in St. James' Episcopal Church, South Pasadena, on Labor Sunday, 1919, by the Reverend C. Rankin Barnes

TEXT: "TEKEL; Thou art weighed in the balances, and found wanting."

THE scene is a huge banquet hall. The host is Belshazzar, king of Babylon. The guests number an even thousand. Wine flows freely, in vessels stolen from the Jewish Temple. But the party is interrupted. A mysterious hand appears upon the wall. It traces letters, then words. The king is frightened. His nerve is lost. His knees shake. And he is the more frightened because none of his magicians can interpret the writing on the wall. At last Daniel, the Jew, is brought, and he makes known the meaning of the strange inscription. "*Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin.*" "*Tekel;* Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting."

Again today, thousands of years later, writing appears upon the walls of time. Sometimes the letters are dim and all the words cannot be deciphered. But one stands out clearly, clearly enough for all to see who watch the writing. That word is "*Tekel.*" "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting."

In no way is this quite so true as in regard to our present industrial life. I call it industrial life rather than industrial order



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Deliberately Demolished by Germany

advisedly. It is no order; it is chaos. We have allowed modern industry to run on a "system" of cut-throat competition which argues, "May the superman win; let the devil take the hindmost!" And the devil has been doing just that, taking a toll of lives ground down with degrading labor, with inhuman length of hours, with occupational poisoning, with industrial accidents, with a well-nigh complete suppression of individuality. No civilization can be stronger than its industrial system. But across ours is written the "*Tekel*" of condemnation uttered by the conscience of the world.

It is not merely to current industrial "unrest" that I am referring, but to something wider and vastly more fundamental. We are all too likely to think of present conditions solely as an aftermath of the war. But "modern, big-scale, standardized industry had long before 1914 outgrown its checks and controls, and was seeking some form of government which would permit it to function productively, smoothly and justly. It was seeking a government of its own, autocratic or self-governing, according as you focussed attention on the big managers or on the stirrings of the rank and file." (Arthur Gleason.) Before, during, and since the war socially-minded men and women, within the ranks of capital, within the ranks of labor, and within the ranks of neither, have been seeking a way out. Their general conclusions have been strikingly unanimous. Differing widely though they do as to method, they usually agree that our goal for industry must be democracy in industry. Turn where you will and this theme faces you. In newspapers, in secular magazines, in church papers, in college class rooms, on forum platforms and from Christian pulpits, the outstanding note of hope for social welfare is found in industrial democracy. Over against the warning word of "*Tekel*" are set these words, not as a magic formula, but as the symbol of a tremendous reality: "*Industrial Democracy.*"

For two years America fought for democracy, political democracy. Industrial democracy is simply the extension of the political ideal of freedom for the individual to the sphere of daily work. In last analysis political democracy rests upon a sentiment for the dignity and sanctity of every life and for a brotherhood of all individuals based upon full and equal justice. Industrial democracy dares to make the same high appraisal of the individual and seeks to secure to each a free scope for his working instincts and a voice in governing his working life. Present industry is for the most part ruled from above—autocratic. Now it is urged that a democratic organization will so far enlist the workers' interest and good-will as to offset any loss in efficiency. It passes from the point where the workers only have somewhat to say in regard to "the historic twins, wages and hours," to the point of their sharing in the discipline and management. Industrial democracy implies that a shared management takes the place of autocratic control. As has been aptly expressed, the goal is: "Democratic control of industry through the development of co-operation as a substitute for private autocracy on the one hand, and governmental, bureaucratic domination on the other." (Illinois Labor Party.)

The reasons for advocating industrial democracy are simple, and they are three. First of all there is the call of justice. Our present system is obviously not equitable. It has been tried long enough, and is still found wanting. The situation has been finely expressed by the Archbishops' Committee on Industrial Relations of our mother Church of England. The industrial system is "defective, not merely in the sense that industrial relations are embittered by faults of temper and lack of generosity on the part of the employer, of the employed, and of the general public alike, but because the system itself makes it exceedingly difficult to carry into practice the principles of Christianity. Its faults are not the accidental or occasional maladjustments of a social order, the general spirit and tendency of which can be accepted as satisfactory by Christians. They are the expressions of certain deficiencies deeply rooted in the nature of the order itself. They appear in one form or another, not in this place or that, but in every country which has been touched by the spirit and has adopted the institutions of modern industrialism. To remove them it is necessary to be prepared for such changes as will remove the deeper causes of which they are a result." So they reported, and proceeded to recommend industrial democracy as the solution.

The second reason is efficiency. All parties involved in industrial life want to keep up production. It is to the interests of employer, employee, and the community alike that the wheels of industry be kept moving. And yet every year the sum of $3,000,000,000 is lost in the United States alone because of strikes and lockouts. Apparently our present efficiency is capable of improvement. Industrial democracy will go far in aiding the efficiency of any plant and of industry in general. The British Ministry of Labor recently announced: "In practice Works Committees—the evidence would suggest—have improved time-keeping and increased output. . . . They make for better relations and greater harmony, and these are the things that matter most to industry. More time is gained by the absence of disputes than is lost by the presence of discussion."

The third reason is consistency. It can be treated briefly. "A democracy cannot fight for a principle on the battle front, and at the same time permit its abrogation on the industrial front." (Gleason.) Or, as that brilliant loyal Churchwoman, Mrs. Mary Kingsbury Simkhovitch, has put it: "The control of life is what human beings want and what they are entitled to under a democracy which is worthy of that name." And it is no mere consistency for the sake of consistency for which they argue, but consistency for the sake of democracy itself.

Having thought of the reasons for industrial democracy, our next step is to consider the working plan, or, rather, one of the working plans, for many plans have developed into successful operation. We need to note, however, the fact that the movement for self-government in industry has come from several directions. In Great Britain, for example, the movement has expressed itself in three ways:

(1) The instinctive action of the workers themselves, developing shop stewards and works committees.
(2) The action of far-sighted employers by self-abdication of autocratic control over certain functions.
(3) Government action putting into effect the recommendations of an investigating committee of its own.

ROLLING MILLS, D'OUGREE—MARIHAYE COMPANY, BELGIUM

The simplest plan to outline as an example, as well as one of the best-known, is that of the Whitley Report, in England. This plan applies to the whole of industry the principle of representative government. It calls for joint industrial councils (committees) representing the management and the workers, in ever-widening circles of co-operation, local, district, national. The smallest unit is the works council, on which representatives of employers and employees sit together in joint conference. Their function is to establish better relations between employers and employed by granting to the latter a larger share in the consideration of matters in which they are concerned. The next unit is the district council, and finally the national

(Continued on Page 16)

PAN AMERICANISM---A BUSINESS MAN'S VIEWPOINT

Presented to the Missionary Centenary at Columbus, Ohio, by Norman Bridge

I AM asked to present "Pan Americanism from the Business Man's Viewpoint." There are several such viewpoints, depending on the idiosyncrasies and the degrees of selfishness of the particular business man. I should like to feel myself invited to speak in behalf of that large number of business men who have a vision above and beyond their barter; who have some vital interest in the people they trade with, and especially in the weal of the unfortunates they know of in foreign lands.

These business men have not all engaged in foreign trade and travel, but many of them have; and it is they who have contributed a large, if not the major, part of the funds that have sustained Christian missions in foreign fields through all the years.

Pan Americanism means a sweep of thought that takes in a great body of Latin American and native people, of many nations in many climes—all to the south of our southern boundary; and on the hither side of it, swarming millions of Anglo-Saxon stock largely, but with numerous and curious mixtures of many kinds, a few aborigines, and a large class of African descent.

The Rio Grande divides the continent into two differing civilizations—each the result of the forces back of it from the distant past; each with traits that are peculiar to it; and each, unfortunately, with some suspicions of the other.

On both sides of the line there are toiling masses of people, the vast majority in some of the countries, who ought to have a better chance—the chance that comes of more knowledge in the things of the world, and of the best ways to live and make a living. They are the children of disadvantage, some of them of degradation, and it is a missionary service to ameliorate the lot of any of them.

From our viewpoint there are many sentimental reasons for our desire to have business and friendly dealings with all the peoples on the American continent; but trade is like human nature in general, always to a degree selfish, and must remain so; and it goes where the enticement is greatest and the obstacles are fewest. It goes to Genoa and Tokio as readily as to Rio and Vera Cruz.

All nations have differing habits and customs that are the product of the ages. And we all have the burden of two great needs—one to avoid a persistent tendency to overmuch conceit in our own ways; the other to cultivate some charity and sympathy toward the ways of others. Thereby we may learn to give and take—to adopt the best that others have, and to proffer but not force upon others the best of our own.

American business is ready to forego certain faults in facilities and otherwise in order to trade and live in amity with our Latin American neighbors. But there are some essential conditions of amicable commerce. Among these are stable governments and safety for persons and property. Business does not readily go where its people are likely to be killed, or where debts and obligations of men and governments are likely to be forgotten or repudiated. There must be such protection and good faith as are the long time custom of the most enlightened countries. It will not do to contend that a nation is surely doing its full duty when it protects its foreign guests as well as it does its own citizens—it must treat foreigners well by the standards of international usage. If a nation should decree that one in fifty of its citizens should be put to death, it cannot apply that rule to its foreign residents.

The nations to the south of us are debtor nations; and their true interest for their industries and people is in having the help of the creditor nations; help both by money investments and operating industries. These always strengthen the debtor nation and always must. From such influences come the greatest profit to all classes and especially to the poor people. This is substantially a universal rule.

Until lately the United States was always a debtor nation to Europe. Many millions of money came over here first and last to buy our bonds, and the stocks of hundreds of our business concerns. This gave force to our material development and was of great benefit to us as well as to Europe. We were glad; those foreign investments were welcome here and were safe; and the foreign people were secure in the free enjoyment of

Oscar Maurer

THE CATHEDRAL, OAXACA

every privilege short of citizenship—and indeed this gift was attained by some millions of them.

We have been to some degree a creditor nation to the countries to the south of us; we have entered many of them with investments and enterprises that, while profitable to us, have been of greater benefit to them. Especially is this true of Mexico, where all classes of people have been the gainers.

The great war has changed our financial relations with Europe. From being a debtor nation, we have become the great creditor nation, and are loaning money and extending credit in enormous volume to most of the governments and peoples of Europe. Such credits are the indispensable force that shall lift those nations out of the exhaustion of war.

Oscar Maurer

THE PAWNSHOP, MEXICO

In a large way, commerce and Christian missions have worked along similar lines. The missions—whatever their particular sectarian theology—have all inculcated those habits of thought and conscience that lead to stable government, peace, honest dealing, the cardinal personal virtues and brotherly love. This is a sufficient reason why they ought to be supported and encouraged by people of all faiths—even by those of no faith.

In many lands the medical arm of missionary work has opened the eyes of groping people to the joy of better health, less suffering and longer life. And young and old alike have quickly related the new health and cleanliness of body to spiritual betterment and a desirable religion.

The missionaries have for years done this sort of service with great effect in circumscribed fields. It has been only in this later day that our Government, and a great movement supported solely by the fortune of one modest business man, have undertaken to do these missionaries services on the scale of a military campaign. So the plague of Mukden was stamped out; the hook-worm infliction of a nation was abolished; the yellow fever and ague of Cuba and Panama were overcome; yellow fever in the northern shores of South America has just lately been successfully checked—and now an epidemic of typhus covering a whole nation in Europe is being attacked with absolute certainty of victory.

There is one thing that foreign missionaries and foreign business men must distinctly not do—they must not meddle in any way or degree with the politics of the foreign country they work in. If by their daily lives and conversation they can lead their hosts to guess that they come from better political conditions at home, well and good—but further than that it is forbidden to go.

In the Latin American countries the missionary efforts are bestowed especially on the poor, uneducated and unfortunate classes. In many of these countries, notably Mexico, which I am most familiar with, these people are numerically the greatly predominating class. Foreign interests and industries have encouraged them by better wages, better health and living conditions, intelligent instruction, and by sympathy and faith. To this sort of treatment their response has always been prompt and surprising. If any business man doubts this (as some do) he has not become really and sympathetically acquainted with them.

Many influences have attached us to these people. We have learned something of their beautiful language; we have learned of the gentleness of their natures, their capacity for friendship and loyalty, their teachableness and their avidity for knowledge. We have seen them rise in the social scale by more material prosperity—from peons they have become mechanics, machinists and overseers. By a little practical instruction they can become farmers and horticulturists; and such instruction they should soon begin to have. Their development under such influences is remarkable, considering the fact that for some centuries they have until lately had very little encouragement. With the coming of peace and stable government—if happily it shall become permanent—the illiteracy of this eighty-five per cent of the Mexican population will steadily decrease, and with this will come an increase in their importance as a factor in the community.

Whatsoever religious beliefs may be taught these people—and I do not undervalue such beliefs—they should be taught those things that the Y.M.C.A. and other like influences have always emphasized—namely, industry, providence, personal and public hygiene, temperance, the rudiments of education, good fellowship and good sportsmanship, self-respect, self-discipline and uprightness; respect for women and the fostering of childhood. From such teaching when enforced by example—by whatsoever hands it comes (provided it comes as an act of true help and not of exploitation)—the harvest is sure to be wholesome. And it is bound ultimately to be great.

THE KNOWN INTEGRITY OF BULLOCK'S

Adorable, indeed, are these draped coats of Hudson seal and skunk (left) and caracul and Russian kolinsky (right) over a gown of silver cloth and sequins from Bullock's.

(Below) Razwak hat with ostrich feathers, cape of alternating mole skins, trimmed with rare black fox—at Bullock's.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MAURER

FURS at Bullock's! All Los Angeles and the countryside about knows what that must mean. To have the well-known thoroughness of selection and the expert service for which this house is noted placed behind such a critical thing as the purchase of furs makes a sigh of satisfaction go up from the community. Good furs are difficult to find. As an investment they must be cautiously chosen by the shopper. The curing and preservation of fine pelts and their working up into valuable articles of clothing have developed through the years into an art as distinctive as that of the weaving of fine linen, Oriental rugs or Gobelin tapestry. Fascinating as the study of these things may be we cannot all be experts in them. But when we find that a house in which the whole community has confidence is taking up the selection and buying of rare furs for our inspection and choice we may trust its professional furrier to guide us in good form and value and then choose the fur that is most becoming and best suited to our individual exchequer.

From time immemorial the hunter and the trapper have opened up new countries to the civilized world. As the Spaniard sought gold in Mexico, diamonds in Brazil, and pearls in the Gulf of California, so the French trapper and the English trader did their part in conquering the wilderness. And furs must be classed in the same rare field as precious gems and the goldsmith's handiwork. They cannot be safely purchased excepting at a house of known integrity.

Collected here and there by Bullock's expert buyers, chosen for those solid reasons which lie at the basis of Bullock's remarkable ability to keep pace with the extraordinary growth of Los Angeles, these rippling capes of caracul and kolinsky, Hudson seal and fox, mink and mole, lie shimmering in fascinating profusion on table, couch and chair in the comfortable gallery which Bullock's has prepared for the display of fine furs. Flexible, rich and lustrous, worthy of infinite care in the keeping and studied grace in the wearing, these new wraps are designed in the latest mode and suited to every figure. Stunning furs of the silver gray fox are here for the lover of distinction. Cuddling collarettes of mink appeal to the affections. Great collars of black fox or of kolinsky are used on coats of softer seal and mole skins, charmingly draped for the tall Californienne.

Near to the place where the handsome hats we always expect to find at Bullock's have won their place upon the third floor, this rare collection of furs may be found.

"We needs must love the highest when we see it," writes Tennyson. Here are the highest and best examples of the furrier's art displayed for our delectation. Those who have eyes to see cannot fail to love them.

IS NOW EXPRESSED IN BEAUTIFUL FURS

(Left) a cape with straight stoll — designed by Bullock's of choice Mink skins—Hat with Cassawary from Bendel

Rarest and nicest of collars, this silver fox fur becomes the youthful figure and may be found at Bullock's.

So, too, this beltless model of Hudson seal (right) is girlish with a cap of the same soft fur — at Bullock's.

Very rich is the mink skin cape from Bullock's.

SOUTHLAND

The World Is Growing Better

DURING the past summer while the world has been relaxing after four years of terrible strain, there has been time to glance again into books that tell us of the past. Thus we have been helped to gain the new perspective which forestalls despair. Thus we may be convinced that the world is growing better even through agony.

The book upon which this number of CALIFORNIA SOUTHLAND is based, Professor Chapman's fascinating history of the Spanish conquestadores in California, takes us back to a time so different from our own that it seems infinitely remote if not a pure tale of fiction. The high purpose, the sturdy, single-hearted faith in comrades and captain, the physical courage of these stern and hardy explorers, so picturesque and thrilling in literature, are qualities which have never been actually lost to the world. But their scene of action has been transferred from the wilds of newly discovered countries to the fields of modern scientific investigation and of world service.

Along with a holding fast to that which is good in human character, the world has seen a discarding of cruel methods and a transfer of the spirit of conquest to the mastery of nature's elements rather than of fellow human beings. This is true, notwithstanding Germany's ignorance of the moral progress of the world.

In the seventeenth century, when the Monroe doctrine was still an ideal, when Spain was planting her flag all over Mexico, expeditions with a semblance of governmental authority left Virginia, turned South America, and joining with buccaneers who had crossed the Isthmus of Panama, engaged in operations against the Spanish. Even the semi-scientific expedition of the early eighteenth century captured the Manila galleon when it could, and went back to England with rich stores intended by Spain for Mexico. But after the seven years' war a new type of voyage begins, "The semi-piratical voyage of the past," Professor Chapman tells us, "was no longer in accord with public morals, nor was there the excuse of war." Since 1915, even war has become a disgrace and does not excuse attacks on merchant or passenger vessels. Perhaps even the Germans have caught an inkling of this change in world standards of right and wrong.

Mexico and the Monroe Doctrine

THE Monroe doctrine to which we cling with such determination at present, established the principle that the conquest of the Americans was ended. No more might brave denizens of one country sail forth on unknown seas and, conquering with gunpowder a few aborigines, raise the flag of their own country on new territory and claim it for their king. Germany's insolent effort to disregard this principle in Europe marks, in her downfall, the last stage in the passing of conquest, and the world acceptance, not of race equality, but of equal rights for every race.

The Monroe doctrine has accomplished its purpose for the Americas. The world war has now established it as a world doctrine. No longer may one nation force its flag upon the soil or over the will of another people with the tacit consent of the civilized world. President Wilson's answer to the crucial question, "How about Shauntung?" shows that he, too, has come to realize that the present standard of public morals in the United States demands no less than this. If Japan, receiving her spoils of victory upon the principles in practice before the war, now relinquishes the right of sovereignty which Germany held over this Chinese territory, she may prove herself one of the foremost nations of our times and thus establish the Monroe doctrine for Asia. When that doctrine shall have been worked out in Africa also, the British Colonial Policy which in 1774 began fighting Prussianism in the person of George the Third will have conquered the world.

In the light of this principle established by four years of terrible conflict between right and wrong, what shall we say about Mexico? Since the United States subscribes to the Monroe doctrine and insists on its observance by other nations, we cannot plant our own flag on Mexican soil. The sooner we acknowledge that, in a definite statement to Mexico, the sooner she will understand her own responsibilities.

Going to war in Europe should have made us realize more than ever before that what we have to contend with south of our border is old world diplomacy, a shattered form of government born in Europe and left, an inheritance of Spanish wreckage, upon a conquered but innocent, primitive race. We must expect an attempt at secret diplomacy. We must expect all the double dealings which Europe so long practiced and taught. But is our duty any the less clear? Is the job of handling this portion of civilization's burden too much for us? It will prove to be, so long as the United States has no settled policy of her own as to the development of just commercial relations with foreign states. Here is the next work for our clear-eyed Crusaders and our much befuddled statesmen to do. Selfishness, driven from the throne of kings, now takes her seat in the market place. A Monroe doctrine for the daring conquestadores of commerce has not yet been even formulated in these United States.

In the development of the race, Freedom has dared to say to the Church, "Hands off the people's government; your work is with individuals." Shall she not say the same to Commerce which has so long sailed with the death's head at her mast looking for some richly laden, vulnerable ship of state?

Has the Pacific Coast a Policy?

PROFESSOR WILLIAM C. SLOANE of Princeton, Columbia, and the University of California Summer School, has been asking questions up and down the Coast from Portland to San Diego. Having come to California for purposes other than personal recreation and amusement, he takes us seriously and converses with the Pacific States, not as though they were children or country cousins, but as responsible students of American affairs. With the fresh interest and trained instinct of an historian schooled to grasp the main trend of opinion in any community, Professor Sloane concludes that we have no united policy on any of the vital questions which lie at our door. Almost impatiently he turns from studying our daily press and asks us, "Don't you realize that this Coast is the front door of the United States? Don't you know that the big questions of the day are to be decided here? What policies has the Pacific?"

Thus we are suddenly confronted with the fact that the United States has turned around and is facing the Far East by way of Shantung and Tokio. Tokio has been a pretty word in comic opera trippingly sung for the amusement of Eastern theater goers. California has been the tourist's playground, a substitute for European trips, a resting place for worn-out men of affairs. But now, for a moment, the glance of thinking people sweeps over the playground and garden of the Pacific to Russia, Mexico, China and Japan.

If the United States is to take its dignified place in world affairs it could have no more strategic position. Seated between the two elder continents, Europe and Asia, America has certain bonds of sympathy with Poland, Italy, the Balkan peninsula, and the mixed peoples there caught between two differing continents. America, in whose veins flows the blood of every warring European nation, has proved that properly mixed those races can live together in harmony. Such ancestry gives us an understanding of many peoples, more especially those whose shield shows many quarterings. But America is young and free, with two beautiful oceans one on each side. United policies on the subject of other peoples has not yet formed the chief interest

OPINION

of any portion of this nation. Like a hostess at dinner the Atlantic now turns from the guest on her left to Young America on her right and asks an opinion on the Far East. Young America searching that portion of his brain which lies along the Pacific finds his opinions rather hazy. Nevertheless, smiling with the charm and confidence of young manhood, he harks back to Roosevelt or repeats something he has heard Schwab or Hoover say in Paris.

Professor Sloane is right. The Pacific Coast has no settled opinions. Like the man of science, it is holding its judgment in suspense while investigating the new field of a just internationalism.

True also is the statement that this is the front door of the Continent. It is at least the garden front where after a hard day's work we find leisure to sit in pleasant surroundings and discuss the serious questions that now confront the world. Our men are coming home from tiresome duties done abroad. Who shall name the long list of Californians whose brawn and brains have helped to win the war? They have not stopped thinking of ways and means by which a just peace may be accomplished. Here in the front garden we receive our guests from the Orient as well as those from the family home "back east." Hospitality and courtesy are our inheritance in large degree from Spain through Mexico. Our opinions must not be spoken with bluntness and heat, but they must and will be spoken. A love of fair play we have too, strongest in our large group of English and Canadian citizens; and the potent influence of that cultivated society which came from the old South after the civil war and stratified San Francisco can still be found able to give New England or Washington itself a polite but strongly phrased opinion on the race question.

For itself, CALIFORNIA SOUTHLAND has but one policy, to show forth through the words of representative men and women the best thought and effort of Southern California.

Cleaning Up Advertising

"WHAT, Blank silk at 57c a yard? Why, I paid 85c a yard just yesterday. I never heard of Blank silk being sold at such a reduced price before—let's go in and get some."

Overhearing this remark in front of the windows of a large store in Los Angeles recently, the director of the Better Business Bureau turned to see what caused the excitement and found two ladies standing reading a sign on a display of goods of various hues which stated "special sale 85c Blank silk today 57c a yard." The name of the silk was one well known in almost any part of this country. It was one of the best advertised lines of dress goods material, and such a statement upon a display was drawing trade to the department in this store.

The director stepping inside inquired for the department and made a purchase of the silk. The goods were taken to an expert who immediately pronounced it of a very inferior quality, of a silk and cotton manufacture, and not the goods trade marked as Blank silk.

A second visit was made by the director to the store and the manager interviewed. He was frankly told that such was considered fraudulent and misleading under the law covering advertising in the state of California.

The signs were immediately taken out of the window, the clerks at the department instructed that they must not represent this as Blank silk, and the manager of the department severely reprimanded.

Multiply this by two hundred and twenty-nine and include with the silk incident almost every form of merchandising, from automobiles to pianos, and from real estate to stock investments, and you will have a slight conception of the service that the Better Business Bureau of the Advertising Club of Los Angeles has been performing for you during the past eighteen months.

Mr. Barnum may have been all right—in his day—but the doctrine of the famous circus promoter, 'the people like to be fooled," is to be ruled out of modern merchandising methods today by the Better Business Bureau or Vigilance Committees of the Advertising Clubs. Public opinion is awakening and joining hands with this movement by backing up the honest advertiser and eliminating the faker and the respectable advertiser "who just exaggerates."

If you would be well informed you must read advertising. A prominent business man is frank in saying that it is the barometer of the business world of today.

Both the business man and the housewife are well repaid for reading advertisements. They save time and patience; they tell of new inventions and modern conveniences; they inform us of ways and means of defeating the high costs of living; they show us what fruits and vegetables are on the market each day and where to get them.

To be of value to you, however, it goes without saying that advertisements must be believable. The California law makes it a misdemeanor to publish any advertising that is not true. The Better Business Bureau has been formed to see that this law is enforced. If you have had any experience with a misleading advertisement it is your duty to report it, for it is only through such information that the objects of the Bureau can be attained.

Of course all complaints regarding advertising received at the Bureau office in the Hotel Alexandria in Los Angeles are not justified. A thorough investigation is made before any action of any kind is recommended, and should the complaint be found to be unjustified the Bureau very frankly conveys such informtaion to the persons or firms making such complaint, and in this way protects the honest advertiser against unjust criticism and house-to-house gossip.

The Better Business Bureau is serving both the consumer and the advertiser. It protects you, Mr. Consumer, by acting as a final tribunal in seeing that you get one hundred cents in value for every dollar that you spend for merchandise. It is protecting the advertiser by making the written advertisement one that can be believed, from which fraud and exaggerated statements have been eliminated. It is a form of business insurance that pays dividends on both sides, and only inflicts penalties upon those who would misuse the public print for private interests.

During the past eighteen months this Better Business Bureau of the Advertising Club of Los Angeles has investigated and reported on 229 complaints involving claimed misusage of the printed word. In several instances this organization, through its investigation, has caused the removal from Los Angeles of promoters and "wonderful investment opportunities yielding 100 per cent dividends," thus saving the people of Southern California thousands of dollars that would otherwise have had to be credited up to profit and loss and experience. In other cases advertisers who have had a distorted idea of how to tell the public about the goods they had to sell have been shown that the truthful, honest statement is much more profitable and is a much better business builder.

Such work is community upbuilding, and such work must be continued,—yes, even in a bigger and broader way than it has been done in the past. Upon the success of such work depends to a great extent the opinion that our visitors and newcomers to Southern California form of the southland, and upon this opinion depends their decision as to whether this is a good place to invest their money and make their home.

In a month or so the Advertsing Club of Los Angeles will launch a big Better Business campaign to develop the vigilance committee work to a stage where its benefits will be seen and appreciated, and taken advantage of by all residents of Los Angeles and vicinity.

A. H. WILKINS,
Director Better Business Bureau, Advertising Club of Los Angeles.

AN EXPERT IN THE MERCANTILE WORLD

By CHRISTINE WETHERBY

RAVISHING creations direct from the artists of Paris—the very newest in clever and brilliant silhouettes from the fashion masters of New York! No longer does the particular woman of the Southland have to puzzle and wonder over the latest and fascinating results of Fashion's foremost designers. There is no longer the tiresome waiting of weeks to procure apparel which was fashionable in Paris and New York several months ago. No, Paris and New York are actually with us, thanks to the new policy of the Ville de Paris.

A few months ago Mr. B. H. Dyas went East and after carefully inspecting the various exclusive apparel shops and the men in charge, discovered Mr. W. J. O'Callaghan with the B. Altman Company on Fifth Avenue, and knew immediately that he was the man who could actually bring the East to the West. Mr. O'Callaghen had no intention of leaving New York, but Mr. Dyas' irresistible smile even captivated Mr. O'Callaghan and he is now in Los Angeles as Vice-President and Merchandise Manager of the Ville de Paris. For ten years he was with William Filene & Company in Boston. During the war, Mr. O'Callaghan was an officer in the Army and held the very important position of chief of the Raw Material Distribution Division for the Government. When Mr. Dyas finally discovered him, it was as Assistant Merchandise Manager of the B. Altman Company.

Since Mr. O'Callaghan has been with the Ville de Paris, he has secured the exclusive agency in Los Angeles of Hickson and Philip Mangone. The famous Mark Cross gloves and leather goods now adorn the counters of the Ville de Paris and fascinating announcements, bewitching works of art by Mary MacKinnon—the artist who designs so many of those tantalizing costumes for Vogue and Harper's Bazar—are being used to inform the women of the Southland what is in store for them.

Oscar Maurer

WILLIAM H. O'CALLAGHAN, VICE-PRESIDENT VILLE DE PARIS

INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY

(Continued from page 10)

council. The presiding officer is always an impartial or neutral member. The plan is of special interest and value in that at once the existing forms of organization, both of capital and labor, are used and made the basis for the new co-operative councils. The national councils, for example, are composed of representatives of the national trades unions on the one hand and of the national employers' associations on the other. In other words, in the shop, the factory, the industrial area, and the trade, the worker has a share in the management of industry.

This Whitley Report was adopted by the British Government as the basis of its policy for industrial reconstruction. The British Trades Union Congress accented it in 1917. It was also accented by the Federation of British Industries, representing seventy-five per cent of the important industries of Great Britain. Thus it would seem to represent a platform upon which capital, labor and the community can all unite; in other words, an effective basis of co-operation.

So much for the specific working plan. When it comes to concrete cases, I should rather cite American examples. Probably it will be news to you that perhaps 200 manufacturing establishments in this country have undertaken some form of employees' representation. Anyone who has been in Boston knows Filene's. But perhaps he does not know that the climax in industrial democracy has been reached in those very stores of William Filene's Sons. The Filene Co-operative Association includes every employee of the company, without the imposition of dues. The purpose of the association is to prevent injustice to employees, to improve working conditions, and to promote welfare activities. When two-thirds of the members of this F. C. A. vote to change any rule or initiate a new rule concerning discipline or working conditions, the vote becomes at once a rule of the establishment. In other words, the employees actually govern working condtiions. The employees also have the nomination of four of the eleven directors of the company. No employee can suffer an adverse ruling without his day in court. Acting on every case is a Board of Arbitration, composed of twelve elected members, one from each section of the store. Thus the settling of disputes, including the final right of discharge, is entrusted entirely to a group of emnlovees. "But, mark this," says Mr. Filene, "never have they used their nower unfairly nor attempted to take advantage of their position. We have never had anything approaching a hold-up." If you object: "But such a scheme as that cannot work!" I'll refer you to Mr. Filene again. "Although we have done many things without a thought of financial return, yet it is a fact that we have never yet done a decent thing in business that did not pay."

Having considered this very concrete example of industrial democracy right here in our own American life, it may be worth while to pause and note the Church's interest in this new adventure of humanity. The Church's interest comes in because of her mission to build the Kingdom of God. The supreme teachings of Christ are of love and brotherhood. These should express themselves in the co-operation of every citizen for the good of each and all. The hope of industry, just as the hope of the world, lies in the co-operation of individuals and classes and the final elimination of classes in the brotherhood of a Christian society. To insnire such co-operation is a very definte part of the Church's message. Her interest in industrial democracy should not be expressed because the thing looks inevitable, but because it seems a valuable means toward the achievement of social justice for the world.

"No matter how far the Church has wandered from the thought and life of Christ, it still claims to be the extension of His life and still maintains that the essence of that life is love. For the Christian the rule of life is to love utterly. If thine enemy hunger, feed him. Not an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, but love to the enemy, help to the helpless, a complete living into the life of the downmost man. This is the very center and substance of Christianity—to serve, to love." (Mrs. Simkhovitch.) That is why the Church has a right, nay, a duty, to uphold an ideal such as that described by the Archbishops' Committee of the Church of England: "The relations between the different parties engaged in industry should be determined by considerations of right and justice, not merely by economic expediency or economic power."

That our own Communion is vitally interested in this whole problem is evident. The few quotations I have made from the report of the Archbishops' Committee will indicate the earnest activity of the mother church. In New York City on May 3, there was completed the organization of the Church League for Social and Industrial Democracy. One may not happen to agree wth every plank in their platform, but their virile social spirit is splendid. They maintain that "the Church is called upon to act, and the contemporary situation furnishes her with a challenge and an opportunty unsurpassed since Pentecost." May the Church as a whole measure up to their vision of a burning duty! That sturdy warhorse for social righteousness, the Bishop of Michigan, has spoken well to this issue: "The democratization of industry is coming as sure as tomorrow. We have gone through all the stages of owner and slave, lord and serf, employer and employee. The next step is a copartnership consisting of employer, employee and the public—the public coming in to regulate both and see that justice is done to all and that the ultimate consumer does not suffer." This is the same note as that struck by the Archbishons' Committee: "What alternative is there to the struggle of groups for advancement except their common subordination to the principle of public service?"

We are turning our faces toward a new world, a better world for men and women and little kiddies to live in. And we cannot accomplish this without facing the industrial issue, which lies in the forefront of that process. It may not be easy; but it will be glorious!

In conclusion I cannot do better than to quote again from Mrs. Simkhovitch: "The interests of employer and employed are not the same interests. It is hypocrisy to claim this. But what is true is that, from the Christian point of view of brotherhood, mutual service and co-operation, this country must definitely, purnosefully repudiate revolutionary socialism, which looks forward to the dictatorship of the proletariat, but that at the same time it must be committed to the deepest and most radical changes in the social structure, which shall substitute co-operation for competition, which shall insure to the worker a suitable standard of living, an adequate education, and an increasing control of industry, until we attain a government which shall be the rule of all, by all, for all. This idea of government is implicit in Christianity."

NEW YORK DRAWINGS FOR THE VILLE DE PARIS

By MARY MACKINNON

EVENING GOWN BY WORTH AT THE VILLE DE PARIS

BALL GOWN BY HICKSON AT THE VILLE DE PARIS

When Mr. O'Callaghan's opinion as critique was asked concerning the silhouette for this fall he made some delightfully interesting forecasts, a few of which are as follows:

"The great Parisienne designers and American masters of fashion both proceed to agree and disagree. The French silhouette favors the severely tailored suit, fashioned on the Louis XV lines, while the foremost American designers feature more elaborate tailleurs luxuriously enriched with fur—mink, mole, kolinsky and Canadian squirrel; short flare coats being the newest note. The favored fabrics are, of course, Duvetyn, plain and silk with the cordoran stripe, Peach Bloom, Duve de Laine, Peau de Peche and tinseltones. The colors and shades so popular this season even rival the materials in softness and warmth—lovely Reindeer Tans, Egyptienne and Pompian Reds, and even black is finding pronounced favor.

"Many afternoon frocks are modeled after the old basque effect with an unexpected flare at the hips; the most favored materials are Duvetyn, fine tricotine, satins, tricolette and Paulette. A very decided note in afternoon frocks this fall is the use of lace—lace not only as an adornment, but even as a foundation. Every importation of lace is immediately and literally seized by the fashion makers of New York and the frocks are truly lovely as a consequence.

A SUIT BY CHERUIT AND ONE BY MANGONE, VILLE DE PARIS

"The general silhouette in coats symbolizes the dolman and cape effects, tapering towards the ankle and they frequently lack sleeves. Georgette, Poiret, Jenny and Paquin are using the clever slip effects where just the cuff forms the sleeve. The afternoon wrap of silk Duvetyn, cashmere velours and Evora cloth has come again into distinct favor. Wraps for evening wear are fascinating and most popular made of chiffon velvets, brocades and shimmering metal cloths, combined with every kind of lovely fur—Canadian squirrel, kolinsky and even Chinchilla.

"Gowns with fish-tail trains for the brilliance and sparkle of the evening affair are especially good. There is a decided tendency to ripple at the hips and even the gown favoring the slim silhouette cannot resist the piquant flare of side puffing. The fabrics are soft and draped in alluring folds with unique ostrich trimmings with a clever corsage bouquet as a marked note."

THE USE OF MISSION ARCHITECTURE

By MABEL URMY SEARES

Illustrated by Photographs of a House by Reginald Johnson, Architect

A HOUSE design following the lines of the old Mexican missions suggests itself readily to the mind of one who wishes to build a house of plaster or cement. Concrete as a fireproof and sanitary material is growing rapidly in public favor, and the methods of handling it in an expert and economical manner are being developed every year. We can only regret that the fine lines and simple dignity of the old adobe missions were not perpetuated in this plastic and permanent material; and if the subtle undulations of their adobe brick work can be copied, concrete might well be used for the additions and restorations now so frequently made to the mission churches still in use. But since this architecture is ecclesiastical in its nature, no one but a trained architect should attempt to develop from it a style suited to domestic use.

Oscar Maurer
DETAIL, GOULD HOUSE, SANTA BARBARA

The name "Mission architecture" has been applied to everything with plastered walls; and sad mistakes have been made in the use of churchly features for residence and commercial buildings. It may be well, therefore, to state here just what the Mission style really is and why certain parts of it are suited to other than ecclesiastical structures. The building which the Spaniards did in Mexico and the adjoining country during the 17th and 18th centuries was, in design and purpose, similar to that which was being done at the same time in Europe, but on account of a lack of expert labor and a difference in material, the California buildings are much simpler in construction and design. The applied decoration in particular was primitive, although this fact does not excuse its obliteration by those who followed the mission fathers in authority.

The missions were built at a time when Spain was developing the renaissance of classical forms to an exaggerated degree, contemporaneous with the New England Colonial and the Southern Colonial styles which entered America from England. The historical style of the missions is, therefore, Spanish Colonial, but on account of the necessary simplicity, it exhibites to a greater degree those pure Romanesque characteristics which the Renaissance in Europe revived only to cover with baroque and rococo decoration. The missions and a few adobe houses are the only examples California once had of the manner of building used in countries similar in climate around the Mediterranean Sea. For this reason we have called by the name "Mission" all plastered buildings with solid walls standing by their own weight or solidly buttressed and pierced by arches of various forms. But such use of the word is inadequate and ignores the fact that this way of building has been used for thousands of years and has been as common in the domestic architecture of Mediterannean countries as is the frame bungalow with us. Concrete can be used in any kind of building and will express any style, even the highly structural Gothic.

If we would take our inspiration for a beautiful house from the old Franciscan missions, we must limit ourselves to that part of the plan which constituted the living quarters of the mission, or else copy only a detail here and there. Their exquisite lines, good proportions and blank wall space, their restrained use of architectural decoration, their adaptation of courts and corridors, thick walls and wide interesting eaves, all belong to California, for these things grew out of our climate and our soil.

The main mass of the church itself, designed to accommodate a large congregation, is not a feature for use in a residence, nor, bereft of its cross and bells, is it appropriate for a warehouse. The reinforced concrete steel construction of modern American engineering and architecture have other solutions for the latter problem; and Holland's gabled guild houses are more adaptable as commercial models and less suggestive of a desecration. So, too, the great arched doorways and the more elaborate facades with their niches for statues and their huge buttresses, pilasters and bells, are, in their very nature, things which should be left entirely to churches.

There are, in general, two forms of simple house which may be evolved from the Spanish colonial architecture. One only will be treated in this first article. It was used by the padres for their own living quarters and by the people when building an isolated house. It is but one story high. Its elements are the simplest and may consist of a single rectangular plan or be enlarged by two ells which include a small court or patio. The front elevation consists of a section of the mission cloister which forms an arcade. In this feature variety may be gained by the use of one of the many interesting columns and arches of the missions. At San Juan Capistrano there are archways of differing width which lend themselves well to the design of an entrance porch. In this mission, too, there may be found pleasing decorative effects worked out in bricks and tiles simple enough to be used in a modest home. The pillars of La Purisima Mission are square in form and beautiful in design and can hardly be surpassed as a model for reproduction in concrete. This whole mission is the one most excellent model we have of a large scale, genuine mission house in concrete. Its thick walls and simple buttresses give the appearance of solidity which such building material should inspire. Its ample corridor expresses hospitality and the delights of a salubrious climate, and great beauty lies in its fine proportions and flat wall spaces which once played with the shadows from its wide tiled roof. Turned with the end of its low-pitched gable toward the street, this house model takes on the aspect of the simple, world-wide cottage; and when repeated to form two ells enclosing a court or patio, it makes an exceedingly livable one story plan.

Oscar Maurer
LOOKING INTO THE PATIO

Oscar Maurer
THE CLOISTER, GOULD HOUSE—REGINALD JOHNSON, ARCHITECT

With such details and ideas gathered from a visit to the old Mexican missions of California, one is ready to consult an architect, trained to assimilate ideas and use them in a well-designed house plan.

To jumble together ideas taken from all the missions and to build with them a house of ignorance is a crime against the missions and against the public as well. Long suffering, indeed, is the people which stands such monstrosities as have been perpetrated in the name of "mission architecture." Welcome is the charitable ivy which, creeping quietly up from its beggarly foot of soil in the sidewalk, covers such a multitude of architectural sins.

A series of articles on California architecture and building will follow this in subsequent numbers.

(Continued from page 6)

received Garces' diary of 1774, Garces having remained behind on the Gila, after Anza's departure, to make further explorations. In his diary Garces had indicated a number of places where missions might be placed, the natives being ready for conversion. Bucarely said that he was particularly eager to found missions among the Yumas, who seemed so desirous of having them, and he informed Garces of the plans for a new expedition on a vast scale under Anza's leadership, with Font to take observations of latitude. Believing that Garces would like to have a part in it, Bucarely had already asked the Father Superior at Queretaro to allow Garces to go. Bucarely desired him to go only to the junction of the Colorado and Gila, and there to await Anza's return. In the meantime he could explore that region, treat with the neighboring tribes, and find out their disposition for the catechism and vassalage to the king. He reminded Garces that this would be an important service, because it might be the basis of future measures.

* * * * *

We may now take up the second Anza expedition. The roster of the expedition as it left Tubac is worth quoting, as it bears directly on the objects which were intended to be accomplished:

Lieutenant-Colonel Anza, Fathers Font, Garces and Eixarch, the purveyor, Mariano Vidal, Lieutenant Jose Joaquin Morago, Sergeant Juan Pablo Grijalva, veteran soldiers from the presidios of Sonora, recruits, veterans from Tubac, Anza's escort, muleteers, wives of soldiers, persons of both sexes belonging to families of the said thirty soldiers, herders of beef cattle, servants of the fathers, Indian interpreters; a total of 240.

The vast total of 1,050 domestic animals was taken, to-wit: mules with provisions, munitions, Anza's equipment and gifts for Indians, mules carrying private effects of the soldiers, horses, including also some saddle mules, mares, colts and asses.

In addition, cattle for subsistence en route and for the new settlements at San Francisco numbered 325, and private cattle about 20. The total of cattle was 355.

Thus, not only was Alta California's population to be vastly increased, with the element of which it stood most in need, families of settlers, but its supply of domestic animals was to be nearly doubled. The mules, most of the horses and cattle, and the very wearing apparel of the settlers, were paid for at government expense. Families of settlers, whether soldiers or not, were treated alike, "receiving pay for two years and ration for five. The expense of each family was about eight hundred dollars," high evidence of the importance of the expedition, when we consider the state of the Spanish treasury.

A large part of the expedition had left Horcasitas on September 29, 1775. Anza did not consider himself as under way, however, until he left Tubac, on October 23, on which date he began his diary. The route led north to the Gila, and down that river to its junction with the Colorado, where the expedition arrived on November 28. It was everywhere well received, particularly by the Yumas and their principal chieftain, Salvador Palma.

Oscar Maurer
CHURCH OF SAN FRANCISCO, CUERNAVACA, MEXICO

(To be continued in next number)

The Founding of Spanish California, by Charles Edward Chapman
The Macmillan Company, Publishers. (Price $3.50.)

IN 1775 THE COLORADO DESERT---IN 1919 IMPERIAL VALLEY

I. T. Sparks, Traveling Freight and Passenger Agent for the Southern Pacific at El Centro, has compiled approximate figures on the movement of the canteloupe and watermelon crops out of the Imperial Valley this year, showing the astonishing growth of this industry.

From a little over 14,000 acres, over 118,000,000 canteloupes were obtained, or a melon for every man, woman and child in America. Two and one-half million crates were required and 7830 cars to move the crop. The gross returns for this crop totaled approximately $9,208,080 and the net returns to growers, $1,710,072.

From 800 acres of watermelons, over 13,000 tons of melons were obtained, netting growers $66,240 or $82 an acre.

During the month of June over a thousand carloads of other products moved from the Valley with a net value to the ranchers of $1,122,660.

The total value of the watermelon and cantaloupe crops, 90 per cent of which moved in June, added to the other shipments out of Imperial Valley that month, were $11,336,140 gross, and $2,898,972 net.

The approximate cost to rent, cultivate land, plant and grow these products and deliver them to the consuming end, was $8,457,168.

GARDEN POOL, RESIDENCE OF MR. RUSSEL McD. TAYLOR, LOS ANGELES—JOSEPH F. RHODES, BUILDER

Joseph F. Rhodes
DESIGNER AND BUILDER
412-414-415 Central Building, Los Angeles
Pico 414 Home 64260
Pasadena Phone, Colorado 5741

A SEA-CLIFF HOME

By J. W. WRIGHT

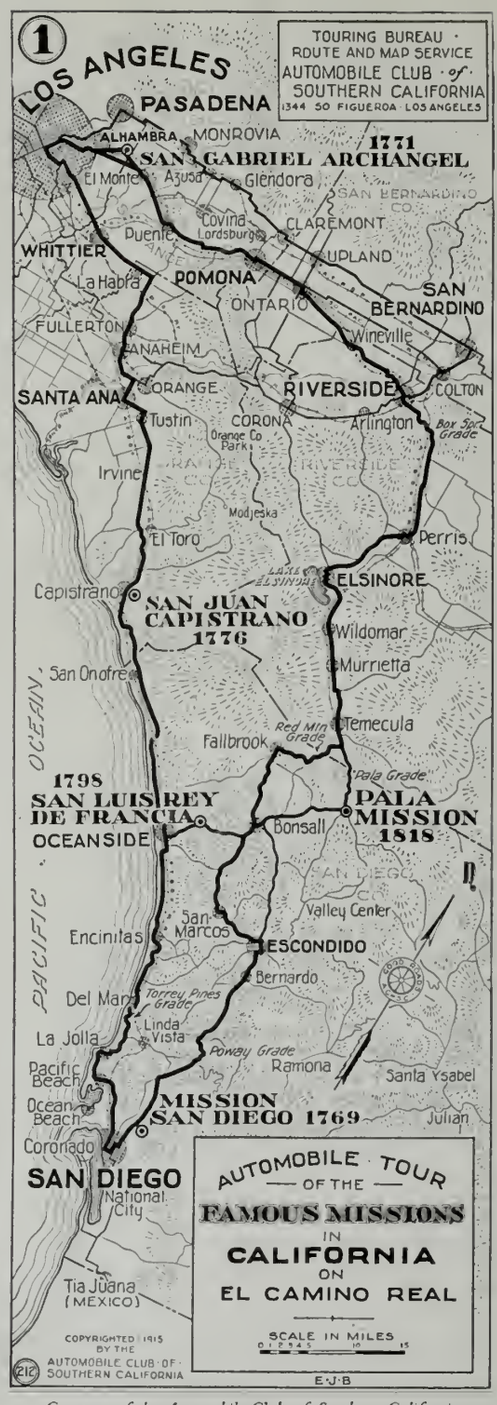
WE had lived in California long enough to know that the *ideal* life in the southland is to have a permanent home inland, *and* another one by the sea.

Occasionally we went to the ocean, always leaving it with deep-down regret. Each year we contrived to remain a little longer, especially when the languid inland summers caused business and household duties to weigh somewhat heavily upon us. The call of the sea sounded loud and often in our ears—the call of foaming waves breaking upon the rocks, and the tang of the sea-breeze, cool and refreshing. Recollection of long, restful days on the sand, of swims in the ocean and "headers" into the breakers, of fish dinner and mussel feasts, came to us more frequently each year as we noted with what zest we returned to our work after a few days at the sea.

Last summer we suddenly made the Great Decision! We would no longer live in California and miss one of its most alluring charms and benefits. We would have a home at the beach! And it was not alone, nor chiefly, a decision on the pleasure side of life—a luxury. We had learned that it was good business—for we gained new vigor for our work and did it better when we slipped away on occasional week-ends to refresh ourselves at the ocean-side.

Following the Great Decision, which was easy, came the Greater Question, which was hard — how could we do it? For we were obliged to count the cost.

And then we discovered The Place! We drove to it in the little car in two hours and a half—over cement boulevards all the way, through a fertile country of orange orchards, shadowy walnut groves, beneath giant eucalypti, poplars, pines and palms, the grandsires of their kind—and finally down a gentle and almost level grade through one of the most beautiful canyons we had ever seen, every mile a panorama of nature's glory. At the end of the canyon we bumped into a quaint little village so different from anything we had seen that we thought we were wandering through some picturesque fishing village abroad. The fishermen's boats were coming in with the day's catch, the hills rose purple and soft against the blue sky, the cypress trees and tall eucalypti shook their shaggy heads high above the ocean horizon, and a few homes nestled invitingly against the shore line.



Courtesy of the Automobile Club of Southern California

FOREST FIRES

The careless smoker on the idle trail,
The smouldering camp fire and the vagrant breeze,
Make all your ancient pride of what avail—
You sad gray ghosts that once were stately trees.

On trails, and roads, on hotel menus and on theater programs, this verse is found throughout the Canadian Northwest.

THE RAYMOND HOTEL Will Open for Coming Season, Dec. 27

The New Home of THE VITALAIT SHOP
Is at 54 West Colorado Street in the
OLD RED CROSS STREET
Under the Direction of THE MISSES WOTKYNS
The Best Things to Eat at Moderate Prices

La Solana

A quiet, well-appointed small hotel on the West Side near Orange Grove Avenue.

Expert Service

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The Best Home Cooked Foods
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C. O. Manspeaker, Prop.

AIRDOME CAFETERIA
DELIGHTFULLY DIFFERENT

Of course, we regarded it as our discovery—it was so truly Nature in her primitive state, and so secluded a nook, that we felt it must have remained until now undiscovered. We were soon disillusioned—for along the shore we found bright and multi-colored brush-rags of artists who long have known and loved this shore. In time we learned that men and wmoen whose names are well known have built their seaside homes here—Frank Miller, mine host and master of the famous Mission Inn at Riverside, and his equally well-known sister and co-worker, Mrs. Alice Richardson, manager of the Inn; Gardner Symonds, whose canvasses are known from coast to coast and beyond seas; F. W. Cuprien, whose brush evolves symphonies in color which his gifted fingers interpret on his piano in his delightful studio on the shore; William Wendt and Julia Bracken Wendt; Hanson Puthoff, Guy Rose, and many others whose names carry far where art is understood, all find here unlimited subjects for their brush and palette.

Courtesy J. W. Wright Co.

THE PRIMEVAL COAST OF CALIFORNIA, LAGUNA

They have called it "Rockledge-by-the-Sea"—and that name best describes its picturesque glory.

Those who have ever known the quaint little village at the canyon's outlet remember it as Laguna; and the adjoining coast-line of cliffs to the eastward as Arch Beach. But "Rockledge-by-the-Sea" suggests completely its quality and charm.

And now, at the close of a busy week, when folks and things have been crowding us and depleting our energy, we put up a bit of lunch in a basket, get into our faithful little car, and in two hours and a half we are at the "wee hoos" to enjoy a leisurely lunch in the shade of some friendly rock, stretch lazily on the sands to let the world go by, take a dip in the surf in the middle-afternoon, and then luxuriate in our comfy rocking chairs on the porch and watch the crimson sun go down behind Catalina Island just off-shore. A long night's rest with the sea-breeze blowing across our faces through the wide-open windows—another day of rest and relaxation—and in the late twilight a wonderful drive homeward over the smooth road that winds through ever-new scenes—absent twenty-four hours but feeling as if we'd been away on a week's vacation, with a larger vision and a stouter heart for the work that lies before us.

AMONG THE PINES AT CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA

By ETHEL ROSE

CARMEL, unlike the other seaside resorts of California, is a place of many varied aspects and interests, and its attractions appeal to many different sorts of people. Its history begins way back in the mists of time, for tradition runs that the seeds of the wonderful cypresses on its guardian promontories were planted there by Buddhist priests on their way to Mexico. However that may, or may not be, it is certain that Fray Junipero Serra established there, near the mouth of the Carmel River, the Mission of San Carlos Borromeo which he made his headquarters, and where he died and is buried. Partly restored, after being abandoned and dilapidated, the Mission still turns its deep-toned facade towards the valley and the sunlit

Painted by De Neal Morgan, Carmel

THE CYPRESS TREES AT CARMEL

hills beyond and in its interior may be seen some old wood work and a fresco of some charm.

Also of interest to those who care for California history is the parent mission in Monterey as well as a number of old adobe buildings there, dating from the Spanish occupation, such as houses and stores, the Spanish custom house overlooking the harbor, and the quaint tiny box of a theatre where Jenny Lind once sang.

Carmel Bay, lying between the headlands of Cypress Point and Point Lobos (Point of Wolves) is edged with a long sweep of sand beach, at all times and in all weathers a wonderful place for a walk or a horse-back ride, and on sunny days gay with bathers and onlookers, children digging in the sand, dogs futilely chasing the gulls, and Japanese parasols hiding the heads of prostrate dreamers.

Back of the beach lies a rampart of sand-dunes rearing their crests above the mass of wild flowers and low scrub that threatens in places to overwhelm them; then come the pine woods on the slope of the hill, in which, shaded and snugly protected from the wind, lies most of Carmel, which consists of a business district, the strictly necessary shops, the inevitable big garage, three very good hotels and an attractive little tea lunch-room, and the score of more or less gregarious cottages of all shapes, colors and sizes. Carmel has also four churches, a public library, a bath house, and a weekly newspaper, the "Pine Cone," which prints all the news of the place and its inhabitants.

Big motor buses run to Monterey and back by the high-road at all times of day, but if one owns or hires a car one will probably go frequently by way of Pacific Grove, through Asilomar, the "Y" colony, and along that ragged edge of the continent called inadequately enough the "Seventeen Mile Drive;" a region of wind-swept rocky points, where many a ship has gone to her last harbor; of miles of towering, glittering sand dunes, from whose sides protrude the tops of buried cypress giants; past miniature beaches scattered with shells; through silent twilight woods; beneath fantastic, twisted, green-crowned trees, amidst which here and there the silvery skeleton of one of them long dead stands out with weird abruptness; then around Cypress Point to Pebble Beach with its secluded luxury, and through the gate to Carmel.

Going south from Carmel, one comes first to Point Lobos, less well known perhaps than the drive, but even more impressive—a place that inevitably affects people and even animals in a creepy, uncanny way. This crowded chaos of cliffs rises abruptly from the water, crowned by extraordinary trees, carpeted with wild flowers, slashed by gorges at the bottom of which gleams water of translucent sapphire and emerald; threaded by narrow, slippery paths twisting among the tree trunks and over the tortuous rocks, some of them old Indian trails along the face of the cliff where in shallow smoke-blackened caves lie piles of shining particles that once were clam and mussel-shells, detritus of Indian feasts of happy memory.

Just beyond Point Lobos is Carmel Highlands, a mere infant of three years old, but strong and lusty, boasting already a hotel

Quite different is the drive up the tranquil Carmel Valley, to the Tassajara Hot Springs, the Del Monte Ranch, and beyond. A gentle stroll it is past little ranches with lovely sunny views of the unfolding hills ahead and the meandering stream down below.

It was the artists and the writers who first discovered Carmel, who have always loved it, and who gallantly hold their own among its increasing population with their big studio windows, their gay awnings and flowers, their nooky curio-filled interiors; all of which suit the character of the charming spot as no formalities or banalities could ever do.

Alexander Harrison long ago said that there was nothing finer in its way in Europe than Carmel; William Chase showed his appreciation of it by having one of his famous summer schools there, and the landscape painters who work there now, each finding something that appeals to him, are as enthusiastic as were they.

The Carmel Club of Arts and Crafts owns an attractive building where yearly exhibitions of pictures by local artists are held. Concerts, musicales and dances are also given there, and the room may be used as a studio by the Carmel Summer School of Art, though most of its classes are conducted out of doors.

Carmel is beloved by such writers as Mary Austin, Grace MacGowan Cooke, Vernon Kellogg, George Sterling, and Herbert Heron; and it is to them, Miss Austin first I think, that the Forest Theatre is due. This, one of the first open air theatres, was established in 1910, and has grown steadily in size, appointments and ambitious scope. It is in a natural hill-side amphitheatre, surrounded and hidden by tall pines which seem to tower to the stars above the lights below. It seats 2000 people, has a stage 60 by 40 feet, and produces several plays each summer, besides pageants and dances. The talent is mostly local and excellent. The professional coaches began with Garnet Holme, who established the management firmly. The plays range in character from new productions by unknown authors to the intricacies of Bernard Shaw.

Then there is the scientific library, a Carnegie foundation, to which the entire staff of the Tucson Desert Laboratory, with Dr. L. F. MacDougal at its head, migrates every summer, attracting always some others, and occasionally having a conference to which eminent men come even from other countries.

No one seems to be bored in Carmel. Afternoon is the favorite bathing time when there is a regular exodus to the beach, which was enlivened this year by an aeroplane which took passengers up for a few minutes flight over the dunes, the point and the hills. Fishing from the rocks is very good and the fish are good eating, while beds of mussels wait only to be gathered. The lagoon at the mouth of Carmel River usually teems with small trout, and the streams contain better ones. The hunter can get deer and quail and doves, while the ducks come here in winter. Pebble Beach, close at hand, has a good golf course, as well as glass-bottomed boats for seeing the marine gardens; and there, too, is the attractive new hotel, The Lodge, with its artistic decorations, its good food and its evening dances. There is a good deal of horse-back riding in the forest paths and up the

Courtesy of *The Pine Cone*
THE OPEN-AIR THEATER, CARMEL, MONTEREY

Carmel Valley and along the shores; and there are incomparable spots for picnics, so near that one may see one's own roof over a sand-dune or as far away as one likes to go by any conveyance one may prefer, for in this primeval place people even walk on their own two feet and carry their baskets—sometimes.

Then there is Del Monte with its huge hotel just the other side of Monterey—everyone knows all about that—so if one hankers a bit for the flesh-pots it does not take long to have them in the shape of golf tournaments, swimming matches, movies de luxe (Carmel has movies too), dinner dances, clothes, one's name in the San Francisco papers and all the rest.

Carmel is distinctly an all the year round place, for though in summer one's next door neighbors may hail from Boston, Seattle, Pasadena or Shanghai, in winter almost every one is a Carmeilte.

Winter is delightful, brilliant and clear with sunshine, and a temperature more equable than it is farther south; autumn wonderful as it is everywhere, and spring gorgeous with acres of wild flowers. But to the Southern Californian who has his own pet winters, Carmel's chief charm probably lies in the cool, grey summers with the frequent drifting sea mists to temper the sun's heat so that it never gets really hot, which would be impossible anyway on account of the sea winds which blow in upon the beach to be softened by the guardian pines.

Pasadena's Woodland Theatre

DOWN in the most beautifully wooded portion of our Arroyo Seco Park, where fairies have danced for those who love them and where bees have built for decades undisturbed, workmen have begun clearing place for a sylvan theater. Commissioner John J. Hamilton, introducing all the people to this lovely bit of woodland, deserves the thanks of those who know it now for the first time. But, finding in this deep part of the canyon problems difficult for the best engineers, he has called into public service the Arroyo Park Civic Committee and other experts on road building, auto parking and native flora of California.

The report of this committee suggests that this sylvan theater be

COMMISSIONER JOHN HAMILTON, WHO HAS STARTED WORK FOR AN OPEN-AIR THEATER

left to grow natural again, and that a more commodious outdoor auditorium, which is so needed in Pasadena, be built facing north on the slope near Brookside Park.

Miss Dorothy Schindler who has so successfully developed open-air theaters at San Diego and Del Mar must be given the credit for awakening Pasadena to our high privilege and natural advantages in this matter. The courtesy and thanks of all our civic organizations are due to her for accomplishing that of which Pasadena has so long merely talked and which it needs so vitally.

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By Southland's Guide

THE adage that beauty is only skin deep loses its meaning when the depth of real physical beauty is sounded. Scientific care lies beneath the well-groomed appearance of intelligent women; and the expert development of physical beauty, while as old as Egypt, has now become a notable profession studied by trained women. Personal service, like spinning and weaving, has been taken out of the home and made something obtainable by all who recognize its importance.

It is therefore the duty of Southland's Guide to direct the tired shopper or the busy housewife to a restful and satisfying place where women may receive as genuine service as men have hitherto been alone in demanding for their hair and skin.

In the very center of the shopping district, on the fourth floor of Pasadena's best dry goods store, we find the Mather Hair Shop. Under the direction of Mrs. Josephine G. Nicholas, who has lately come from Santa Barbara, all the best methods of facial massage and scalp treatment are installed.

How delightfully refreshing is the chance to stretch out at full length on a well-designed *chaise longue* and rest every tired muscle while strong lithe hands rub out the lines in one's face and drive away the tan of summer. Attractive pink soapsuds, set high in dainty cloisne bowls, remind one of the necessary manicure; and the joy of a successful marcel, water-wave, or curls, caps the climax of an expert shampoo with its invigorating cold douch as a bracer.

Fortunate indeed are the elect who have discovered this secret of having scientific care and the resulting good looks at the end of a simple, short ride in an elevator.

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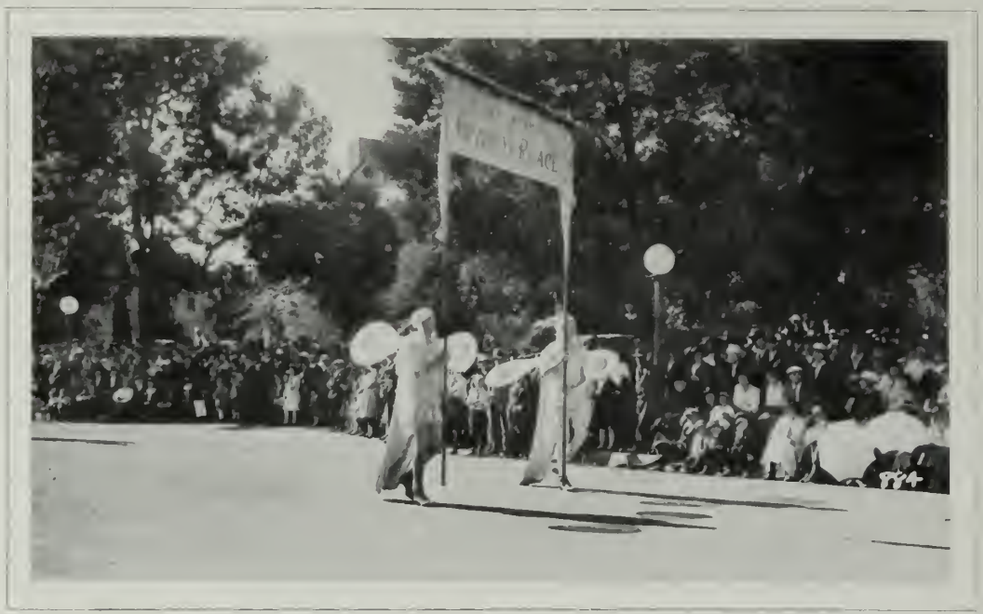
THE SYMPHONIES :: AMERICAN IDEALS :: EUROPEAN FACTS

THE CITY OF PASADENA

Invites the World to the Tournament of Roses January 1, 1920



WELL-KNOWN throughout the world as one of California's most comfortable of winter tourist cities, Pasadena quietly, but rapidly, develops as a city of the home, the church and the school. Its churches number more than fifty. Its theatres, clubs and hotels are of a high grade. Its fine Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., its public library and splendid group of high school buildings, and other educational institutions are important influences. Its modest and beautiful bungalow homes are as great an attraction as are its magnificent residences. It has been without saloons for years and is especially attractive as a residence city. Living expenses are not higher than elsewhere in this section of the country.

Lying near the beautiful Sierra Madre mountains, it has the advantages of mountain scenery, mountain water, refreshing breezes, and recreational opportunity. Situated in the far-famed San Gabriel valley, it is within easy reach of Los Angeles.

Electric light and water plants are municipally owned—the service is satisfactory and the price for both light and water is reasonable. The fire department is entirely equipped with motor-driven apparatus, and, with its six completely outfitted fire stations in various parts of the city, gives ample protection in case of fire. The city covers more than fourteen square miles and is from eight hundred to twelve hundred feet above sea level. The present population is between forty-five and fifty thousand.

Five parks furnish athletic fields, tennis courts, an open air plunge, picnic grounds and other recreational facilities. A parking space, with water and other conveniences is furnished for automobiles on touring trips.

Pasadena is noted for its clean and well-kept streets, its miles of trees in parkings, and the general cleanliness and safety provided for its citizens. It is linked up with Southern California's great boulevard system, affording the finest motoring in the world. The great Colorado street bridge over the Arroyo Seco, within the city, is notable in size, design and picturesque setting, and forms an important link in this system.

The city is governed by a commission of five members, who apportion its various activities and administer its affairs. It has been under this form of government for more than five years, and has experienced a most successful administration—much money has been expended for permanent improvements, tax values have been reduced, and the tax levy has been lowered. No bonds have been issued since 1912, when the water system was acquired. Few cities can show a more successful government.

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January 1, 1920 *Pasadena Clearing House Association*

Preparing for the Rose Tournament

FEW people indeed realize the volume of work necessary, or the time devoted by numerous persons in a railway organization to prepare for such an event as the Pasadena Tournament of Roses, in order that not only Eastern visitors, but the residents of our own Southern California, may be properly accommodated in reaching this event and returning to their homes at its closing.

For several weeks in advance of the Tournament, passenger agents of the traffic department are visiting the various cities and towns upon the lines of the railway, sounding the sentiment of the people with reference to the coming event, gauging and estimating the volume of traffic that will arise in each community, comparing their notes with those of events of previous years and reporting their findings and predictions to the heads of the traffic department. This forecast is checked continuously up to the day before the event, so that alterations in plans are made from time to time and a final arrangement of service to be rendered takes place only a matter of hours before the time of the Great Pageant, and the work of weeks may be upset at the last moment by inclement weather or other unforeseen hindrances.

Having estimated the possible volume of traffic to be secured, conferences are begun with the transportation department, and many times, even the President of the organization is resorted to for advice and counsel as to adequacy of arrangements and for his mature judgment as to their completeness.

From each of the fifty or more communities upon the Pacific Electric lines comes the request for service to Pasadena and return. Each community has its own ideas as to what hour this service should be rendered, and ideas are varying as to the time of service and quantity of cars needed. All this data is assembled, sorted and finally a compromise is reached between communities located upon the same line, and a time decided that will suit all. A definite amount of equipment only is available to handle this special volume of traffic. There are many residents who must stay at home upon these days, in order that the routine work may be carried on; many others must make trips to Los Angeles and return.

Continued on page 22.

The Peacock...

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FULLERTON

A SEDATE AND PROSPEROUS COMMUNITY

AS one of Southern California's enterprising towns, Fullerton has long been known as fortunate in its position and surroundings. But the unusual advantages which it enjoys have so worked together that its growth toward a model town has been phenomenal and rapid.

This combination of advantages includes not only an encircling area of carefully kept orchards, but also, hidden in the nearby hills, fountains of oil that make possible the carrying out of every solid improvement which the astute minds of Fullerton citizens can originate.

The interests of the Fullerton Union High School are closely affiliated with those of the community of which it is a part. A plan now on foot to train in this Junior College, experts in the development of oil fields is illustrative of this spirit of co-operation.

Fullerton is set among sedate, wide-spreading walnut trees. Perhaps this is the secret of its calm and natural atmosphere. Its personality as a town expresses poise and confidence in the future. On its surrounding hills little orange trees run up and down dale in newly planted rows; and the forethought which left the walnut trees on residential streets for shade will see that the beautiful outlook is never marred by blindness in civic development.

Thirty-seven years ago two brothers, George and Edward Amerige, of Massachusetts, made a visit to California, seeing and enjoying its wonders. On a trip to San Diego from Los Angeles, they passed through what is now Orange County,—then a part of Los Angeles County,—and visited the famous Placentia citrus groves—incidentally coming upon the site now known as Fullerton.

Good fortune favored the brothers, for after they had purchased the land the Santa Fe railroad, which was then projecting its line to San Diego, was induced to divert this line through their extensive holdings.

In 1882, with the completion of the San Diego division of the Santa Fe, the little town of Fullerton was started.

Business came to the new community rapidly. Irrigation projects were perfected and the whole of the wide valley soon became a fertile, well-cultivated territory that rapidly took on the appearance of a community of permanancy and thrift. The citrus industry and the discovery of oil added to the wealth of the community and attracted many easterners as well as Californians. The growth of the little village, while not rapid, was steady and healthy. The present school census indicates that there are nearly 6000 persons now residing there.

From a business standpoint Fullerton has been most prosperous, but her social life is her greatest asset. From the very first she has been progressive. Splendid schools and churches have been among her first improvements. The First Presbyterian Church was founded the year of the laying out of the town, and the school system was also established that year. Now Fullerton has four Protestant churches and a Roman Catholic church, all of which are attended by large congregations.

Fullerton's schools have become famous throughout the whole country. The present assessed valuation of the High School district is in excess of $45,000,000. The faculty is composed of a force of 39 teachers, while the student body enrollment is in excess of 600.

There are three banks in the city, with a combined deposit of more than $3,000,000 and with assets of more than $4,000,000.

Every effort that can be exerted is being directed toward the betterment of the community, and its favorable position makes of Fullerton one of the most promising centers in the South Land.

Fullerton Is Built Among the Walnut Trees

Walnuts Served a Useful Purpose in War Time

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California Southland

MABEL URMY SEARES - - - - *Editor and Publisher*
No. 8 DECEMBER, 1919-JANUARY, 1920

CONTENTS

		PAGE
RED GERANIUMS, FROM A PAINTING	*C. P. Townsley*	Cover Design
A HOUSE IN SANTA BARBARA		Contents Design
PREPARING FOR THE TOURNAMENT		3
CHOOSING A TOWN'S ARCHITECTURE	*R. A. Marsden*	7
THE SAN FERNANDO MISSION, A POEM	*Mildred Stewart*	8
A CELEBRATION OF WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE		8
MUSICAL LOS ANGELES' SYMPHONY NOTES		9
DECEMBER CONCERTS, PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA		10
MADAME LILI PETSCHNIKOFF	*Mary W. T. Dickinson*	10
SOME PROMINENT MUSICIANS		11
Photographs by Oscar Maurer.		
SOUTHLAND OPINION—		
JOHN COLLIER'S AMERICA		12
OF WHAT USE ARE POLITICIANS?		12
EUROPE IN 1919	*Frederick H. Seares*	13
TALKED ABOUT IN LOUNGING ROOMS		14
POLITICS AND FINANCE	*Raymond L. Haight*	
THE AVERAGE SPEAKING VOICE	*C. T. U.*	
TWO BOOK REVIEWS	*Mrs. Theodore Coleman*	14
THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF BEAUTY		15
THE CONCERTS IN PASADENA	*E. C. Barrett*	16
A YOUNG CALIFORNIA COMPOSER	*Alice Batchelder*	17
SMART CLOTHES FOR CALIFORNIANS	*Ethel Rose*	17
AN APARTMENT HOUSE FOR WOMEN	*Anita Scott*	19
CALIFORNIA COUNTRY CLUBS		19
INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY AT WORK	*Daniel Jones*	20
THE MISSION PLAY	*E. K. Hoak*	22
THE USE OF MISSION ARCHITECTURE, PART II		23

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CALIFORNIA SOUTHLAND
AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF NATIONAL INTEREST

CHOOSING THE ARCHITECTURE FOR A TOWN

By R. A. MARSDEN
Chairman Civic Planning Committee, Fullerton Board of Trade

THE gift of the West to the world is opportunity. Great stretches of townless country lie shimmering in the sun, waiting only for water and men to develop and use it.

For over a century California has been scantily occupied. During that time tiny Mexican villages have outgrown their mud streets and have overlaid the site of their picturesque and convenient plazas with a modern gridiron of thoroughfares. Careless of the beauty of an older civilization, the energy of the American pioneer has superimposed our conventional square town upon the charming outgrowth of a more leisurely indigenous life. But everywhere the older civilization, adapted as it is to the soil and the climate, is seen cropping out and becoming a part of the true modern life in California. Entirely new towns are springing up all over the cultivated sections forming foci of the life currents that flow through orchard and pasture land.

But the time comes in the life of a man, and also in the life of a California town, when, having satisfied the ordinary necessities of living, the attention is forcibly centered on those things which make for comfort, pleasure and beauty.

The city of Fullerton has come to just such a point in its life. Attention in the past has been given to those features of city development that minister to the public health, safety and convenience. Water and sewer systems, light, fire protection, paved streets, transportation facilities, library, schools and the like have been provided. Now desires and ideals strike a new chord. The town has become a city. Its prosperity is reflected in the improvements that are being made and the ambitions of its people for a more comfortable and beautiful dwelling place.

THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH AT RIVERSIDE
BUILT IN SPANISH STYLE—CHARMINGLY ADAPTED TO MODERN NEEDS
—Myron Hunt, Architect

Attention first centered itself on a plan to provide parks for the city, and the vision of parks is not limited to immediate needs only. One park of four acres has been secured and developed. Another site, several times larger, is being secured, and still others in other parts of the city will no doubt be purchased and held for later development, so that as the needs for park increase the whole city can be served.

Other plans for the beautification of the city were pushed simultaneously. The street parkings have been planted to trees according to a plan for each street. A new system of ornamental street lighting is about to be installed. Billboard advertising, unsightly telephone and lighting poles are slated for corrective treatment that will remove them from the streets.

Plans are well under way looking toward the construction of a "Sky Line Drive" on the top of the range of hills in the northeast part of the city. This drive will be about two and a half miles long, and on account of its elevation will offer a wonderful view of the entire country on all sides of the city. From this drive one can see Catalina Island, nearly fifty miles to the south; the gas tank at Los Angeles, twenty-five miles to the northwest; the Puente hills, ten miles to the north; the oil fields and orange groves close at hand, and to the east the old church at Yorba, the Santa Ana river and the hills beyond. Surely this is one of the entrancing possibilities for the city of Fullerton that will secure a very worth-while addition to the beauty spots of Southern California.

One of the show places of Fullerton in which the townsfolk take a justifiable pride is the High School. It is known outside of Fullerton not alone on account of its virtues as a school, but on account of the attractive arrangement and treatment of its building and grounds. The school is now crowded to capacity, and enlargements must be made. The school authorities realize the danger of indiscriminate building and are concerned that the beauty of the school shall not be impaired. To that end an architectural competition was arranged. Prizes aggregating $3500.00 were offered for the four best plans. These plans were to provide for one hundred per cent. increase in the size of the school, the use with modifications of the existing buildings, and other minimum requirements as outlined by the school authorities. Now that the competition is over, a new plan will be made which will have incorporated in it the best ideas of the prize-winning plans. Then, year by year as the need arises, buildings will be put up or present buildings remodeled as provided for in this plan that is made so far in advance. Such a provision for growth safeguards the beauty of the school and guarantees the proper functioning and architectural harmony of all parts of the group.

A proposal that now commands much attention and pays, in return, a corresponding joy to our hearts, is that which has resulted in the selection of a uniform type of architecture to be used in the construction or remodeling of our public and semi-public buildings.

At a meeting called several months ago by the Civic Planning Committee of the Board of Trade, this proposition was adopted with the proviso that the type of architecture should be Spanish. This does not necessarily mean Old Mission or any particular school of Spanish architecture, but that the buildings constructed should have their design influenced by the Spanish types.

The effect of such a decision is far-reaching. It should give us a city with architectural elements that harmonize, and not the indiscriminate jumble of architectural types brought from all corners of the earth and dumped into one small town to perpetuate the clash and architectural discord that are comparable to the age-long clash between the cultures they suggest.

This may sound visionary or like the dreams and ideals of a "one-track mind," but whatever impression is given, the immediate results are these.

At the meeting where this decision was made were representatives from almost every organized body in the city. The decision was unanimous. Since that date four buildings, a business block, a garage, a lodge building and a church, have begun construction. The aggregate cost of the buildings named amounts to $132,500.00. They will eache follow the Spanish design. The City Council has chosen this type for the new city hall that is to be built. The High School Trustees have caused work to begin on the plans for the modification and enlargement of the High School buildings. They will use the Spanish Colonial type. One of the banks, one of the churches, the hospital and the electric depot are built in harmony with this style. We have yet to find the man or organization taking exception to the plan.

So, is it not safe to predict that our city as well as our enlarged High School will have its growth along lines that make for harmony, beauty and comfort?

INTERIOR OF FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH AT RIVERSIDE
MYRON HUNT, ARCHITECT

The San Fernando Mission

I SAW its drooping loveliness at rest
Mid hills of amethyst and stretching field,
Its cloistered walls lulled by the soft caress
Of sighing winds, its crumbling roofs close-pressed
Against the silence of the sky's blue shield.

The curious eye but scarce discerns the grim
And shadowy spaces in the ruined church.
Sleep, sacred solitude, once fresh with hymn
Of chanting choristers, the altar dim
With incensed candles; from its skyward perch

A slate grey dove wheels through the bars and runs
Across the stones where padres knelt to pray.
A vanished age has passed, but not undone,
Its still enchantment, glowing as the sun's
Own afterglow, the echo of the day.

—MILDRED STEWART.

A Celebration of Woman's Suffrage at the Pasadena Woman's Civic League

AT the regular October meeting of the Woman's Civic League of Pasadena, there was held a little celebration in honor of the women who have won the fight for equal rights at the polls. With characteristic enthusiasm Mrs. Louis Mitchell, President of the League, carried out her plans and presented, through Mrs. Elidabeth Boynton Harbert, that notable group of American women who began the work for woman's suffrage over a half century ago.

A large photograph of this group was placed on an easel and Mrs. Harbert, whose charming personal reminiscences must be heard from her own lips, was present as a delightful representative of these women, her co-workers and contemporaries; whose names follow.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton
Susan B. Anthony
Baroness Grippenberg
"Mother" Zeulda Wallace
Lady Ashton Dilke
Rev. Anna Shaw
Frances Elizabeth Willard
Rachel Foster Avery
Mrs. Lillie Devereaux Blake
Mrs. Mary Wright Sewall
Mrs. Virginia L. Minor
Rev. Ada C. Bowles
Madame Isabella Bojelot (France)
Mrs. Laura Ormiston Chant (England)
Mrs. Matilda Joslyn Gage
Rev. Mrs. Antoinnelle Brown Blackwell
Mrs. Hanna Mitchell Smith (England)
Margaret Moore (Ireland)
Mrs. Caroline F. Merrick
Alli Tezzy (Norway)
Louisa Reed Stowell
Sophie M. Grote (Norway)
Bessie Stare Keefe (Canada)
Mrs. Virginia L. Minor
Mrs. Alice Strackerel (England)
Mrs. Elizabeth Lilse Saxon
Mrs. Elizabeth Boynton Harbert
Sojourner Truth
Mrs. Mary A. Livermore
Mrs. Julia Ward Howe
Mrs. Lucy Stone
Mrs. Clara Barton
Mrs. Helen M. Gougar
Mrs. Clara Berwick Colby
Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker
Mrs. Caroline M. Severance
Mrs. Frances Williams

ELIZABETH BOYNTON HARBERT

A telegram of congratulations was sent to Governor Stephens, expressing approval of his efforts in making woman's suffrage the law of the land.

This second meeting of the year was addressed by Mr. John Collier of New York. In beautiful, clear English this expert on immigration in its relation to labor urged his hearers to humanize their efforts toward Americanization. His concise exegesis of the foundations of American principles is given in the first editorial in this number of California Southland.

At the December meeting Mr. Carol Aronovici will speak on Housing as a factor of Americanization.

These addresses are indicative of the program laid out by this valuable club, to which any woman interested in vital questions of the day may belong. Mrs. Louis Mitchell is President and Mrs. Theodore Coleman, Sec'y.

MUSICAL LOS ANGELES AND HER SYMPHONIES

LISTENING to a symphony led by Tandler and played exquisitely, knowing the while that another symphony is being played only a few blocks away, led by Rothwell, one feels an amazed sense of gratitude—amazement at the great audiences and at the fine quality of the music. To those who have thus served the common good without reward, the community owes a debt of gratitude—to those who make the music and to those who have made such a wealth of music possible.

At the first concert of the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra the enthusiasm which greeted the popular and beloved leader was genuine and voiced an expression of appreciation and welcome. Saslavsky played divinely. The mellow richness of his tones and the daintiness that accompanies his mastery of the violin charmed and quieted the tense nervous strain which has followed the war.

Surely the influence of such superb music as Los Angeles is now enjoying will show itself in a remarkable effect on the restlessness so prevalent and leave us after the season is over in normal form again.

The notes for the December Symphony follow:

EIGHTH SYMPHONY
LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN
(1770-1827)

It was only in one particular year that two Beethoven symphonies were written. That was in 1812. These symphonies were his Seventh and Eighth. They may be spoken of together, as one seems to complement the other.

Beethoven was one of the composers who reached high public acclaim in his own day. At the other extreme was Schubert, who, as a lad, worshipped Beethoven at a distance, and who finally marched in Beethoven's funeral procession. Schubert's fame came practically fifty years after his death.

While Beethoven spoke of this work as "a little symphony," he evidently did so as a matter of comparison with its immediate predecessor, which he called "one of my best." However, the First and the Eighth are the shortest of the Beethoven symphonies. After the Eighth, not for thirteen years did he finish another symphony, the colossal Ninth, which was the result of five or six years' work.

The Eighth Symphony was composed in the town of Linz, on the banks of the Danube, about a hundred miles west of Vienna. Beethoven's brother, Johann, lived there, and Beethoven evidently was visiting him on a journey recommended by his physician, to restore his health.

Just as one at times will laugh hysterically in the midst of sorrow, so this joyous, humorous symphony seems to spring to the composer's pen at a time when he had been overloaded with trouble. Speaking of this, Philip Goepp says:

"The Eighth Symphony has not the stress of the Fifth or Seventh; almost it came as an apology for the sternness of the Fifth, the experiment of the Sixth, and even, as of future shadow, of the basic departure of the Ninth. It is one big scherzo, and strikes no depth of profundity. The absence of a true andante makes it exceptional. Its charm is therefore no less, rather greater, as an undisturbed epic of merriment.

"There are few contrasts of mood, few dark hues, the brightness is unrelieved by contrasting shadows. Yet it has broad reaches, bold flights, big views. In a way it is a reversion to the salon symphony where the composer had no business but to amuse. For the sage who laughs at everything, this work is a special symphony, a mirror of his world. If we are to have a tragic symphony or a pathetic, why not a comic? Humor has as much right to emphasis as pathos."

Bachrach, N. Y.

MRS. ALBERT SHERMAN HOYT, WHO HAS DONE SO MUCH FOR MUSIC IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, AND IS NOW PRESIDENT OF THE LOS ANGELES SYMPHONY, INC.

The first movement presents no marked departures from the symphonic custom, though there are touches of evident humorous intent, like the octave skips in the bassoons; but in the second there is a feature of unusual interest. This section is based on a theme of a three-voiced circular canon, or round: "*Ta, ta, ta lieber Maelzel.*" It seems that ere Beethoven departed from Vienna on this journey in pursuit of health, a farewell dinner was given him by a number of his intimate friends—Count Brunswick, Breuning, Maelzel and others. At this dinner there was sung this canon, written by Beethoven, he taking the soprano part. It was in humorous honor of Maelzel, who is known to the present day as the inventor of the metronome. Incidentally, it may be added that he appropriated this invention from another inventor and that later he became involved with Beethoven in a lawsuit about the "Battle of Vittoria" piece, which Beethoven wrote and Maelzel, in England, claimed as his own production.

This Maelzel incident in the symphony goes beyond the mere employment of the theme of the canon. Throughout almost the whole movement, either by themselves or in alternation with the strings, the wind instruments keep up a regular, metronomic ticking in sixteenth notes, like the tick-tack of a clock or a metronome. And it must be remembered that the metronome is only the application of clock-work to audible time-beating of various speeds.

At that time the metronome had not assumed its final form, yet Beethoven had great hopes for it. Later he put metronome markings to many of his works, and especially outlined the Ninth Symphony in them for Moscheles. Against this steady ticking of wind instruments — a humorous paraphrase of Maelzel's instrument at work—the first violins outline the dainty first theme, each phrase of which is answered by the basses. After the statement of the second theme, again the wind instruments return to their assigned duty of beating time for the strings, while the basses repeat the initial figure of the first theme.

And here enters another bit of humor: the movement ends with one of the commonplaces for which Beethoven had a strong aversion, the Italian cadence, says one historian. Just at the moment when the conversation of the strings in one group and the wood-winds in the other becomes the most enchanting, the composer breaks off the thought, reiterates four notes several times and then stops short. Of this, Berlioz wrote: "I never have been able to understand this freak." In other words, Berlioz momentarily lost his sense of humor; he didn't realize the spirit of the unusual.

This second movement has taken the place of the slow movement which usually appears at this point in a symphony. The third movement also has produced discussion among critics and conductors from the fact that it is marked *Tempo di Menuetto.* Mendelssohn and the early classic conductors of his day played this as an ordinary symphonic minuet; while Wagner, in his work, "On Directing," states that it should be taken at a more sedate pace, at the stately tempo of the formal dance after which it is named. This would almost cause the movement to take the place of the usual slow movement. The trio of this section of the work is particularly notable from the delicious dialogue current between the horns and the clarinet.

Nor is humor lacking when we come to the fourth movement of the symphony. It is a brilliantly worked out rondo on two themes. As to some of its features: prior to the time of this composition it

(Continued on Page 18)

DECEMBER CONCERT---PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

NOTES FOR FOURTH CONCERT

TSCHAIKOWSKY'S FOURTH SYMPHONY IN F MINOR

IT was to Nadesha von Meck that Tschaikowsky dedicated his fourth symphony—"our symphony," he would call it in his letters to her. At the beginning of January at San Remo the work came to its completion, and Tschaikowsky sent the score to Nicholas Rubinstein at Moscow, who began to rehearse it in February, 1878. On February 22, the symphony was performed for the first time under Rubenstein's direction at a concert of the Imperial Musical Society at Moscow.

In preference to the provision of a formal analysis of Tschaikowsky's symphony it has been thought better—certainly more interesting—to give the composer's explanation of the work as it is contained in a letter written March 1, 1878, to Nadesha von Meck, a benefactress whom he never saw.

"You ask," he writes, "if in composing this symphony I had a special program in view. To such questions regarding my symphonic works I usually answer: 'Nothing of the kind.' In reality it is very difficult to answer this question. How interpret those vague feelings which pass through one during the composition of an instrumental work, without reference to any definite subject? It is a purely lyrical process, a kind of musical shriving of the soul, in which there is an incrustation of material which flows forth again in notes, just as the lyrical poet pours himself out in verse. The difference consists in the fact that music possesses far richer means of expression and is a more subtle medium in which to translate the thousand shifting moments in the mood of a soul. Generally speaking, the germ of a future composition comes suddenly and unexpectedly. If the soil is ready—that is to say, if the disposition for work is there—it takes root with extraordinary force and rapidity, shoots up through the earth puts forth branches, leaves and finally blossoms. I cannot define the creative process in any other way than by this simile. The great difficulty is that the great germ must appear at a favorable moment; the rest goes of itself. It would be in vain to try to put into words that immeasurable sense of bliss which comes over me directly a new idea awakens in me and begins to assume a definite form. I forget everything and behave like a madman. Everything within me starts pulsing and quivering; hardly have I begun the sketch ere one thought follows another. In the midst of the magic process it frequently happens that some external interruption wakes me from my somnambulistic state—a ring at the bell, the entrance of my servant, the striking of a clock reminding me that it is time to leave off. Dreadful, indeed, are such interruptions. Sometimes, they break off the thread of inspiration for a considerable time, so that I have to seek it again—often in vain. In such cases cool headwork and technical knowledge have to come to my aid. Even in the works of the greatest master we find such moments, when the organic sequence fails and a skillful joint has to be made, so

Continued on page 16.

MADAME LILI PETSCHNIKOFF

AN APPRECIATION

WHEN Madame Lili Petschnikoff was a very young girl and had nearly finished her studies with Joachim, the great virtuoso discovered one day that she had a remarkable voice—coloratura and of extraordinary compass. She was giving a pretended imitation of a prima donna to the other students of the Royal High School, and could trill on high C and sing up in F so easily that Joachin was dumfounded and offered to give her a chance to study for the opera.

Joachim put her in the hands of a vocal teacher at the Royal School while he still continued her violin lessons. As her voice was very delicate, he wished to hear it with orchestral accompaniment, so at the end of six months Madame Petschnikoff sang with the orchestra at the Royal High School, the number being one of Mozart's famous arias. The test was a complete success and Joachim was jubilant at the prospects of his favorite pupil.

Madame Petschnikoff went to Paris and studied under Marchesi for a year. But the young singer was not destined to win her laurels by her own voice, as a sensitive throat, suffering from the uncongenial climate, failed to rally after succeeding attacks of bronchitis. While the world lost what might have been a voice of exceptional beauty and range, it gained a great violinist, and, in the case of Madame Lili Petschnikoff, the voice of the violin responds to every mood and thought of the player, sensitive and responsive to the last degree.

The harrowing experiences which have wrung the artist-woman's soul during the years of world turmoil, the terrible anxiety of the mother for her child in Germany while she herself was in America, her native land, and an enemy alien of the land from which by almost superhuman effort and determination she finally rescued her daughter, these hours of anguish have but given to the artist the deeper and more sympathetic power to bring into the consciousness of the listener the mood of the composer.

With Pasadena's well known pianist, Mrs. Alice Coleman Batchelder, Madame Petschnikoff will give three musicales at the Neighborhood House in Pasadena. The musicales will be under the auspices of the Pasadena Music and Art Association, and will be given on the evenings of December fourth, December eleventh, and January eighth.

MARY W. T. DICKINSON.

MADAME LILI PETSCHNIKOFF

Some Prominent Musicians and Players of Los Angeles

WHO HAVE POSED FOR
OSCAR MAURER

MADAME RATAN-DAVI, PROMINENT LATELY IN REPRESENTING THE FAR EAST AT HOLLYWOOD

MR. AND MRS. LOUIS DREYFUS, WHOSE WORK TOGETHER FOR THE INTERPRETATION OF FOLK SONGS IS IMPORTANT AND DELIGHTFUL

KARLA SCHRAMM, A FINE PIANIST, NOW IN THE MOVIES

(BELOW)
MR. AND MRS. THILO BECKER

At the delightful home of these two charming people gather many lovers of music and the drama. All that adds to the fine art of enjoying life clusters around the memory of evenings spent there.

SOUTHLAND

John Collier and American Institutions

BEFORE we present our Christmas gift of "Americanization" to a waiting world, it might be well for those of us who call ourselves Americans, to know exactly what this vaunted treasure is.

So world-wide has our outlook recently become, so commonplace and confused our ready sympathy with races other than our own, that American institutions, as such, have become submerged in a pool of world-politics. To find them we must look deep. Mr. John Collier, a descendant of ten generations of Americans, cradled in the old South where real American life had time to develop, comes to us in this crucial time and states clearly some fundamentals. He has rescued from the whirling pool these precious jewels which as Americans we may offer to our foreign guests and brothers. In his opening lecture before the University of California Extension Classes he asks:

"Is there an American point of view, an American ideal? Are there American institutions? If not, we had better get them; but there are. I think it is possible to state, at least some of the peculiarly characteristic American institutions or ideals. I think we will recognize that one of them which we owe to our Pilgrim and Huguenot ancestry is the inspiration of individual moral responsibility. This includes all that Milton so profoundly states in his prose writings about the right of the individual to make his independent moral plans and the right of the individual to live in accordance with the inner voice, even though that inner voice directed him against all of the world. That is one of the things that the Hugeunot gave to America which became a very vital element in the American moral life before the American revolution. That is an American institution you can approve, although we did not originate it; but those who did originate it came over here and planted it and it is our inheritance forever unless we let it die. It distinguishes us very sharply from other peoples.

"Another American inheritance I think we will all recognize as being real is the right to progress under the forms of law. Now to us that is so obvious that we think it is a world-wide institution—the idea that we can have control and that we can go forward anywhere we need to go and that we can do it without violence, upheavals, conflicts, without the rooting up of the passing, without the cutting off of heads. Most of the people in this world don't think that at all. Americans—old stock Americans—believed it. Where did they get it? They got it from England. That is the distinguishing contribution of England to the world politic. England has been able successfully to effect her transformations and her revolution without disturbing the continuity of progress.

"England is now going through a tremendous revolution, a revolution infinitely more complex and profound than the French revolution was, but she is going through that revolution as we go through a political campaign, and, as William A. White says, if England becomes a soviet republic she will hire the king.

"The third institution that is again a part of our original American ideals is one that we have in the name of Thomas Jefferson as distinguished from that of Alexander Hamilton—it is that supposition which holds that, as they are, all men were created free and equal. Now what does that mean? It is the belief that, given an equal chance, then, in the long run the average man has got as much sense as anybody else; and not only as much sense as anybody else, but that most of the average men have more sense than anybody else—that is the Jeffersonian idea. Jefferson got it from France, he got it from Livermore.

"There is political genius in the average man if you give him a chance over a long enough time. That is democracy, and it is that which has given us public school education and which must develop us. These are American ideas which are capable of being defined. As historical ideas we come across them again and again. We find them stated again and again with utmost clarity. The ideas we have are the policies of our Virginians, or our Washington, and our Webster—now clearly that is American—that and not the existence of a group of steel men, of a Wall Street or any of those industrial or physical facts that have come and will go. Americans essentially are these types, call them ideas, sentiments, beliefs; and the world needs them from us. The immigrant needs them from us. Europe needs them from us, Asia needs them from us, and Russia needs them from us. Let me repeat what they are:

First, moral responsibility; that is, the following of the inner voice in moral matters.

Second, progress under forms of law, progress by adjustment rather than by conflict.

Third, that great belief in the average man which presupposes that, given an opportunity, genius will appear all through the mass of men; that which was in the mind of the average man, in the mind of Rousseau and in the mind of Jefferson, and the belief that when masses of men associate together for deliberation, and sit together and remain together, they arrive at conclusions wiser than the solitary man could ever know."

Of What Use Are Politicians?

THE enfranchisement of women has created a large group of new voters whose first prerogative is to ask questions. The argument used against women's suffrage, namely that the dictum of the man would control the votes of the woman, has been forgotten in California. Rather have the women, with a fresh eye on this extension of their housekeeping, asked their own questions and set forth at once to find their own answers.

Here and there have appeared individuals of servile nature who have considered it their duty to spend the weeks preceding a county election in telephoning other women to vote for some particular candidate for sheriff because, forsooth, "he was a good friend to me when my husband passed on." But the organization of clubs and civic leagues among women has taken the feminine vote, from the very first, out of the domestic status and placed it where it belongs in the province of the community. War work has made women think in terms of the community and has taught them the meaning of the words *expert* and *efficiency*. Educated in the public schools exactly as are their brothers, crowding the high schools, colleges and universities, until their number has actually been limited, they look with clear, intelligent eyes upon the problem of running the government. They see the need of expert engineers to plan new streets and public buildings. They look for trained workers to supervise the cleaning of cities and the keeping up of repairs. They recognize the necessity of skilled physicians whose duty it is to prevent disease and stamp out the causes of epidemics. They expect that honest and efficient accountants shall keep the books of city, county, and state, and render an account to the people. These, and whatever other duties may develop, demand trained workers who must be found and put into office.

And yet, when women with one accord look at the actual conditions, they find between the community and those officers who serve it, numerous elusive people who are neither trained public servants doing the actual work of the government, nor yet the voters who employ those experts. These supernumeraries, however, often receive salaries from taxation; and have even been known to thank their personal friends for having voted them this salary and into this office in which women voters are publicly beseeched and urged to place them. What then is their function?

It is a principle of good housekeeping that the mistress

OPINION

who cannot compass alone the entire work of her household should select her help carefully and then see to it that each worker is efficient and active. That the women of a community, who are largely its leisure class, can easily see that the public servants perform their duties is patent. Dividing the work of supervision would cause it to fall lightly upon all. There is no need therefore to employ butlers in a democracy either for city, county or state. Women citizens having finished their war work look for occupation. They will freely perform this civic duty. Eager to continue in public service, they are studying our problems of government with serious minds, and have been asking with growing astonishment this question: In a well organized community, state, or nation, where each officer has his appointed work, and the voters do their duty, of what use are politicians?

Mr. Vanderlip and "What Happened to Europe"

IN JUNE Mr. Vanderlip told the American people the plain facts of the situation in Europe. Others have now spoken, including Mr. Hoover and Mr. Paul Warburg. The testimony of responsible conservative witnesses is agreed: Industry is paralyzed; transportation is disorganized; currency debased. Europe faces bankruptcy, and behind bankruptcy lurks Bolshevism.

The financial situation is not a matter of opinion but of fact. The credit balance of the United States against England alone is not far short of a billion pounds sterling. The value of the pound in dollars is 83 per cent. normal; of the French franc, 58 per cent.

To start industry, raw materials are required; these must be paid for—at abnormally high rates if purchased in the United States, as many of them must be. To obtain money or its equivalent, goods must be sold, and hence distributed; this presupposes a rehabilitation of transportation, which in turn requires money.

The circle is worse than vicious, for meanwhile the people must be fed, with foodstuffs bought largely in America, which implies a further increase in trade balances, accompanied by additional depreciation of exchanges.

But the case is not hopeless. Europe is a vast mechanism, stalled on a dead center, whose internal forces threaten to disrupt the machine. It can be set running again smoothly, provided a sufficient effort be applied from without; but the effort must be both mighty and concerted, and in the main must come from America.

Clearly, our people do not realize the facts. When the case was laid before them in *What Happened to Europe*, they seemed rather stunned. In any event they have missed the point of Mr. Vanderlip's presentation. Briefly, it is what has been said above, supplemented by constructive suggestions that should have had the thoughtful attention of everyone. That such attention has not been given, is reflected both by the months of obstructionist tactics in the Senate and by the recent appearance of marked tendencies toward speculation. For the latter there is the editorial phrase of the *New York Times*, that the money market of the immediate future must be ruled by high policy, not by high finance; for the former, there is no adequate comment.

It is time for the American citizen to buy Mr. Vanderlip's book and then do something about it; but, in the memorable words of Mr. Choate, "For God's sake, hurry up!"

Belgium Redivivus

STRICKEN Belgium is proving the one spot of light throughout the gloom of Europe. Her people have gone to work—in fact, went to work the moment the invader was ejected.

In 1914 the Germans destroyed thousands of buildings in Louvain, blew up or burned half of Dinant, and severely damaged many smaller villages and towns. During the four years' fighting, two or three hundred square miles in Flanders were devastated by shell fire. The towns within this area—Ypres, Dixmude and a dozen others—no longer exist, and the ground is unfit for cultivation.

You may burn half of Pasadena, however, wreck a score or so of other towns, and annihilate any three or four per cent. of the agricultural portion of the San Gabriel Valley, without very seriously affecting its economic resources. But cut down its orange and lemon trees and destroy its walnut groves, and the case becomes different.

In effect this is what the Germans did to Belgium. They stole the machinery of her factories, and destroyed what they could not carry away, to the amount of nearly six billions of francs.

But Belgium has her fields and her coal and the hardy spirit of her people. During the year they have made a marvelous showing. This past summer the ninety odd per cent. of her area outside the zone of shell fire was a great and productive garden, and foodstuffs were already being exported to France.

Even the industrial situation, bad as it is, is less black than we had supposed. With characteristic efficiency the Germans had carefully recorded the disposition of their stealings. This information was transferred to a huge card catalogue. Claim cards giving complete descriptions of losses have been prepared by Belgian industrials and filed with a joint Belgian and German commission in Wiesbaden for comparison with the German records. By the end of July 6000 identifications had been made, and Belgian property was being returned at the rate of 3000 tons per week. The total amount restored to the owners was then about 40,000 tons, valued at nearly 50,000,000 francs.

It has thus been possible for Belgian industry to make a beginning. On August 1 the production figures in percentages of the normal were: Coal 84, coke 46, cement 37, blast furnaces 20, iron and steel 17, raw zinc 10, sugar 92. The high figure for coal reflects the fact that the Germans intended to keep the mines for themselves, and that at the end there was no time for effective destruction. The percentage for iron and steel, on the other hand, shows the great damage to the highly specialized equipment of these industries. Nevertheless, in the two succeeding months steel rose to 27 per cent. and iron to 51.

Naturally, years must elapse before the damage can be fully repaired; but who was it that said, "The gods bring threads to a web begun"?

FREDERICK H. SEARES.
Delegate, International Research Council, Brussels, July, 1919.

The Missing Third Act

IT might prove a diverting game to read the first, second and fourth acts of great dramas, and then attempt to reconstruct what happened in the third. But try this first, though diversion is not guaranteed.

In Louvain, in the *Rue de la Station*, midway in toward the heart of the town, stands a great house, one of the few in that street remaining after the barbarian devastation of August 25-26, 1914. The portal is massive oak, secured by a huge lock of bronze. On the street side, above and below the projecting knob, great gashes cut deep into the wood, the work of a heavy axe swung with herculean strength; but the work was never completed. The lock and the door are otherwise intact and the house still stands, while on either hand the adjacent buildings are in ruins and only crumbling and blackened walls meet the eye.

TALKED ABOUT IN THE LOUNGING ROOM

Pointed Political Paragraphs

By RAYMOND L. HAIGHT

SOLVENT AMERICA

IN two years America has changed from a debtor nation into a creditor nation. In addition to getting back our bonds, owed to foreign countries, we now have Europe owing us ten billion dollars.

The one thing that changed us from a debtor nation to a creditor nation was our savings.

Before the war the yearly income of the United States was $45,000,000,000. The present income of the United States is about $55,000,000,000.

Before the war our savings amounted to $5,000,000,000 yearly. During the war we saved on an average of $20,000,000,000 yearly.

Such a condition of affairs puts us at the head of the finances of the world, but in order to maintain that position we must continue to be a saving nation. Solvency is a matter of resources.

WORLD COMMERCE OR ISOLATION?

AMERICA must either become an isolated nation, manufacturing only enough goods for our own use, or continue the present plan of developing foreign trade.

The former would involve many serious changes in industry; the latter means that other nations will have to continue to pay us for our goods.

Considering the latter method, there are three ways that we can be paid for our goods: First, in gold; second, by taking other foreign goods; third, by taking foreign bonds.

By the first method we would have all the gold in the world within three months. By the second method we would be going directly against the policy of this nation which is against free trade (right or wrong). Therefore, the third method is the only one left.

By the third method, namely, taking the bonds of other countries, we are not only continuing our newly acquired policy of saving, but we are paving the only avenue through which it is possible for us to maintain our tremendous foreign trade.

Commerce and capital go hand in hand. If we are to send our goods to foreign countries we must also invest our capital in those countries.

POLITICS VS. THE SCHOOL BOARD

MUCH criticism has been made of the Los Angeles School Board for its attempt to locate a Superintendent of Public Schools in the East, the argument being advanced that Woolwine would not go to New York for the next district attorney, nor would Snyder go to San Francisco to locate the next mayor for Los Angeles.

Some of the best educators in the United States live in Southern California, and no one doubts that Woolwine would not go to New York for a district attorney; however, it may be well to keep in mind that the position of Superintendent of the Los Angeles City Schools is appointive and not elective. For the board to look elsewhere for a superintendent has, therefore, the effect of enabling them to keep politics still farther away from the superintendent's office, something which educators are glad to see.

PARTIES OR PERSONS

IN 1916 it was generally conceded that the Republicans and the Progressives of California were to come together to defeat the Democrats in the race for the Presidency. How well they united may be seen from a comparison of the election returns which came in, as follows:

Total registrations	1,314,446
Total votes cast	1,045,858
Registered non-voters	268,588
Democratic electoral vote	464,802
Republican electoral vote	461,463
Wilson's plurality	3,339

SOUTH END OF NEW BOWLING ALLEY
VALLEY HUNT CLUB

Johnson's senatorial vote	574,667
Republican electoral vote	461,463
Johnson ahead of his ticket	113,204
Democratic electoral vote	464,802
Patton's senatorial vote	277,852
Patton behind his ticket	186,960

Ignoring the political wrangling that the results of the election of 1916 brought on, and observing only "the handwriting on the wall," all of the political parties will do well, in planning next year's campaigns, to take cognizance of the fact that the American public is beginning to vote for a man more because of himself than because of his party.

A PAINTING BY BENJAMIN BROWN
USED AS COLOR MOTIVE BY LEROY ELY
IN THE HOME OF WILLIAM WRIGLEY

The Average Speaking Voice

CAN you tell me of any school or place in Los Angeles where children, especially young girls, and young women, are taught to speak in a low, musical, soft, sweet voice?"

No, we cannot. From what we hear on the street, in the cars, from teachers, pupils, and the general public, one would almost imagine that a beautiful speaking voice is a natural gift and not to be acquired, so rare is it, so seldom is it heard, so far removed is it from every day conversation in the common walks of life.

But, we can recommend singing lessons from a teacher who sings correctly and speaks correctly, for singing is an imitative art, and the singing voice and the speaking voice are intimately connected. Any first class singing teacher will hold steadily to and promulgate enthusiastically the principles of the old Italian method of singing which consist of just two things—listening to good singing and copying it. How to listen and how to copy are things that must be studied, learned and inwardly digested. Open throat and forward tone are the two primary rules of good voice production. These rules cannot be learned from books nor from magazines nor from newspaper articles. One should hear good singing and imitate it. One should listen to good speech and copy it. Nasal and throaty tones are eradicated when profiting by good singing lessons. Eradicate both nasality and throatiness from speech and the voice is given a chance to become golden. Speaking with the lips instead of pushing on the tonsils will aid greatly in the cultivation of a beautiful speaking voice. Placing the throat in a yawning position will also help immensely. Trying to keep the tongue low in the mouth is conducive toward good tone. Pitching the speaking voice on the "d" just above middle "c," and keeping it there for the first few words of each new sentence will work wonders in people who pitch their conversation irritatingly high.

But all of these ideas must be taught, and shown and well illustrated. Good lessons in any art consist in showing the pupil what to do and what not to do. If more people would learn to sing fairly well, and would talk as they sing, there would be fewer fault-finding people who deplore the nasality, throatiness and high pitch of the average speaking voice.

TWO BOOK REVIEWS

By Mrs. Theodore Coleman

THE WAR IN CARTOONS, ONE HUNDRED CARTOONS OF THE GREAT WAR, by American Cartoonists, is the title of a book published by E. P. Dutton & Company of New York, and edited by Mr. George J. Hecht of the Bureau of Cartoons. Price $2.50.

From the thousands of cartoons issued during the war Mr. Hecht has selected this one hundred as best illustrating the history of the war and the sentiment of the American people toward it. Twenty-seven leading American artists are represented and the pictures are accompanied by explanatory comment. The volume is a vivid summary of what America thought and did during the war. Although only this limited number could be selected from the thousands issued, the collection shows, as no words could do, the spirit of the American people. The volume is a desirable addition to the library of war literature.

FIELD BOOK OF AMERICAN TREES AND SHRUBS, by F. Schuyler Mathews, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The lover of trees will find great pleasure as well as a store of information in the above named book. It is one of a series of Nature books by the same author, of convenient size and shape, and liberally illustrated with colored plates and diagrams of leaves and fruit that greatly aid in the identification of species.

A large number of maps are furnished, showing the geographical distribution of trees in the United States, and others showing the geological structure. There are also charts of isothermal lines and a key for the identification of a tree by the character of the bark.

The descriptions are written in clear, definite, readable style. In short, the owner of this book can feel that in this handy volume he has a real companion for a summer tramp.

A LITTLE SERMON ON THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF BEAUTY

ONE might take for one's text when talking of beauty, that same mentor which directs in religious thought today: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." For the beauty in this world is a spiritual answer to our longing for good, and the righteousness of God prevails as a standard there as well as in the moral world.

Oscar Maurer
A SETTING IN THE CHEESEWRIGHT STUDIOS

If a line is right, if a color is right, it is worthy of our seeking. To be satisfied with anything that is less than right is to fail in our best endeavor.

This seeking for righteousness in morals, in art, and in social relations is the motive power of a race's progress toward a higher and better civilization. Throughout the ages, artists, poets and the other spiritual leaders of the world, have not forgotten that righteousness means the quality of being right.

It is because of these things that the artists of the world are happier than other people and have richer, fuller lives than do those who seek something other than righteousness.

A whole new world in the arts opens up to those who look at the subject from this point of view. We see why those who have caught a glimpse of beauty as something which is righteous, never stop until they find it.

The beautiful objects in the world are therefore to be found and prized as things which are right. They should be preserved as records of the right seeking done by others at a cost of all worldly reward.

No museums in Southern California are founded on this idea as sole basis. No collections of good furniture, craftsmanship and other articles designed to show forth righteousness are at the studious disposal of our young people. So this magazine is presenting illustrations of good interiors, whether found in a great department store or in a little shop which is lovingly executed in a perfect way.

Tudor House, quaintly smiling at the lover of beauty who travels Colorado street, embodies the long and patient study of one who worked with the old London firm of Waring and Gillow, established in 1695, and representatives of the best that England has gathered together from the search for beauty in the past. Here in the studios are lovely stuffs and furniture, in surroundings planned to be right no matter what other things are sacrificed. Here our seeker after beauty may revel in the exquisite curves of a cornice or rest his eyes on the satisfying proportions of a well designed chair.

BEAMED CEILING, CHEESEWRIGHT STUDIOS

Seldom is so much that is righteous in art collected in one small city space. The thanks of the whole community are due to those who have thus shown how to make even a business block a "thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Oscar Maurer
INTERIOR OF TUDOR HOUSE, CHEESEWRIGHT STUDIOS, SHOWING A BATCHELDER FIREPLACE

Continued from page 10.

that the parts appear as a completely wedded whole. But it cannot be avoided. If that condition of mind and soul which we call inspiration lasted long without intermission, no artist could survive it. The strings would break and the instrument be shattered into fragments. It is already a great thing if the main ideas and general outline of a work come without any racking of brains, as the result of that supernatural and inexplicable force which we call inspiration. However, I have wandered from the point without answering your question.

"Our symphony has a program—that is to say, it is possible to express its contents in words, and I will tell you—and you alone—the meaning of the entire work and its separate movements. Naturally, I can only do so as regards its general features.

"The introduction is the germ, the leading idea of the whole work: No. 1—This is Fate, that inevitable force which checks our aspirations toward happiness ere they reach that goal, which watches zealously lest our peace and bliss should be complete and endless—a force which, like the sword of Damocles, hangs perpetually over our heads and is always embittering the soul. This force is unescapable and invincible. There is no other course but to submit and inwardly lament: No. 2—This sense of hopeless despair grows stronger and more poignant. Is it not better to turn from reality and lose ourselves in dreams?

No. 3—O joy! A sweet and tender dream enfolds me. A bright and serene presence leads me on.

No. 4—How fair! How remotely now is heard the first theme of the allegro! Deeper and deeper the soul is sunk in dreams. All that was dark and joyless is forgotten. Here is happiness! It is but a dream; Fate awakens us roughly.

No. 5—So all life is but a continual alternation between grim truth and fleeting dreams of happiness. There is no haven. The waves drive us hither and thither until the sea engulfs us. This is approximately the program of the first movement.

"The second movement expresses another phase of suffering. Now it is the melancholy which steals over us when at evening we sit

CHARLES SPAULDING, SOLOIST AT THE PHILHARMONIC
A SKETCH BY BAIRNSFATHER

indoors alone, weary of work, while the book we have picked up for relaxation slips unheeded from our fingers. A long procession of old memories goes by. How sad to think how much is already past and gone! And yet these recollections of youth are sweet. We regret the past, although we have neither courage nor desire to start a new life. We are rather weary of existence. We would fain rest awhile and look back, recalling many things. There were moments when young blood pulsed warm through our veins, and life gave us all we asked. There were also moments of sorrow, irreparable loss. All this has receded so far into the past. How sad, yet sweet, to lose ourselves therein!

"In the third movement no definite feeling finds expression. Here we have only capricious arabesques, intangible forms, which come into a man's head when he has been drinking wine and his nerves are rather excited. His mood is neither joyful nor sad. He thinks of nothing in particular. His fancy is free to follow its own flight, and it designs the strangest patterns. Sudden, memory sounds of a military band, these are the kind of confused images which pass through our brains as we fall asleep. They have no connection with actuality, but are simply wild, strange, bizarre.

The fourth movement; if you find no reason for happiness in yourself, look at others. Go to the people. See how they can enjoy life and give themselves up entirely to festivity. A rustic holiday is depicted. Hardly have we had time to forget ourselves in other people's pleasure when indefatigable Fate reminds us once more of its presence. Others pay no heed to us. They do not spare us a glance nor stop to observe we are lonely and sad. How merry and glad they all are! All their feelings are so inconsequent, so simple. And will you still, say all the world is immersed in sorrow? Happiness does exist, simple and unspoilt. Be glad in others' gladness. This makes life possible.

I can tell you no more, dear friend, about the symphony. Naturally my description is not very clear or satisfactory. But there lies the peculiarity of instrumental music; we cannot analyze it. Where words leave off, music begins, as Heine has said."

To this letter Tschaikowsky added the following postscript:

"Just as I was putting my letter into the envelope I began to read it again, and to feel misgivings as to the confused and incomplete program which I am sending you. For the first time in my life I have attempted to put my musical thought and forms into words and phrases. I have not been very successful. I was horribly out of spirits all the time I was composing this symphony last winter, and this is a true echo of my feelings at that time. But only an echo. How is it possible to reproduce it in clear and definite language? I do not know. I have already forgotten a great deal. Only the general impression of my passionate and sorrowful experience has remained. I am very anxious to know what my friends in Moscow think of my new work."

—(Original notes by Felix Borowski for Chicago Symphony Orchestra.)

SASLAVSKY AND THE PASADENA CONCERTS

THE Pasadena Music and Art Association is offering this year a more elaborate program of musical entertainment than ever before. Two concert courses of exceptional attractiveness are to be given at the High School auditorium. The first of these is a series of six concerts by the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra, which will open Thauksgiving night, November 27, with a symphony program in which Mr. Alexander Saslavsky, the new concert master, will be the soloist. The other dates in this series are December 18, January 25, February 12, April 11, and April 22. Through the generous co-operation of the Symphony, the Music and Art Association is enabled to offer unprecedentedly low rates for this series, with special consideration for students and teachers.

The second series is a series of four artists' concerts, and will open January 13 with a concert by Helen Stanley, soprano, which will be followed on January 30 with a concert by Schumann-Heink; on February 20 with a concert by Heifetz; and on March 4 with a recital by Alfred Cortot, the eminent French pianist, which will close the season. Season tickets for this series will be placed on sale early in December. Special rates for this series also will be made for teachers and students. In addition to these two series of concerts at the High School auditorium there will be given under the auspices of the Association by Mme. Lili Petschnikoff and Mrs. Ernest A. Batchelder three sonata concerts at the Neighborhood Club House, mention of which has been made elsewhere.

—E. C. B.

AN OLD ITALIAN CHEST—A MUSEUM PIECE BROUGHT TO CALIFORNIA BY BARKER BROS. FOR DAVID WARK GRIFFITH OF GRIFFITH STUDIOS.

An Appreciation of the Work of Sarah Coleman Bragdon

By ALICE BATCHELDER

FOR Pasadena friends who have known Mrs. Bragdon and have watched her development from childhood to womanhood, there has been a special interest in noting the growth and maturing of her musical gifts. Perhaps this interest is heightened by the fact that she is a native Californian. A child of the Golden West, coming to Pasadena when a very little girl, she owes her training to opportunities available in Southern California.

Unlike most students of music, she has not acquired her proficiency through years of study abroad or in Eastern cities, although having had the advantage of travel in both. It is truly an object lesson to those who think a musical education is to be had only in an Eastern city or abroad, to know what this gifted pianist and composer has accomplished through her own vision of the goal and through taking advantage of the opportunities at hand.

Seeing her life as it has been unfolding in its quiet purpose, one can more easily grasp the truth that real talent is a thing of the head and heart, a motive power independent of external and artificial conditions. With no thought of worldly gain or approval, but with the true student spirit searching for the real, Mrs. Bragdon has held herself to a rigid discipline of regular hours of work at her piano and composition. Her motto would seem to have been, "Do it now, and do it every day," the secret of her steady advancement lying in that rather than in excessive hours of practice. From an early training at the piano, the next natural step was the pipe-organ, then came several years when her musical talent lay waiting, as it were, for yet another channel of expression. Fitting herself through special training in musical kindergarten methods, she became proficient in the teaching of little children.

This continues to be an occupation which fills a large part of the week's working hours, but through it all, the teaching and the playing, there has run something more urgent still, the desire to compose. It is not in a day nor yet in many days, that one reaches the point beyond that of amateur. Many there are who toss off lightly the effervesence of a mood, through a slender knowledge of harmonies and their relationship, but to write music that may be called true, built upon a genuine knowledge of the working principles of this great art, musical composition, this means hours of patient toil. Even then, with the mastery of the mechanical problems of composition, there may be one thing wanting—musical judgment, an instinct for right values, harmonic sense, and rythm. These attributes Mrs. Bragdon's compositions possess, and, moreover, charm and inventiveness. A little group of her piano pieces covers a wide range of moods. "Summer Rain," delightfully suggestive of a summer's day shower is a continuous ripple of chromatic figuration and runs under and about a lovely singing melody in the Treble. Of quite a different character is the quiet "Reflections." The harmonies are original and the melodic outline good, with a lovely second theme. "Andante Expressivo," also arranged for violin and piano, is full of movement and feeling, the steady flow of 16th notes developing into a fine climax of double notes. "San Gabriel" is a Tone Poem, and conveys, without departing from sincerity of purpose in the writing, an atmosphere that must have been a part of the Old Mission in former days. A prelude and a waltz, though not as ambitious as any of the foregoing, are charming though light; there again is the same underlying characteristic of genuineness of workmanship. In addition to these compositions for piano, Mrs. Bragdon has written a string quartet, songs, a 'cello number, and is at present engaged in carrying her studies into the realm of orchestral composition.

Oscar Maurer

MRS. JOHN R. BRAGDON, WHOSE MELODIC COMPOSITIONS ARE NOTABLE

Why should not the spirit of creative power live in Southern California? As we consider for a moment the names of the men and women who are doing original work right here among us, in a serious spirit of striving to realize the best, we are encouraged to believe in the great possibility of musical development on the Pacific Coast.

A New Department SMART CLOTHES FOR SMART CALIFORNIANS Edited by Ethel Rose

IT is, literally, rather far-fetched to send from California to London for clothes, but nowhere else in the world are sports things so well understood, and nowhere more than here could they be more useful or more appreciated, for we have not a day the year round when they are not, in some form or other, about the most indispensable things that we wear.

Now the good news is that we shall no longer be obliged to order by mail and trust the rest to luck, for the new manager of the women's clothes department, who has recently come from New York to Dyas's big store, the Ville de Paris, intends to have, here in Los Angeles, the largest stock of imported London sports clothes in the United States. All the fifth floor is to be given up to this collection, and already there are very interesting things shown.

A steamer cape that is warranted to make the most inveterate landlubber long to start at once for somewhere, is of soft wool plaid and begins rather inconsistently with loose, lined and belted jacket which promptly acquires a new character and importance by the addition of a sleeveless unlined cape of three-quarter length and circular cut, the armholes cut quite down to the waistline. A low inside belt in the back keeps the fullness in place and an outside belt in front may be worn buttoned or not.

Then there are leather coats, quite the warmest, smartest things imaginable for motor wear, either short or long, but mostly on yoke lines and of flaring cut, in black or shades of brown doeskin, lined with silk, tweed or gabardine.

And there are little suede sweaters with matching, knitted cuffs and borders, besides suede sleeveless waistcoats, unlined, with pockets, buttons, and tailored finish, just like a man's, at most reasonable prices.

They also showed me a suit that would make even the woman to whom leather does not appeal change her mind. The coat, half-length and silk-lined, was of the softest brown suede, with collar, belt and plain, rather flaring skirt of mixed brown serge—all of it admirable in cut and line, and smart enough for town wear.

A HANDSOME LEATHER COAT FROM THE VILLE DE PARIS

A riding costume also is worthy of detailed description. The coat is of soft-finished wool material in a not too fine brown and white check. The breeches—and here is the distinctive note—are of buff corduroy, the soft kind, and just about the color of chamois leather. Puttees are worn with this, and a round-crowned tri-corne hat of shiny brown silk beaver, faced with shaggy beaver and quite untrimmed. An English tailored shirt is the right thing with this, and an English riding crop the correct finish. Of course, the Ville de Paris has the crops as well as gloves and boots; all kinds of sports shoes, in fact, of the hand-sewed sole and the rounded-toe variety, with lots of punched work and stitching that are *the* thing with people who know, and are so hard to find west of New York.

Suit skirts are plain, but most of the separate skirts are pleated, and the flat pleats are preferable to the accordion pleats for any but a very young and slender woman. To wear with these, there are simple tailor-made jersey jackets with narrow belts, and there is one of ribbed jersey in mixed brown, having a plain brown silk scarf collar that can be wound about the neck; and there are, inevitably, all kinds of sweaters. Cuffs and shawl collars forming revers to the bottom of the sweater are practically omnipresent, and so are belts, either of matching material or of leather. Revers and turned-back cuffs of contrasting colors or weaves are a feature in both silk and wool, white filet, for instance, being used with dark colors, and angora wool with fine soft wool of the same color, while one lovely shrimp-pink silk thing had little wreaths and nosegays in pompadour shades printed on revers and cuffs.

One so-called sweater was in an open mesh of pale-blue silk and silver thread, with solid blue revers and a white belt.

The wide shawl sharfs are still worn, too, the newest being of camel's hair in the natural color, or darker brown with natural borders.

The Simple Sensible Way to Do Our Christmas Shopping

By SOUTHLAND'S GUIDE

THE restful satisfaction of having one reliable place at which to shop for Christmas presents is a great boon to the average woman. Those who have followed the advice of Southland's Guide and chosen a quiet, conservative establishment, may now take advantage of that choice in the Christmas rush. At Robinson's there is a peculiar absence of wear and tear in shopping. So splendidly organized is the whole building that one sees the result of organization in more brain work and fewer "hands." All the incoming goods, for instance, are carried by freight elevators to the top floor—and descend quietly from their distributing points by gravity. Such organization is a great saving in the number of people employed and makes for lower prices, quiet efficiency and open spaces in the customer's journey through the well-stocked departments.

Here in an environment as sweet and fresh as one's own home, our Christmas shopping may be done. And what delightful gifts are obtainable! Everything dainty to delight the woman, objects d'art for the home, and suitable masculine gifts in the western side, the men's department. Most of all, this year, we are delighted with the exquisite hand embroidery on table linen, lingerie, and house gowns. Books, too, are here for our inspection, for our most noted bookman—Parker—has stocked this convenient book department with his latest and standard volumes.

When weary with looking we find the wide reception room a grateful haven and there in an easy chair we may review our lists of presents and plan to finish all our Christmas buying at one decisive moment in this most comfortable and satisfactory shopping center.

Los Angeles Symphony Notes

Continued from Page 9

had been the custom to tune the tympani (kettle-drums) to the tonic and dominant (first and fifth tones) of the key of the work. Here again Beethoven takes the bit in his teeth and does the unusual—tunes his drums to the octave (the first and eighth tones).

This doing the unexpected shows in Beethoven at many points. For instance, he will start a run of short notes, make a gradual *crescendo* and at the end of it place a *pianissimo*, instead of the expected *fortissimo*. And in this movement he adds piquancy to the result by leading one up to a certain point in the harmonic road where one expects to take the usual turn—and then turning one about face into a entirely surprising resolution of the harmony. Not to enter into a too theoretical disquisition, it is sufficient to say that the musician will find some beautifully unexpected progressions in this section. At the end comes one of those long-drawn-out repetitions of the tones of the dominant and esepecially of the tonic chord—such as Wagner poked fun at in his remarks on "Rossini and Company," a most exaggerated bow on departure.

THE INNER COURT OF THE MUSIC HALL, POMONA COLLEGE
Myron Hunt, Architect

SUEDE COATS ARE THE ACME OF THE SEASON'S OFFERINGS AT VILLE DE PARIS

IT'S going to be an easy Christmas to buy for men this year, as so many of the almost necessities in men's fitments are so costly that they will be most welcome as gifts.

New cravats, both knitted and of cut silks, in distinctive patterns—gorgeous dressing gowns—fine Irish linen handkerchiefs—costly all-silk hosiery and woolen ones for sport wear. Very snappy leather and English tweed motor coats, motor scarfs and mufflers. The correct walking stick—good looking silk pajamas and shirts—street gloves both lined and unlined—sporty golf sweaters and many other luxurious necessities which men want, but often will not buy for themselves.

We are now showing a splendid assortment of the above, all of which are carefully selected as to quality and correctness of style.

GEORGE A. CLARK COMPANY
HATTERS HABERDASHERS
PASADENA

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 19N12, OF CALIFORNIA SOUTHLAND, PUBLISHED BY MABEL URMY SEARES, AT PASADENA, CALIFORNIA, FOR OCTOBER 1, 1919.

State of California, County of Los Angeles.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Mabel Urmy Seares, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the editor and manager of California Southland, and that the following is a true statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., of the aforesaid publication, for the date shown in the above caption: that the name and address of the publisher, editor and manager is Mabel Urmy Seares; that the owner of said publication is Mabel Urmy Seares; that there are no mortgagees, bondholders, or other security holders, owning or holding one per cent of the bonds, mortgages or other securities of California Southland.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this eighth day of November, 1919.
My commission expires November 7, 1921.

J. R. BRAGDON, Notary Public.

CALIFORNIA SOUTHLAND'S PURPOSE

THE honorable profession of advertising, or directing the public's attention to the best a country affords, is worthy of the confidence and respect of both seller and buyer. California Southland seeks with great care the best houses and their expert advice. Whatever is of value to the community in progressive ideas, in art or in interest, is pictured in these pages without waiting for support from a community which gets no help in discrimination from its daily papers. For instance, the constitution of the industrial democratic industry given in full in this number is not paid for by any one. Its setting forth is California Southland's gift to a public which is thinking soberly and hard to find a way out of our industrial perplexities.

If, therefore, you approve of California Southland's efforts to set the best thought in every line before the public, give your support in a good word to those who make the magazine possible by buying its space.

California Country Club Life

WITH VIEWS OF ALTADENA COUNTRY CLUB PARK

THE Country Clubs of Southern California are becoming every year more necessary parts of the life of the permanent people. From loosely formed golf clubs, instituted to amuse tourists, they have grown in organization and scope to fill many social and family needs.

Sometimes the situation, or a beautiful view like that at Altadena Country Club and at Annandale, determines the character of the club house. Great windows are built to enclose such views, and the porches are used for tea and luncheon.

But the real sign of the intimate hold which clubs of a purely sport nature are acquiring is seen in the establishment of actual restaurants for their members.

As the towns spread and reach the land occupied by the golf links, cottages appear on the club grounds, as at Altadena, and more and more automobiles are seen congregating at meal time.

The growth of the town of Pasadena, for instance, has changed the nature of the Valley Hunt Club, so that what was at one time a veritable San Gabriel Valley Hunt Club, chasing with horse and hounds the versatile jackrabbit, is now a sedate town club, retaining only the name to show its origin. Adapting itself to that side of life which nourishes the drama, music and social entertainment, this popular club is now a vital force in community standards. Creeping even more closely to family life, it has lately begun to supply answer to the constantly pressing question of daily meals.

Recently a new lounging room and bowling alley have been added. Tennis courts and a fine swimming pool fill all the space east of the club house, and use to advantage every foot of the large city lot.

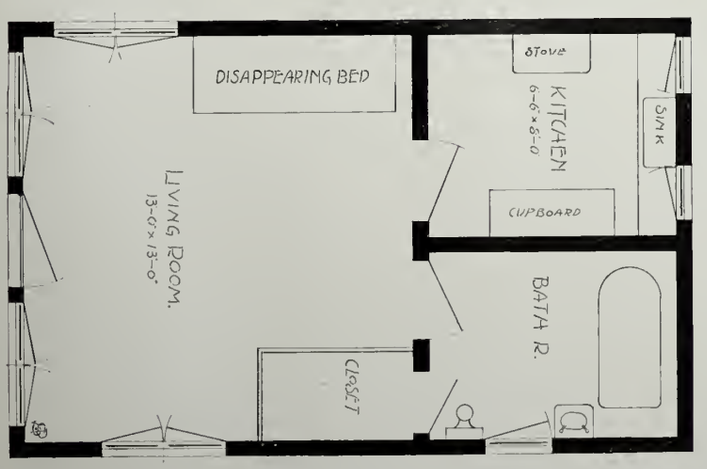
The new golf links at Annandale mark that club's future. The situation of its club house is superb, and its greensward—an innovation in this dry climate—makes it unique.

Even the Midwick Club, out in the hill country between Los Angeles and Pasadena, may sometime give up its polo because a new suburb has encroached upon its territory.

THE NEW PLUNGE AT THE VALLEY HUNT CLUB
Joseph Rhodes, Builder; Clarence P. Day, Concrete Work

Henry E. Jaeger Louis F. Wolfskill
THE ORCHID
FLORIST
"Say It With Flowers"
We Offer
Expert and Intelligent
Service
342 East Colorado Street
Pasadena, :: California

An Apartment for Business Women---*By Anita Scott*



PASADENA, during the rush of the tourist season, feels the lack of adequate housing facilities keenly. The crying need is to find a suitable place for the average business woman that is within her means. There is absolutely no such place in Pasadena outside of the Y. W. C. A., and that is carried on more or less from a philanthropic standpoint. Nearly all the large cities, however, have satisfactorily solved this difficult question by erecting tiny apartments of three rooms—living room, kitchen and bath, their locality insuring reasonable rental.

Take a plot of ground centrally located on a car line, where land can be bought for $30 or $35 a foot, and the first item in construction is reduced materially. The region between Colorado and Villa Streets near Lake is an ideal situation from the standpoint of convenience and low purchase price. A rough plan of a typical apartment of this kind is shown here. Its housekeeping advantages can be seen at a glance.

The living room and bedroom are combined by the use of a disappearing bed, or a convertible davenport if preferred. The room is 13 feet square, with two doors, opening into kitchen and bath, respectively. There is also a small closet next to the bath. In case two women in the adjoining apartments wish to use the same kitchen or bath, a partition can easily be inserted. These apartments would rent at $20.00 per month.

One hundred such apartments could be rented before completion, so great is the demand. School teachers, in particular, have the greatest difficulty in finding a moderate-priced place in a convenient locality. The cost of construction at the present scale of high prices would be less than $2000 per apartment. There are many business women in Pasadena who are deeply interested in this matter, and it remains for some enterprising person to start the movement which shall supply the demand for a home within the bounds of the average purse.

INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY IN LOS ANGELES

By DANIEL H. JONES

INDUSTRIAL democracy, as applied to the mercantile establishment of Barker Brothers, Los Angeles, was launched with a great mass meeting of our employees in the Methodist Church at Sixth and Hill Streets, on October 4th, 1919. The writer called the meeting and, in company with two other employees, well acquainted with our organization, arranged the audience in sections.

The representatives of each section were grouped just as a political convention is seated. We were seated in the church in the space reserved for the several groups, and the group banners, mounted on standards, were in place.

As our meeting was called to order, the great organ, operated by one of our employees, accompanied our twelve hundred and fifty people in singing "America."

Our president and general manager thrilled our folks with his first sentence, which started out, "Fellow stockholders." As his address developed, he outlined the plan under which we were to be organized. Our organization is to follow closely the United States Government. There will be a Cabinet, a Senate and a House of Representatives. The Cabinet is made up of the executives of the firm. Our secretary, for instance, is the Secretary of State; our treasurer the Secretary of the Treasury; our superintendent of operations becomes the Secretary of the Interior; our sales manager, the Secretary of Commerce.

The Senate is selected from the different superintendents, department managers, buyers, assistant managers, assistant buyers and foremen. This group will be classed in Section 11. By the way, we of this group were seated in the poorest part of the auditorium, up in the gallery. The best seats were reserved for the less prominent employees. The seating committee saw to it that the "higher-ups" in the firm had the seats that were the least desirable.

The House of Representatives was elected by secret ballot, a representative for each forty or fifty employees, elected from the groups or sections in which our organization was divided. Kindred interests were classified in the same group; for instance, delivery men from the store and the warehouse in one group; stock clerks and stock men and women another group; office employees, bills payable and bills receivable another group; cabinet-makers, finishers, mattress-makers, another group.

No person who is a manager or a superintendent or a foreman could vote or be voted for, or have anything whatever to do with the election of the House of Representatives. This body is made up entirely of employees, so they will be free to carry on their work in the House of Representatives without any fear of being criticized.

After a few brief speeches, our executives, who naturally formed the cabinet, retired and the meeting was left to the employees to carry on their election. We spent the entire time from 2:30 to 5:30 in this work, and felt as we were leaving that we had started a movement that would extend beyond the limits of Los Angeles, and eventually be adopted by many of our great concerns—industrial plants, manufacturing establishments and great stores.

In fact, this plan, in a modified form, is being successfully carried on in many Eastern establishments. Mr. John Leitch is the author of this method of bringing employees and employers closer together.

Four or five times a week the writer meets with Mr. W. A. Barker in his private office, and never fails to find him, when unengaged with other executives, poring over some recent article in some of our alert magazines, or over some book written about modern merchandising, manufacturing methods, profit-sharing plans, bonus ideas, or some advanced thought from some of our able men on industrial relations that have for their object the upbuilding of the human element in industry and business.

Years ago Mr. Barker realized the problem of the future was not necessarily a great store, a splendid location, irresistible merchandising, but the men and women in the organization, and planned accordingly. We realize that the finest store possible to build, the best business location in the most prosperous city in the land, filled with the most carefully selected stock from the markets of the world, is a cold, lifeless thing. It is an investment of time, thought and money, but it is lifeless and, whether or not the investment pays, depends upon the personnel of the people operating the establishment. We recognize that good-will is the greatest asset of any firm. Industrial plants, mercantile establishments necessarily have assets. These are divided up in, let us say, four great divisions, namely: Capital, organization, facilities, and good-will. And "the greatest of these is good-will." If you lose your capital, it can easily be restored, provided you have good-will. Your organization may become disrupted, but you can still restore an organization, or get a new organization, provided you have not forfeited good-will in the community. Your store and equipment may be damaged by fire or flood or cyclone, but if the firm still has the good-will of the community all these different things can easily be replaced; but, lose the good-will of the purchasing public, and the firm becomes a prospect for the receiver's hands. So, it becomes evident that the central purpose of a concern that wishes to endure should be to increase good-will to a marked degree.

DANIEL H. JONES

Several thousand years ago, we are told, Solomon said: "Seest thou a man diligent in business, he shall stand before kings." We, at this age, have lived to see this prophecy fulfilled. Kingdoms have come and gone, and kings have been dethroned and thrown into the scrap heap, but the man diligent in business has gone on to bless the world and build up our civilization. The way to attain this valuable asset is from within the organization itself. Salespeople, to be at their best, must be happy. Their minds must be fully occupied with the business at hand, and we go a little farther than was formerly deemed necessary, for this new age will require not only the physical and the mental part of each individual, but will require their hearts as well. And to gain the maximum results, it will be increasingly necessary for the successful concern to have in its employees trained minds and happy hearts as well as physical well-being.

The concern or the organization that is filled up with men and women devoted to the interests of the firm becomes an irresistible force. People are glad to trade with them because they enjoy their work.

We hear a great deal in these days about service. We do not hear enough about the joy of service. To develop this ideal condition within our organization has been the constant aim of Barker Brothers.

The following is a copy of our constitution which has been adopted by a joint session of the House, the Senate and the Cabinet. After we have studied this constitution, a mass meeting of all our employees will be called so that everyone will have an opportunity to ratify.

PREAMBLE

It is the desire of the members of Barker Brothers' Organization, which includes every employee, that a plan be formulated whereby everybody connected with Barker Brothers shall have a part through representatives in matters in which they are interested as employees, which shall improve the general conduct and welfare of our Stores, Factories, Warehouses, and all activities operated by Barker Brothers.

It is suggested that a permanent organization to be known as Barker Brothers' Congress shall be created, to consist of a designated number of representatives of the employees and representatives of the management; both sides to have equal representation.

The Employees' representatives shall be elected by the Employees and the Management's representatives shall be appointed by the President of the Company from Company officials, Department Heads, Foremen and Sub-Foremen; therefore, in order to provide a simple,

ODD PIECES OF OLD ENGLISH FURNITURE AT BARKER BROTHERS

democratic and effective medium for the promotion of the mutual interest and well-being of all the members of Barker Brothers' Organization, the management and the employees of Barker Brothers, Inc., do hereby create the Barker Brothers' Congress.

ARTICLE I

SECTION 1. We believe the following to be fundamental to a right relationship between management and employees, and do hereby declare that the rights accorded by them shall in no way be abridged by the creation of this Congress:

SEC. 2. Every employee may belong to any outside organization he chooses.

SEC. 3. The management may hire or discharge any employee it desires, and may provide such general rules of conduct as it deems wise, and such methods for their enforcement as it deems necessary.

SEC. 4. Every employee has a right to present any claim of unjust treatment to his immediate superior, and failing satisfaction from such course, through his representative in Congress.

SEC. 5. Every employee and every duly constituted member shall

MR. W. A. BARKER, PRESIDENT AND GENERAL MANAGER OF BARKER BROTHERS COMPANY

appear before, or serve in the Congress, with an independence of judgment dictated by his own conscience, and with the full knowledge that nothing that he may say in good faith shall in any way effect his individual relationship as an employee with the Company, or with his associates.

SEC. 6. All the members of Barker Brothers' Organization, comprising both management and employees, shall be unswerving in their efforts to obtain a general betterment of conditions, and to adjust individual or group grievances in such a way as to secure justice and common benefit.

ARTICLE II

ORGANIZATION

SECTION 1. Our Organization shall be divided into groups of allied interests, running from one to twelve. From these groups representatives shall be elected to form the Legislature. The Management shall appoint out of Section 11 members to the Senate. The Management shall appoint from Division Heads and Officials of the Company a Cabinet, giving us the same organization as the United States Government along the lines suggested by Mr. John Leitch.

SEC. 2. The President of Barker Brothers automatically becomes President of the Cabinet.

SEC. 3. The Senate shall elect a Vice-President and a Secretary.

SEC. 4. The Legislature shall elect a Chairman and a Secretary.

SEC. 5. The Legislature, in addition to having a regular member elected from each Section, shall also elect an alternate, so that in case the Legislator is not present, the alternate may take his place at the meetings of the Legislature.

SEC. 6. Three-fourths of all the representatives or their alternates shall constitute a quorum necessary for the transaction of official business at any meeting of the House of Representatives.

ARTICLE III

COMMITTEES

The President of the Senate and the Chairman of the House may each appoint regular standing Committees and Special Committees as it is deemed desirable for the effective conduct of its affairs.

ARTICLE IV

MEETINGS FOR THE PRESENT

The Cabinet shall meet weekly, or oftener, subject to the call of the President.

The Senate shall meet weekly, day and hour to be selected.

The House of Representatives shall meet weekly, day and hour to be determined. Later, once a month.

ARTICLE V

EXPENSES

The expenses incurred by this Congress, as hereinafter specified, shall be met by Barker Brothers. These shall include:

SECTION 1. Provision for suitable meeting place, or places, for the Cabinet, Senate and House of Representatives.

SEC. 2. Payment to the members of the Senate and House and to the Secretaries thereof of their regular pay during such absence from work as their services actually require.

SEC. 3. Payment to employees (not members of either the Senate or House, but whom Committees from either the Senate or House desire to have attend any designated meetings, either meetings of the Senate or the House, or Committee meetings) of their regular pay during such absence from work as is actually and necessarily required on its account.

SEC. 4. Preparation and distribution to the employees of such reports of the proceedings of the Cabinet, Senate and House as it may desire so publicly issued.

ARTICLE VI

REPRESENTATION

For the purpose of providing natural electoral sections, or voting precincts, Barker Brothers' Organization shall be divided into the following sections, which shall be so created as to afford one representative and one alternate for approximately every fifty employees or major fraction thereof:

SECTION 1. Delivery Men, Store and Warehouse: Votes 75; Representatives, 2.

SEC. 2. Warehouse, General: Votes, 200; Representatives, 5.

SEC. 3. Factory: Votes, 96; Representatives, 2.

SEC. 4. Seamstresses, Carpet Layers and Hangers: Votes, 100; Representatives, 3.

SEC. 5. Comprising Store Stock Clerks, Finishers, Polishers, Helpers and Photographers: Votes, 100; Representatives, 3.

NOTE:—In some of these sections there were units that had no representative, and another was added.

SEC. 6. Comprising Engineering Department, Watchmen, Utility Men and Women, and Exchange Operators: Votes, 61; Representative, 1.

SEC. 7. Comprising General Office, Accounts Payable, Credit and Collection Department: Votes, 148; Representatives, 4.

SEC. 8. Comprising Service Department, Dispatchers, Messengers, Clerical, Mail Order and Miscellaneous: Votes, 106; Representatives, 2.

SEC. 9. Comprising Salesmen, Advertising Department, Mr. Weil's Department, Designers and Floor Men: Votes, 290; Representatives, 7.

SEC. 10. Comprising Painters: Votes, 50; Representative, 1.

SEC. 11. Comprising Department Superintendents, Managers, Assistant Managers, Foremen, etc., from which the Senate is selected.

ARTICLE VII

QUALIFICATIONS OF ELECTORS AND REPRESENTATIVES

SECTION 1. Any employee who shall have been in the employ of the Company for a period of ninety days prior to the date of any election shall be eligible to vote within the subdivision, or Section, in which he is then employed.

SEC. 2. Department Managers, Assistant Managers, Foremen, or any other employees having the power of employment or discharge, shall not have the power to vote, or to be nominated, or voted for, or elected as a Representative to the Legislature.

SEC. 3. Employees who are citizens of the United States, or those who have declared their intention of becoming citizens of the United States by taking out their first papers, who are 21 years or more of age, and who have been continually in the employ of the Company for one year immediately prior to nomination, are eligible to nomination and election for Representatives in the Legislature.

SEC. 4. Representatives of the employees are not eligible for re-election to succeed themselves, but are again eligible for election after an interim of one year.

ARTICLE VIII

METHODS OF NOMINATION AND ELECTION, AND TERM OF OFFICE

SECTION 1. Nominations and elections shall be by secret ballot, and shall be supervised by a Committee selected by the Management, which shall make such rules and regulations and maintain such control as it shall be necessary to make impossible undue interference with the electors in the casting of their ballots, and fraud in the casting or counting of votes, or otherwise.

SEC. 2. One week before any nomination or election is to be held, notice of this fact must be continually and conspicuously posted in the voting precincts directly concerned. These notices shall also contain a list of those employees who are eligible as voters and as candidates for nomination.

SEC. 3. On the day of the nomination or primary election, each qualified elector will be given a blank ballot on which he shall vote for twice the number of Representatives to which his Section is entitled. Any vote cast contrary to the foregoing regulation shall not be counted.

SEC. 4. The persons to the number of twice the Representatives to which the Section is entitled receiving the highest number of votes on the nominating ballots shall be declared the duly nominated candidates for election as Representatives, and their names shall appear on the final election ballots.

SEC. 5. On the day of election each qualified elector shall be given

a ballot on which the names of the qualified nominees shall appear in the order of the number of votes they receive in the nominations, and shall indicate his choice between or among them to the number of Representatives to which his Section or Voting Precinct is entitled.

SEC. 6. The nominees securing the higher or highest number of votes shall be declared the duly elected Representatives, and the other nominees receiving the lesser votes shall be declared the duly elected alternates to the House of Representatives in the order of number of votes received. In case of a tie, the candidate longest in service with the Company shall be declared elected.

SEC. 7. At least 75% of the eligible voters in any one Section or Voting Precinct must cast ballots at any nomination or election to make a ballot.

SEC. 8. If the services of any employees' Representative become unsatisfactory to the employees of the Division or Section from which he is elected, they may recall him in the following manner: If upon a petition of not less than one-third of the employees of any Section or Voting Precinct entitled to vote, the Legislature shall vote a special election in that Section to determine whether that Representative shall continue in office, or be recalled. If at such an election the majority of the employees, voters in this Section or Voting Precinct, vote in favor of recalling this Representative, his term of office shall immediately cease, otherwise he shall continue in office.

SEC. 9. A Representative shall immediately and automatically cease to hold office when:

(a) His term of employment with the Company is terminated.

(b) He is transferred from the District from which he was elected.

(c) He is appointed to such a position within the Company as to make him ineligible to vote or to hold office as a Representative of the employees.

(d) At a special election he is recalled by the Section electing him.

ARTICLE IX

SECTION 1. The terms of office of elected delegates shall expire on December 31st and June 30th of each year. After the first election, delegates are to be chosen on the first Tuesday of June and December of each year, beginning with December, 1919. All Representatives elected in December, 1919, and at subsequent elections shall hold office for six months, or until their successors have been elected.

SEC. 2. The Senate appointed by the firm shall hold office for one year, beginning with December, 1919.

ARTICLE X

PROCEDURE

SECTION 1. When an employee desires an adjustment of some matter which he has not been able to obtain personally from his immediate superior, he may present the matter to his Representatives for formal action, when investigation shall be made, committee appointed if necessary to investigate the case and report it back to the House, and decision rendered as quickly as possible.

SEC. 2. Any other matter of general concern may be placed before the House by any employee acting through his Representative, or by the Management through its Representatives in the Senate.

SEC. 3. The Cabinet, the Senate or the House may, on their own initiative, consider any question of mutual interest to the employees and the management in the operation of the business of Barker Brothers.

SEC. 4. After complete investigation and full discussion of any matter under consideration, the Chairman shall call for a vote, which shall be secret, unless otherwise ordered by the House of Representatives or the Senate. The majority of all Representatives shall be required to pass any act.

SEC. 5. Before any act so passed shall become effective, it shall have to pass the House, the Senate and the Cabinet.

SEC. 6. In case of an act failing to pass the Senate or the House, a conference committee shall be appointed by the Chairman of the House, the President of the Senate, who will meet and "iron out" any differences that may hinder the passage of such act. The conference report in turn shall be submitted to the House and Senate, respectively, for a passage or rejection.

SEC. 7. In case of a veto, the act shall be returned to the Senate and House for their full consideration, when it may again be sent to the President, but this time by a three-quarters majority of the elected delegates and the Senate.

ARTICLE XI

AMENDMENTS

SECTION 1. The Constitution of Barker Brothers' Congress may be amended at any meeting held one week after notice has been given of a desire to amend by a three-quarters vote of the House, the Senate and the approval of the Cabinet of the Company.

SEC. 2. This plan is adopted by the Management and the Employees of Barker Brothers in the honest belief that it will prove of permanent value and usefulness to the House, to the Employees, and will increase our efficiency in serving our patrons, and it is our intention to carry this plan out to the best of our ability for the year 1920.

SEC. 3. By indorsing this plan of organization, the firm is so confident of the increased justice, co-operation, economy, energy and service resulting therefrom, that they propose, beginning January 1st, 1920, to divide up each month the increased profits accruing with the employees, fifty-fifty. This fifty per cent of this increased monthly profits for 1920 will be divided up as follows:

(This item to follow was voted on and indorsed unanimously.)

That—this division should be divided equally between every employee—irrespective of their salary or their position, so that if there were $1200 of an increased profit—*net profit*—shown for any one month, it should be divided in 1200 equal parts, or one equal part to each employee. If the employees number 1300, 1300 equal parts, and this portion to be added to their pay cheque for the first period of the following month.

JOHN STEVEN McGROARTY AND THE MISSION PLAY

"IT remained for John Steven McGroarty," said Dr. Henry Van Dyke, most eminent of American litterateurs, "a Pennsylvanian and a Celt, a poet and historian, to tell the story of California to the world as the story should be told. This he has done in his wonderful Mission Play, which is the greatest of the world's pageant dramas."

The inspiration to write The Mission Play came from Frank A. Miller, the master of the Mission Inn at Riverside, to whom the idea of a Mission Play for California came while he was sitting on a rock in Oberammergau, in the Bavarian Alps, witnessing the world-famed Passion Play. And to Dr. David Starr Jordan, Chancellor of Stanford University, is due the credit for selecting John S. McGroarty to write The Mission Play.

The financial struggle that Mr. McGroarty made to realize his dream, by producing the play in its own theatre at San Gabriel, would have ended in disaster but for the substantial aid he received, particularly from Mr. William E. Hampton, and also from Henry E. Huntington, and one or two others, whose love for California and whose pride in its history would not permit them to see this great drama end in failure.

Mr. McGroarty's achievements in literature, however, are not confined to The Mission Play. He has been known for many years as a great editorial writer and contributor to national magazines, besides which he has successfully published a history of California and a volume of his poems, and he will soon have from the press of one of the great publishing houses of America a new book to be called "The High House," which will portray a phase of California life heretofore untouched by any other writer, and which his friends believe will prove to be his most successful work.

The writer of this sketch has interested himself in Mr. McGroarty's Mission Play and in all his literary enterprises, not for any selfish reason, but on the broad grounds that this man is a tangible asset to the State of California. He is a man that every business man in California, in one way or another, uses in his business. There is no business man and no business enterprise in California that is not indebted in some way or other to the things that John S. McGroarty has said in his writings. Consequently, the writer feels that he and every other business man owes Mr. McGroarty whatever moral support it is necessary for him to have.

By E. K. HOAK

President of the Mission Play

MARGARET CAHARRER AND PEDRO RIVAS
ARTISTS FROM THE MISSION PLAY

The Rose Tournament

(Continued from Page 3)

Division Superintendents present their needs in the matter of number of cars to be assigned, based upon the traffic forecast, and upon the General Superintendent then devolves the matter of assigning the available cars to the different divisions in proportion to their needs. The conference of all concerned must fix and assign the through service from points beyond Los Angeles and through that city to Pasadena and return, and must also decide what service may be annulled on various lines for the day or for certain hours therein, in order that equipment may be available to serve the unusual demand. Routing of cars and their timing through terminals in order to avoid congestion must be worked out to the minute. Men must be assigned for duty to protect crossings, to speed up service, to watch power conditions, to space trains properly over congested track, in order that power may be available to move the mass going in one direction. Trainmasters, Assistant Superintendents, Superintendents, and the entire army of the transportation department works under an enormous strain for days before the event and usually on the day of the event continuous from dawn until late at night safeguarding the passenger, moving him as rapidly as conditions will permit to and from his destination, and covering the hundreds of details involved in rendering a proper service. Correlated to the transportation services is that of advice and information to the public through advertising banners, flyers, placards, notices on cars, through information bureau staffs, by telephone, by telegraph and verbally, all fitted in, in order to help and lighten the burden of train crews and smooth the way of passengers.

This very briefly is an insight as to what transpires upon the Pacific Electric Railway for weeks prior to and during the Tournament of Roses, in order that the residents of Southern California and the visitors thereto may be provided with the best way possible of seeing this, the Southland's greatest pageant, and insofar as possible making the way of seeing as pleasant and agreeable as it is possible to do.

Courtesy of the Automobile Club of Southern California

USE OF MISSION ARCHITECTURE

By Mabel Urmy Seares

ARTICLE TWO

HAVING considered in a preceding article those forms of Mission architecture which lend themselves appropriately to a one-floor plan, let us study the two-story house. The many beautiful houses of Spanish Colonial type which now enhance the California landscape are, like that on the contents page of this issue, two full stories and flat or slightly pitched of roof. But the old Missions themselves furnish a motive which in general form is not unlike the modern chalet. It is, however, an outgrowth of the demands of our own climate and, as used by the padres, is indigenous to the soil.

This story-and-a-half house fits the economical rectangular plan, and when carefully worked out in good proportions is as pleasing and satisfactory a style as can be built in concrete,—our modern adobe.

In the Missions at Santa Inez, San Antonio de Padua, and San Buen Ventura, the lines of this roofed gable are typical, and San Francisco de Assis is almost perfect in its proportions and the satisfying balance of its lines. The bell openings of this latter facade can be used for second-story windows and repeated in the grill which lets into the California attic that cross-draught so necessary in warm weather. The balcony below the bells casts a pleasing shadow on the plastered wall of this facade, and its decorative combination of pilasters and round pillars may easily be adapted to domestic architecture.

In planning a larger house the two small houses already discussed may be combined, the low part forming wings on one or both sides of the story-and-a-half center forming a cloistered court on the most interesting side of the site. The use of the patio in California houses forms a story by itself, and will be treated later.

At this time it is necessary to speak of the restoration which is going on in the preservation of the old Mexican Missions in California. Ignorant hands are doing what the heart of everyone who loves the Missions has long prompted. In order to preserve the crumbling walls they are being plastered. But instead of preserving the softly undulating adobe lines, everything is being squared up in common, workmanlike manner. Pillars at San Luis Rey, built so lovingly by neophytes and showing some years ago the steady upbuilding, brick upon brick, are now stiff and ugly as a factory chimney—the corners right-angled and the wall smooth. In the hands of a devout and generous architect, devout in his desire to preserve the hand work of the past, these old Missions could be preserved in their old-time beauty and the subtle charm of their simple structure be made to show through the protecting coat of water-proof cement.

SAN CARLOS DE RIO CARMELO, MONTEREY
—Courtesy of the Pine Cone, Carmel.

This House is

FOR SALE

Lot 70x150—East Front on a quiet Residential Street.
Enquire Box A, California Southland.

The Color Plates of The Christmas Number

The color plates for this Christmas number were made by Bryan and Brandenburg of Los Angeles. No finer work of this sort has been done on the Coast.

Made directly from the painting by C. P. Townsley, they represent accurately that artist's unusual skill in depicting still life; a skill in which he is closely allied with William Chase, with whom he was associated for many years.

Infinite care has been taken by the photographers, engravers, the ink experts and press men, into whose hands the work was placed.

Taking the great tri-color camera up onto the roof of their building on Fourth street, the photographers used daylight, that the reflection from the varnished surface might not interfere. As nearly as ink can reproduce oil colors, these color plates set forth the cheerful beauty of Southern California's dependable flower, the red geranium.

Oscar Maurer

AN OLD ADOBE CORRECTLY RESTORED
Carleton Monroe Winslow, Architect

ALTADENA

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ART :: OLD ADOBES :: THE IRISH QUESTION :: LONDON

THE CITY OF PASADENA

Invites the World to its Mid-Winter Tournament of Roses on January First Every Year

WELL-KNOWN throughout the world as one of California's most comfortable of winter tourist cities, Pasadena quietly, but rapidly, develops as a city of the home, the church and the school. Its churches number more than fifty. Its theatres, clubs and hotèls are of a high grade. Its fine Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., its public library and splendid group of high school buildings, and other educational institutions are important influences. Its modest and beautiful bungalow homes are as great an attraction as are its magnificent residences. It has been without saloons for years and is especially attractive as a residence city. Living expenses are not higher than elsewhere in this section of the country.

Lying near the beautiful Sierra Madre mountains, it has the advantages of mountain scenery, mountain water, refreshing breezes, and recreational opportunity. Situated in the far-famed San Gabriel valley, it is within easy reach of Los Angeles.

Electric light and water plants are municipally owned—the service is satisfactory and the price for both light and water is reasonable. The fire department is entirely equipped with motor-driven apparatus, and, with its six completely outfitted fire stations in various parts of the city, gives ample protection in case of fire. The city covers more than fourteen square miles and is from eight hundred to twelve hundred feet above sea level. The present population is between forty-five and fifty thousand.

Five parks furnish athletic fields, tennis courts, an open air plunge, picnic grounds and other recreational facilities. A parking space, with water and other conveniences is furnished for automobiles on touring trips.

Pasadena is noted for its clean and well-kept streets, its miles of trees in parkings, and the general cleanliness and safety provided for its citizens. It is linked up with Southern California's great boulevard system, affording the finest motoring in the world. The great Colorado street bridge over the Arroyo Seco, within the city, is notable in size, design and picturesque setting, and forms an important link in this system.

The city is governed by a commission of five members, who apportion its various activities and administer its affairs. It has been under this form of government for more than five years, and has experienced a most successful administration—much money has been expended for permanent improvements, tax values have been reduced, and the tax levy has been lowered. No bonds have been issued since 1912, when the water system was acquired. Few cities can show a more successful government.

A Typical Small Residence in Pasadena

Paved Streets And Tidy Parking

Flintridge the Favored Residence Section of 1920

Rivaling Orange Grove Avenue and Oak Knoll, superb in its situation and absolutely peerless in its combination of the advantages of city and country life, Flintridge now intends to crown its hills with a clubhouse offering every comfort, convenience, sport and pleasure to the fortunate people who hold residence sites in its vicinity.

Mr. Watson, the golf expert who laid out the Annandale course, is now directing the breaking of ground for the Flintridge golf course, which, while not too difficult for ordinary players, will be the sportiest course in this part of the country.

Here, too, will be the ideal place for people who want to bring out their horses. The dangerous pavement will be left behind when one enters Flintridge, and the regal sport of horseback riding has come into its own. A fine barn at the clubhouse will care for the thoroughbreds, and lovers of horseflesh are planning to center their interests there. Besides the bridle paths in the Arroyo and Flintridge country itself, trails made especially for horseback riding will enter the mountains at the western side of the Arroyo Seco, avoiding the motor road.

But the clubhouse itself will be the crowning feature of this most charming of homelands. Commodious it must be, for Flintridge is the largest of all the restricted tracts ever opened in the Southland. Every kind of site, every description of beautiful outlook, hill and dale, ridge and canyon, invite to the building of the house of one's desire. Thus the members of the new club will find in cooperation of interests the answer to many problems of individual taste and of housekeeping problems. Swimming pool of unusual dimensions, billiard rooms and bowling alleys, tennis courts and golf, will supply the growing demand for exercise and recreation, and an excellent restaurant, well appointed as the most fastidious could ask for, is planned to solve the question of a really good place in which to eat.

Here at last is an unspoiled natural stretch of country which will be made more and more beautiful by man's occupation. Even the successful work of our leading architect has here surpassed itself, and Mr. Hunt himself acknowledges that in this charming sketch of a complete country club he "hit it off the first time."

All who walk, ride or motor in the surrounding country between the Sierra and the sea are to be congratulated, not only on the extended improvement of new territory, but also on the mere addition to the landscape which these new buildings at Flintridge will make.

Cannell & Chaffin, *Inc.*

Announce the recent arrival of importations from Europe personally acquired during the past summer.

Furniture,—rare old pieces of walnut, oak and Italian chestnut, in the way of interesting Cassones, Credenzas, Armoires, etc., besides tables and chairs appropriate to our houses of Southern California.

Beautiful French porcelains, exquisite examples of Venetian glass, rare bits of Italian and Spanish potteries, and glazes, also antique and modern pieces of French and Italian filet.

From England, interesting Wedgewood and other wares, uncommon brasses and also garden pieces as lead figures, fountains, etc.

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Contralto

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Violinist

Alfred Cortot - - - - March 4
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Oscar Maurer

CONTENTS

		PAGE
TOURNAMENT FLOAT, MERCHANTS ASSOCIATION, 1918	Cover Design	
Photograph by F. W. Reed, Color Scheme by Benjamin C. Brown		
ADOBE FLORES, NEAR HOTEL RAYMOND	Contents Design	
Lately restored by Carleton Monroe Winslow, Architect		
THE CALIFORNIA ADOBES	*Eva S. Fenyes*	5
MEXICO, THE MOTHER OF CALIFORNIA	*Charles E. Chapman*	7
THE HARVARD-OREGON GAME	*Harlan Hill*	8
THE IRISH QUESTION	*Lawrence T. Lowrey*	8
THE TOURNAMENT OF ROSES, 1920	10 and	11
SOUTHLAND OPINION		
STOCK-TAKING TIME	*Guy R. McComb*	12
SOVIET RUSSIA	*M. U. Seares*	12
THE POLICY OF THE PACIFIC	*W. E. Ritter*	12
THE INSPIRATION OF MASTERFUL WORK	*Benjamin H. Leslie*	13
THE UNITED STATES ARMY BUILDS MEN	*Sergeant Robert W. Blake*	14
LONDON, 1919	*Frederick H. Seares*	14
THE EAST AND THE WEST IN ART		17
THE PASADENA ART SCHOOL	*Mabel Urmy Seares*	18
A NEW PROFESSION	*John H. Pearman*	19
AIR CRAFT FOR TRAVEL	*Wayne Alles*	19
THE SCIENCE OF LIP-READING		19
SMART CLOTHES FOR SMART CALIFORNIANS	*Ethel Rose*	20
ART NOTES AND EXHIBITIONS		21

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CALIFORNIA SOUTHLAND
AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF NATIONAL INTEREST

THE OLD ADOBES OF CALIFORNIA

By EVA S. FENYES

PEN AND INK BY HOWELL C. BROWN FROM A WATERCOLOR BY MRS. FENYES
HOUSE WITH OVERHANGING BALCONY NEAR SUMMERLAND, CALIFORNIA

WHEREVER the romantic Spaniard has set foot, we find the remains of his picturesque and semi-oriental architecture, which tell the story of his seignorial and patriarchial life. The soul of the artist revels in the simple lines and discreet ornamentation of the churches and the solid, unpretentious but well-proportioned walls of the private dwellings, lightened by verandas and corredores of the haciendas, and the portales and rejas (arched covered ways, and iron window-grills) of the city houses.

At the sight of these, one is transported to Moorish Spain with all its mystery and poetry. One longs for the costumes appropriate to such architecture. The gold and silver-laced jackets, tight trousers and costly sombreros worn by the caballeros, and the brilliant flounced skirts and the Spanish blond lace of the graceful mantillas worn by señoras and señoritas.

Alas, in California, we never shall see them more. Even the old flowers and fruits and herbs have vanished, with their owners, and only here and there, in hidden corners of almost inaccessible ranchos, do we find a few descendants of the favourites of yore.

For the artist who desires to paint picturesque buildings, California offers a certain number, but they must be earnestly sought for, and made use of as soon as discovered, for if delay be indulged in, the consequence is, frequently, the total disappearance of the building selected.

On coming to this state, twenty-five years ago, I looked about to find semi-architectural subjects for my brush. Having already read about the Spanish ranch and town-houses, I searched for such constructions near my own city of Pasadena.

The Old Mill still standing near the Hotel Huntington was the first ancient building which I discovered, but alas! it had been so changed and restored that its original form was sadly disguised. This I have found to be the case, in general, with the many buildings which I have painted. If these buildings remain in the possession of the

CAMILO RIOS HOUSE SHOWING TWO VERANDAS
SAN MIGUEL, CALIFORNIA
Pen and Ink by Era S. Fenyes.

families who originally erected them, they are more apt to retain their early form, but if, unfortunately, as often happens, they have become the property of Eastern owners, they are, for the most part, so transformed as to be hardly recognizable—bay-windows, shingled roofs, bright red brick chimneys, boxed-in columns, newly varnished front doors, board additions, sometimes a whole covering of gray cement, dormer-windows, etc., etc., destroy the agreeable lines and pleasing proportions of the ancient dwellings. The beautiful tiled roofs with their warm pink and tender green tones, are very difficult to find. In fact, in San Gabriel, I came across but one small hut possessing such a roof. It is also hard to meet with examples of the earliest construction, where raw-hide thongs were used in place of nails.

In going through California, I was greatly surprised at the ignorance displayed in regard to the whereabouts of these dwellings. It has happened to me, many times, directly after having been assured that no "adobe" existed in certain towns or sections of the country, to find one or more within a short distance of the place where my questions were asked. In fact, the utter indifference of the average resident to the preservation of these artistic and historical structures is, to me, one of the saddest evidences of the lamentable lack of appreciation of my countrymen for ancient landmarks.

As to the general plan of these buildings: the larger ranch houses usually formed three or four sides of one or more quadrangles or courts. Those of the latter, which were surrounded by the residence quarters of the family, were usually arranged with a central fountain, with topiary work, and with formal beds of flowers. Verandas, giving on these courts, furnished shade and protection from the wind. A two-story residence was occasionally to be encountered, sometimes with an

GUAJOMA RANCH HOUSE, STILL STANDING, NEAR OCEANSIDE
Pen and Ink Sketch from a Watercolor by Era S. Fenyes.

overhanging veranda on the second floor, sometimes with one under the other, and again, with one on the lower story only. If there were more than one court or patio, the extra ones were generally formed by stables, offices, granaries, store-rooms. These were usually of one story only.

The larger, city houses generally faced directly on the street, and like the ranch houses had a double-doored entrance, giving upon a patio, surrounded by verandas and made gay with flowers and birds in cages, with occasionally a tree to yield shade. Here much of the family life was spent. Very few fire-places existed. Occasionally stone was used in connection with the sun-dried brick, which formed the almost universal building material. Over this was spread a thin covering of adobe, generally white-washed or tinted with light colors. Frequently, against the wall under the veranda, a dado, light brown in tone, was added as a protection against defacement.

After having sketched a number of these dwellings, which, although built on the same general plan, vary enough one from another to prevent monotony of effect, I happened one day, to show some of them to a lady whose husband was interested in the erection of our beautiful Southwest Museum. She assured me that if I could increase my collection to a hundred or more, it would be an acceptable gift to the Historical Department of that institution. This gave an impetus to my work, and I made a point of looking up adobe constructions throughout California wherever my travels carried me.

Finally, I would turn off the beaten road and make excursions into out-of-the-way places for the sole purpose of visiting one or more of these structures; so that now I have approximately three hundred drawings. These I have copied to a uniform size and mounted in mats, on the backs of which are attached sheets containing such information as: The name of the builder; the name and date of his emigrant ancestors who founded the family in California; some of the immediate intermarriages; references to some book or books containing an account of the family and a description of their property, and any historical incidents relating to the same.

AN OLD ADOBE HOUSE IN SANTA BARBARA
Pen and Ink by Era S. Fenyes.

These pictures, although of little artistic merit, will form, I trust, a nucleus for a larger collection to be gathered for the Museum by some more able artist.

In the course of my travels in looking up matter for my collection, I have met with a great many amusing and pleasing experiences. I have found that most of the descendants of the Spanish-American families are extremely gracious and courteous, putting, in the good old Iberian style, their houses at my disposal, and frequently inviting me to partake of a meal. A certain knowledge of the Castilian language on my part, has proven an open sesame to the doors of their hearts, and my unfeigned interest in the early Spanish settlers of the country has commonly brought forth many tales of those adventurous people and their romantic times.

Bougainvillea

SOME strolling Titan fared this way last night,
His towering figure in its stalwart strength
Royally vested, a resplendent sight.
He felt his mantle irked him by its heat
And flung it off, and cast its sumptuous length
Athwart this plaster wall, a dazzling sheet
Of vivid dye, that quenches neighboring bloom
As lightning pales the candles in a room.

—JULIA BOYNTON GREEN.

MEXICO THE MOTHER OF CALIFORNIA

Being Certain Paragraphs from "The Founding of Spanish California"

By CARLES EDWARD CHAPMAN *PART II* *Selected By* THE EDITOR

One other fact worthy of note, not discussed by Anza in his letters, but referred to in the diaries of the expedition, was the problem of crossing the Colorado River, a much more serious matter than it had been with his light expedition in 1774. Font states that the ford by which Anza had crossed the river in 1774 no longer existed, for the current had deepened the river at that place. In spite of the fact that it was then the season when the Colorado was at its lowest, it was impossible to cross the river there. Anza remarks that he at first planned to get the expedition across on rafts, but the Indians told him that it would be impossible, because the water was too cold (for Indians would have had to swim with the raft to guide it), and, at any rate, they could not get more than one raft across a day, and even then there would be danger of its being upset. This would have occasioned a long delay, and therefore Anza himself spent the morning of November 29 in search of a ford. He found one above the junction where the river divided into three shallow branches, but at a place impossible of approach on horseback because of the thickness of the forest. Consequently, Anza had his men clear a way that afternoon, and on the next day the entire expedition crossed the river in safety.

Anza left Santa Olaya on December 9, followed by Grijalva on the 10th, and by Moraga on the 11th. The passage of the desert was successfully accomplished, but Moraga's division endured great hardships. All were reunited on December 17 at San Sebastian, whence they proceeded together to San Gabriel, arriving January 4, 1776. The expedition had suffered greatly from the cold enroute, and had lost about a hundred animals, but no human life. To have crossed such a stretch of territory, including the Colorado Desert, with such a large party of both sexes and all ages, and not to lose a life must indeed be regarded as a remarkable achievement. The scores of deaths among those attempting to follow the same route in the days of the gold rush to California are testimony of the hardihood and endurance of eighteenth century Spaniards of the frontier.

In fact the expeditionaries may have been in greater danger than they realized. Garces is authority that the high regard in which Anza was held by the Indians was all that saved his party from being attacked on the march to San Gabriel.

* * * * *

Anza arrived at Monterey on March 10, and Moraga came up soon afterward. While at the nearby mission at Carmelo, Aanza fell seriously ill, but, while still too sick to walk, insisted on returning to Monterey on horseback to prepare an immediate expedition to San Francisco. On March 23 he set out from Monterey, accompanied by Font, Moraga, eight of his own soldiers and three from Monterey. His exploration of the site of San Francisco, March 27 to 29, proved that everything needed for the new settlements was near at hand, even timber for buildings, which some previous explorers had not been able to find, although in 1770 Rivera had reported finding some. Anza then marched around the bay, and ascended the San Joaquin River a short distance. Thence, he crossed the mountains south of Mt. Diablo, and got back to Monterey on April 8. Shortly afterward, he parted from those whom he had brought to settle in the new country, leaving them at Monterey, and started for Sonora and the City of Mexico to report.

Oscar Maurer

A STOPPING PLACE IN MEXICO

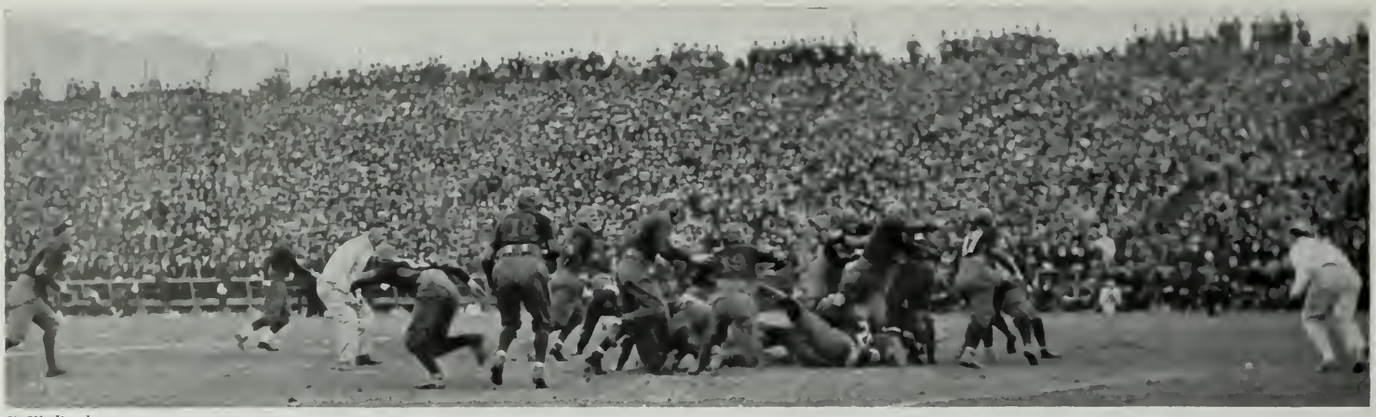
Tucker—San Jose

THE ALAMEDA BETWEEN SANTA CLARA MISSION AND THE PRESIDIO OF SAN JOSE. PAINTING BY CHARLES H. HARMON

* * * * *

In November, 1776, Bucarely learned that San Francisco had been founded. Rivera had flatly refused to help Anza to explore San Francisco or to found the settlements that Bucarely had ordered, but later he changed his mind. While in San Diego he sent an order on May 8, 1776, to Moraga to proceed to San Francisco, and erect a fort.

Moraga's force of soldiers and settlers and their families, accompanied by Fathers Palou and Cambon, reached San Francisco on June 27. They passed the first "Fourth of July" unaware how near they had come to selecting a resounding date for their arrival. Meanwhile, the preparation of buildings went on, and on September 17, 1776, a formal ceremony took place to indicate that the presidio of San Francisco had definitely begun its official existence. On October 9 there was another solemn function, this time to signalize the founding of the mission San Francisco de Asis, now more commonly called Mission Dolores. Bucarely had at length achieved one of the great objects for which he had been striving for more than three years. Although he could not have realized it at the time, he had also reached the culmination point in his achievements in behalf of the Californias, for the coming of the settlers and domestic animals with Anza and the successful founding of San Francisco mark the establishment of the Alta California settlements on a permanent basis.



F. W. Reed

Harvard's defeat of Oregon University by a score of 7 to 6 at the game played under auspices of the Tournament of Roses Association on January 1, 1920, marked an epoch in amateur athletic sports, for the game was undoubtedly one of the most exciting contests ever staged on a gridiron and attracted the largest crowd and the most attention of any football game ever played on the Coast. Harvard's seven points were made on a touchdown from which goal was kicked. Oregon's six points were made by two goals kicked from the field.

In yardage gains at what sportsmen term straight football, Oregon earned a yard and a half to every yard earned by Harvard. In open play Harvard was easily superior, trying seven forward passes in which it connected in four.

Eddie Casey, ranked on the mythical all-American team, had been figured on by Oregon and was very successfully blocked save in four spectacular and dramatic plays which culminated when Church earned his Harvard "H" by making a touchdown. Casey really earned the score, for he carried the ball in two out of the four plays. The game terminated with the ball Oregon's, less than a yard from the Oregon goal line. However, in the next few seconds Oregon would have punted at least to the center of the field, so that to all intents and purposes the game was just one point beyond a tie.

(Continued below next illustration)

THE IRISH QUESTION

By LAWRENCE T. LOWREY
Professor of History, University of Southern California

ENGLAND has been the most successful colonizing power that the world has seen. Moreover, Scotland and Wales are wholly willing to be linked as they are with England. Why, then, has she made an utter failure in her efforts to secure contentment in the Kingdom of Ireland? At a recent meeting in Dublin placards forty feet long were exhibited with the inscription, *"We Want Home Rule."* Why does England persistently refuse to grant what she has freely given to other parts of the Empire? And why should another meeting, held about the same time at Belfast, display also huge signs on which was written, *"We will not have home rule for Ireland"?*

Among the several Irish factions, three stand out as clearly dominant: the Sinn Fein group, demanding independence; the Nationalists, desiring a government somewhat analogous to State rule in the United States; and the Unionists, preferring a continuation of the present arrangement. The reasoning of each is incontrovertible—until you hear the other two.

But to explain the situation it is necessary to review briefly the history of the English connection with this unhappy country.

In the days of the Anglo-Saxon invasions of England, Ireland was the most civilized country in western Europe. But by the twelfth century she had fallen far away from her ancient glory. Petty kings were always waging war against each other. Danish chieftains bore rule over vital coast towns, such as Dublin, Cork, and Limerick, adding to the general confusion. The Church was as disorganized as the State.

The first permanent foothold gained by the Anglo-Norman monarchs in Ireland was in that century. Why did they then cross the Irish Sea? The answer to this—like the answer to almost every question pertaining to Ireland—is in dispute. The reply of the Irish is: "For conquest alone." The English reply: "Chiefly by invitation. Certain factions invited British barons to help them against their local enemies. In 1171 King Henry II, with the consent of the Pope, brought an army, and co-operating with part of the Irish, defeated the Danish invaders, restored peace among the Irish themselves, improved the condition of the Church, and, for service rendered, accepted feudal oaths of fealty from the Irish leaders. In many places the English merely succeeded the Danes in control." The Irish retort that the papal decree was fraudulent, that very few Irish lords submitted to Henry, and that these few had no right to place the lands of their followers in subjection to anybody. But Henry II declared himself "Lord of Ireland," and all the British monarchs to Henry VIII bore this title.

Although for hundreds of years English rule in Ireland was more nominal than real, from the beginning Ireland has been a thorn in the side of Britain. Any enemy of England or any plotter against the English throne was sure to find sympathy in Ireland. The English domination became gradually more severe until in 1494 Poyning's Law forbade the Irish Parliament to pass any measure until it had received the approval of the King's Council in England. This law was in force for nearly three hundred years.

Henry VIII assumed the title of "King of Ireland," still used by the British sovereigns. Down to his reign, there had been no religious difference between the Kingdoms; but his daughter, Queen Elizabeth, a rigid Protestant, sought to extend her ecclesiastical policy to Ireland. The Jesuits, however, had already secured a strong foothold there, and a task difficult in any case was thereby rendered impossible. She was openly defied by the Irish, rebellions ensued, Elizabeth put them down with cruelty, and forfeited much of the rebel land to the Crown.

The reign of her successor, the Scotch-bred James I, marks the great turning point in the relations of the two islands. Border feuds between England and Scotland were age-long, and did not end at James's accession. So he argued thus: the feudists are of the same race, and have no real cause for hostility; their removal from both sides of the boundary will lead them to forget their differences, and will leave England and Scotland at peace. In 1607, another Irish rebellion led to the confiscation of a large part of Ulster. What land could be more conveniently situated for his new colony than this? Geography would disappear in Ulster, so he believed; and perhaps the civilization of the newcomers would open the eyes of the natives to greater possibilities and serve as a nucleus of prosperity—for James was a thorough believer in the excellence of Scotch traits. In 1610, therefore, his famous "plantation of Ulster" was carried out.

His hope was in part realized, for the north of Ireland became the home of a vigorous and energetic English-speaking and Protestant garrison. But the Irish problem became thereby infinitely more complicated; for by the side of the new Protestant Ireland was the old Catholic Ireland, bitterly and sullenly hating the newcomers.

The Ulster claim now is that no colonization was ever more justified: "In 1610 Ulster was the coldest, poorest, most savage part of Ireland, where might was right. The land was bloody, idle, wretched; its backward state was chronic, for the Irish had been butchering each other since the twelfth century, and before. They had advanced little in five hundred years. If the Ulstermen ought to get out of Ireland and return the land to the natives, then Americans should get out of the United States and return the land to the Indians." And they now remind the Irish of the good things that England has done for them since 1870. To which the Irish retort: "If northern Ireland was in an unhappy condition before the 'Ulster plantation,' it was the fault of the English, who, by their misrule and their effort to force another religion on us, had compelled us to rise against them. Conciliation counts for nothing in the face of the fact that you are in arbitrary occupation of our soil; why be grateful for acts by those who originally stole *en bloc?*"

After biding their time for thirty years, the Irish in 1641 rose in revolt. For ten years massacre and counter-massacre went on, until Oliver Cromwell led an expedition against the Catholics and royalists. His excessive cruelties, his confiscation of lands, his settlement of more Protestants in the island, and his suppression of the Catholic religion, did nothing to help the situation. Here Puritanism, with its emphasis on the Old Testament, appeared at its worst.

For another century and a half the Irish were held down under a tyranny unbearable. Although Poyning's Law was repealed in 1782, the Irish Parliament was entirely in the hands of Protestants, though they numbered only one-fourth of the population. Not only could the Catholics not sit in Parliament; they could not even vote.

In 1798, there was another terrific outbreak, in which both sides went to the usual excesses; but by the use of the British army, the Catholics—for they were practically identical with the Irish—were crushed. They insisted they were not rebels, as they were fighting for their homes. But they were treated as rebels. And in the hearts of the Protestants were left seeds of undying distrust of those who, they said, had repeatedly sought to exterminate them.

The most direct result of this rebellion was to determine the British Premier, William Pitt, and his Cabinet, to bring about a union between the Irish and English Parliaments. His plan included also the emancipation of the Catholics from their political disabilities.

By the most high-handed and unscrupulous methods, the union was brought about, against the will of four-fifths of the Irish. But the only part of the scheme which would have been approved by the Catholics—their emancipation—was defeated through the opposition of George III. Although the union was effected at once, only the Protestants represented Ireland, and Catholics were not admitted to Parliament until 1829.

The great Irish famine occurred in 1845-8, in which perhaps half a million Irish lost their lives. The Corn Laws, made by the British

Parliament, which forbade the importation of grain unless the local price was extremely high, was said by the Irish to be responsible for the great number of deaths. This same Parliament now appropriated $50,000,000 for the relief of the sufferers, and repealed the Corn Laws. But the Irish claimed that the British clerks who administered the fund pocketed a large part of it, and that Ireland was then made to repay the fifty millions in the form of taxation.

There were, moreover, other evils of which the Irish complained. For three hundred years, the Established Church in Ireland, deriving compulsory support from the whole population, ministered to only one-eighth of the people; half of the Protestants, even, not being members of that Church. Besides, most of the land of Ireland was still owned by English landlords, and the peasants held it on terms severe and precarious.

But a new day was dawning for Ireland. When William E. Gladstone became Prime Minister in 1868, he quickly announced: "My mission is to pacify Ireland." Within two years he had secured the disestablishment of the Irish Church, so that it was no longer necessary for the Catholics to aid in the support of an institution which they detested; and had passed through Parliament an Irish Land Act, which, supplemented by Acts of 1881 and 1903, has provided for the expropriation of the landlords, so that the tenants may purchase their farms.

English control of Ireland has been likened to German control of Poland. Before 1870 there was an analogy. But here is one evidence of the vast recent difference: from 1886 to 1906, Germany spent $5,000,000 a year to buy out Polish landowners and supplant them with Germans; while in the last few years, Britain has pledged her credit to the extent of over six hundred million dollars with which the Irish may buy their land from the landlords, and hold it in absolute ownership. Two-thirds of the tenants in Ireland have taken advantage of this offer and become owners, paying about twenty per cent less annually in buying than they formerly paid in rent. And the rest have easy tenancy.

But Gladstone was not satisfied with having passed laws regarding church and land. Most of the Irish still objected to the Parliamentary union with England, and he was determined that they should have a Parliament of their own. He introduced bills in 1886 and 1893 for this purpose. They were defeated by a combination of conservative Englishmen with representatives of the Protestant part of Ireland, who preferred a continuation of the Union, and were therefore known as Unionists. Their opponents in Parliament were known as Nationalists.

But who are the Sinn Feiners? About 1905, an Irish literary organization was founded with the name "Sinn Fein," meaning, "Ourselves Alone." Their desire was an Ireland free from all British control. It gradually became political, then economic, and banks and newspapers were organized. For a time they seemed willing to accept Home Rule as the best thing then obtainable, and so joined their efforts to those of the Nationalists.

The Home Rule Bill of 1914, establishing an Irish Parliament, was the logical outcome of many years of agitation. But when in May it passed the House of Commons, which insured its becoming a law, Ulster asked that she be excluded from the Bill; and under the lead of Sir Edward Carson began to arm to keep it from going into operation if she were not left out. Thousands took an oath to prevent it by force if necessary.

In August came the war. The Ulstermen, who were drilling to resist Home Rule, volunteered almost to a man to join the British in protecting the world against the German. Some of the Nationalists, including their leader, John Redmond, aided recruiting; but the others, and almost the whole of the Sinn Fein, were disgusted when Parliament decided that in the emergency of war the operation of the Home Rule Bill should be indefinitely suspended.

The Sinn Fein ranks began to increase. "Why," they said, "should Ireland continue to wait on eighty members of Parliament making interminable Home Rule speeches? For years we beg for Home Rule, then when it is within our grasp, you take it from us." Some of their newspapers, advocating a republic or discouraging recruiting, were suppressed by the government.

Should Sinn Feiners give their services in alliance with those who, they claimed, had so long been their oppressors? Instead, they planned revolt against England, and made the mistake, frequently made before, of allying with England's enemy.

Early in 1916 a German vessel appeared, loaded with arms for the malcontents. It was sunk by the British. But in April the outbreak occurred anyway, and was not suppressed without the loss of three hundred lives, and two thousand other casualties. Sinn Fein had uttered its protest against British control and the shelving of Home Rule.

Meanwhile, Ulster was continuing to send her men to the battle front. During the course of the war she sent about as many as the three other provinces combined.

But why should the Home Rule Bill have been thus put aside? And why were Ulstermen willing to die, if necessary, to prevent its operation?

The writer recently asked a native of Ulster why his countrymen so seriously objected to the Bill. "Because," he replied, "Home Rule means Rome Rule—and England will not force that on us. Ulster has always stood by England, and has furnished many soldiers in this war. Should England desert her supporters for those who hate and oppose her?"

Ulster has always been willing for the three Catholic provinces to have Home Rule if they want it. Only six of the nine counties of Ulster, however, have a Protestant majority; and in 1914 the Ulster leaders agreed that if only the six counties were excluded, they would gladly consent to have the three other counties joined with the rest of Catholic Ireland in the Home Rule plan.

But the Nationalists ardently dissented. Partly from sentimental reasons, they objected to dismemberment. Then, practically, Ulster is the industrial and banking centre, with roots all over the country. Her linen factories, shipyards, etc., are an integral part of the nation. "And," said Ulster, "we have had no special advantage in acquiring our industrial supremacy. When our forefathers were sent to Ulster, it was the least valuable part of Ireland. As late as 1650, Munster land was rated at twelve shillings an acre, Leinster at eight shillings, and Ulster at only four shillings. We were born here—and we refuse to get out, or be exploited. We prefer to retain our seats in the British Parliament."

"But," said the Nationalists, "this partition of our territory would be 'selling six of the richest counties to Sir Edward Carson,' and would force a half million Nationalists in the six counties to accept eviction from the Irish nation. Join us in Home Rule for, say, six years; then you may take a vote, and yourselves decide whether you prefer to leave us or continue with us permanently." "No," replied Ulster, "let us *stay out* for six years, then vote as to coming in."

It is therefore not surprising that when Lloyd George, in 1917, said to all the people in Ireland, "You hold a convention and frame a Constitution to suit yourselves, and the British Government will guarantee to put your plan into effect;"—it is not surprising, I say, that they could not agree on a Constitution.

Since the Sinn Feiners have allied themselves with the Hun and raised a revolt during the war, the Unionists look upon them as traitors —"they struck their countrymen in the back in the midst of a fatal struggle." So the Ulstermen say they now fear not only "roasted heretics," but "pro-German republicanism" as well.

The Nationalists, however, insist that as they have a majority on the island, by the principle of self-determination and the rule of the majority, all Ulster should be included in any plan for Home Rule. At the same time, they assure the Protestants of the fullest measure of fairness in every respect. Then the Ulstermen respond that the Nationalist claim for self-determination strikes them as singularly inappropriate: "If Roman Catholic Ireland would adopt the principle adopted by Protestant Ireland, and allow the will of the local majority to prevail, those parts of Ireland which ask for Home Rule should have it at once. . . . The policy of the Nationalists has been one of self-determination for themselves combined with coercive domination over us. Instead of Ireland being politically or constitutionally oppressed,

(Continued on Page 22)

F. W. Reed

Two more evenly matched teams never met, and both the East and West claim their team was really the better of the two and can back up such claims with all kinds of plausible argumcnts.—HARLAN W. HALL, Director of Publicity, Tournament of Roses, Pasadena, 1920.

Hartsook, Pasadena.

MR. A. L. HAMILTON, HEAD OF THE CITY COMMISSION AND ON THE EXECUTIVE BOARD, 1920

MR. W. L. LEISHMAN, PRESIDENT OF THE ASSOCIATION, 1920, AND MR. C. D. DAGGETT, IN 1894 AND 1904, IN THE VAN OF THE PROCESSION, 1920

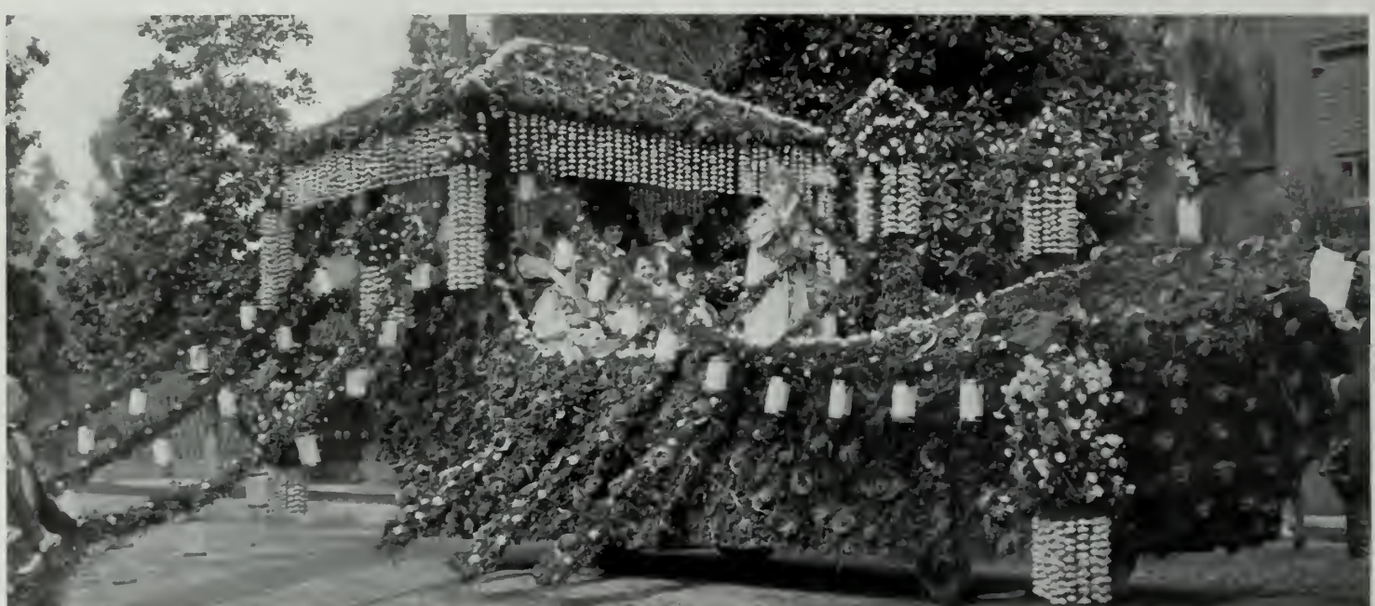
The TOURNAMENT *of* ROSES *and* MEN WHO HAVE MADE IT

MR. W. L. LEISHMAN, president of the Tournament Association for 1920, takes no credit to himself for the remarkable success of this year's Tournament. But those nearest to him know how carefully he divided the work among the men best fitted to do certain things and what a wise general he proved in preparation for the day itself. Nevertheless he prefers to give credit to his aides, and speaks of R. C. Bartow, the permanent secretary of the Association, who in her executive ability works "just like a man," and made the whole thing possible.

One piece of work done this year with unusual forethought was the preparation for handling the great crowd, estimated to be in excess of three hundred thousand. Grand Marshal Frank G. Hogan and his aides, Mr. H. L. Gianetti and Dr. W. A. Boucher, together with the Pasadena police force and the Pacific Electric Railroad, combined to see that practically no accident marred the perfect day.

The flowers, both roses and children—the youth of the city, make the Tournament beautiful. Mr. Le Roy D. Ely, when principal of the Pasadena High School, set a standard of grand line and striking color scheme in school entries which has not been surpassed in later years. One of his floats entered by the Merchants' Association was found the most suitable of all pictures obtainable for a cover to California Southland's Tournament number, and will doubtless be used in differing colors each year.

MR. B. O. KENDALL, AIDE



WAITING FOR THE PROCESSION TO START, A GROUP OF PRETTY GIRLS FILLED THE CAR ENTERED BY THE TOURNAMENT OF ROSES ASSOCIATION. TEN THOUSAND BUNCHES OF VIOLETS WERE USED TO COVER THE SIDES

Tournament Photographs by F. W. Reed

Mabel Watson.

MR. LE ROY D. ELY, WHO SET THE STANDARD OF BEAUTY IN FLOATS

Mabel Watson.

MR. HOWELL C. BROWN, ONE OF CALIFORNIA'S TALENTED ETCHERS

MOST SUCCESSFUL IN ITS DESIGN AND IN THE SWING OF ITS GRACEFUL LINES WAS THE INTERESTING ENTRY OF THE HIGH SCHOOL CLASS OF '22

LEADING THE PROCESSION WAS THE ASSOCIATION'S OWN ENTRY

Mr. Howell Brown is known by all who have given their time to the Tournament as an indefatigable worker whose original and striking designs have made the Tournament beautiful. The name float of one of his most elaborate string of entries, "The Garden of Allah," decorates the Pasadena page (2) and adds new fame to the city which presents this sumptuous pageant every year. This year the same citizens who have so constantly given of their time and energy to the staging of the Tournament worked together to an increasingly successful end. Generations of new citizens now being trained in the schools will find in coming years such expression for their art instincts as the Sophomore float, 1920, the most graceful and beautiful this year; but no small measure of praise belongs to the censor of the entries, Mr. J. J. Mitchell, who, unobtrusively, in citizen's clothes stood outside the parade on New Year's Day and, studying critically each entry, saw to it that no spirit of self-advertising marred a great pageant which more and more is becoming the pure expression of our joy of life in California.

DETAIL OF HIGH SCHOOL FLOAT THE ARTS

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES WAS SHOWN IN THE VICTORY FLOAT DESIGNED FOR THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION, WHICH TOOK A FIRST PRIZE

SOUTHLAND

Stock-Taking Time

THIS is the time of year when many people balance their books, take note of gain and loss, count stock. Nations are doing this after the war. The great piles of useless and dangerous waste in ammunition dumps, shown by Miss Anne Morgan in her excellent pictures of devastated France, are eloquent of the material side. What of those "intangibles" so potent in the war? Shall we lose them in Peace?

The following call to a closer study of real conditions was given during the week of the nation-wide campaign by Mr. Guy R. McComb, its chairman, in Saint James Parish church. It is but one of the bugle calls now sounding all over the country in every denomination, in every village, town and state. The true and safe democracy is an individualized theocracy in which each citizen follows the inner voice and serves the state.

Sometimes we do not realize the danger of following the line of least resistance by overlooking the results of religious indifference. This is brought home to us from one angle at least: Japan, as you know, in striving for commercial supremacy, is making systematic study of world conditions. When she wants to produce a better quality of steel, when she wants to improve sanitation, or build better ships, she sends a commission to that country in which she expects to obtain the best information. In the course of these investigations the question came up as to whether it would not be to Japan's interest to be a Christian nation. Accordingly a commission was sent to this country to investigate the relation of religion to commercial supremacy. Their report on their return was that "while education, commerce and industry have been developed to a wonderful degree there is little evidence that the Christian religion is regarded by most of the people as important."

Think of it! What we consider the very cornerstone of our civilization, unimportant! Is it not high time to take stock of ourselves, and in our nation-wide campaign arouse the best that is in us to refute such an indictment?

Soviet Russia

THAT absolute liberty of speech and thought, existing throughout the United States for a century and a half, may have carried us far beyond the experiment of anarchistic Russia toward liberty, never seems to enter the heads of the foreign-born in our midst.

The newly liberated peoples of Europe and their delegates in America have been great advertisers of their own ideas and the noise they have made in their host country, where every one may express himself, is disconcerting and alarming. Nevertheless it is largely noise and is dying out. A short analysis of the present attemnt at government in Russia is made in a magazine issued last summer by the "Russian Soviet Government Bureau." It leads to our inevitable conclusion that ideals of government by the people are still but glimpsed by the Russia of today.

A few sentences from the pages of this magazine will set forth the philosophy on which "Soviet government" is based and uncover its innate selfishness. "The original soviets were economic bodies, for it was natural to expect that people connected with one another by common work and common material interests should meet in times of cataclysmic social interests."

In the United States of America where the common schools have for many generations educated the people for general intelligence and individual initiative, one cannot imagine the butchers, the bakers or even the candlestick makers rushing simultaneously into each other's arms on the occasion either of a great earthquake or a change in government. If any of them should combine to run the government in their own industrial interests, we have learned that "the people," an entity still unknown to Soviet Russia, would arise in its strength and suppress them.

To quote again: "Thus, in every town in Russia, the factory committees and informal workers' unions united into a Central Soviet, which at once took upon itself the task of fighting the counter revolution and controlling whatever authority the middle classes had set up."

The European cannot get away from the idea of class, although the war should have done much to help him in this matter. When he thinks of America, even though he endow it with his own highest ideas of freedom, he still tries to divide us up into classes with his own particular class on top. Yet he must know that in the United States the "state of tempory flux" now begun in Russia, is with us a permanent thing: and whether looked at industrially, commercially, socially or politically the huge mass of people is constantly climbing up the great revolving ladder of opportunity and just as constantly being turned down on the other side. Yet, as Mr. John Collier has so recently pointed out. we have learned to revolve and even to revolutionize without the cutting off of heads.

Comparing Soviet Russia, groping her way toward a government by the people, with our own grown-up republic where individual responsibilty and service for the common good are general ideals, understood if not always lived up too, the authorized spokesman of Soviet Russia finds "that the only real difference between a soviet state where the proletariate is organized industrially" and a modern democracy (in which every individual is free to organize or not as he sees fit) is that the first "elects it's representative industrially and the other territorially"!

This inability to comprehend the real meaning of democracy marks the foreigner no matter how long he stays in America or how much "Americanization" may be done to him. To found a government upon selfish class interest may be an easy way for Russian leaders to handle the people, but it makes Russia look at this distance like a nation of shopkeepers and sets its standard of freedom on a much lower plane than ever can become the position of a nation whose founders sought in their new found liberty, freedom to worship God as individual human beings.

The Problem of the Pacific

THE naturalist would be untrue to his instincts, to the traditions of his calling, and to his traning, if he viewed such a problem as that of the Pacific in any lesser light than that of the fundamental nature of man and of the geographic area concerned.

Viewed from this starting point, it is seen that the Problem of the Pacific during the four centuries of its existence, is an incontestible refutation of the modern doctrine that an all-sufficient interpretation of human life can be reached on an economic basis.

Nothing is written more legibly on the pages of history than that the mighty movement of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries one of the remarkable occurrences of which was Magellan's voyage right through the middle of the little known Atlantic and less known Pacific oceans, was at least as much a manifestation of human curiosity and the spirit of adventure, as it was of greed for material gain. Nor can an open minded reader of human character and history fail to recognize the religious element—desire to save souls and exalt the Church—as also fundamental.

The spices of the Indies, the silks of Cathay, and the gold of the Americas! Not a doubt about the lure of these; but the strength of even that lure was in no small measure sentimental and romantic.

The problem of the Pacific like the older problem of the Atlantic and the still older one of the Mediterranean, and of every other definitive part of the earth, rests on what can be marked off into five approximately equal sectors of the human animal's nature: (1) that of his physical nature requiring nutriment, clothing and other material things; (2) that of his emotional and imaginative nature, urging to

OPINION

objective adventure; (3) that of his religious and philanthropic nature expressing itself in placative, votive and adorative acts toward the mysterious forces of the universe a part of which he recognizes himself to be, and which work alternately for his benefit and injury; (4) that of his rational nature demanding infallible objective knowledge of himself and the enveloping universe; and (5) that of his social nature, manifesting itself in political and institutional organization and performance. Take, for example, the fur industry of the extreme North Pacific. The five sectors of man's nature indicated above stand out clearly in this subproblem. The story of economic utilization and destruction which followed in the wake of the Russian discoveries, and continued a full century, though highly illuminating, must be passed by except for three points: (1) the almost complete extermination of some of the richest fur bearing animals, notably the sea otter, as a consequence of unintelligent, uncontrolled, rapacious hunting and trading; (2) the gradual coming in of scientific knowledge and political action to regulate the industry and save from destruction something of this remaining source of wealth; and (3) the humanitarian efforts, first purely religious but later political, on behalf of the natives, Eskimos and Indians. The economic operations were as ruthlessly destructive of the natives as of the fur bearing animals. In consequence, not only humanitarian and religious motives led to efforts for the people, but the indispensability of the Eskimos particularly as laborers for prosecuting the industries, worked to the same end.

The most important results so far attained by the new course pursued by the United States government are: (1) the international convention of 1911 between the United States, Great Britain, Japan, and Russia, by which pelagic seal killing is entirely stopped during the continuance of the treaty so far as the citizens of these countries are concerned; (2) the demonstration that depleted seal herds can be rehabilitated, and what measures consonant with economic profits are necessary to insure the perpetuity of the herds; and, (3) the decisive wisdom of our government in undertaking to handle the whole situation on the basis of scientific knowledge of the seals, humanitarian treatment of the natives, and due regard for the internationally economic and political interests involved.

But it would be erroneous to suppose that the fur seal problem is thus solved wholly and for all time. Although there is no doubt about the efficacy of the international convention so far as it has been tested, its real test is yet to come—began indeed in 1918. Its operation from now till its self-determined expiration in 1926 will be crucial; and just as in its origin and present nature it is international, so the detailed watch over its operation ought to be international.

Weighty considerations can be brought forward to support the belief that if the peoples of the Pacific area, along with those of the rest of the world, continue to advance in civilization the Pacific Ocean in common with the other waters of the earth will, as geographical features and as producers of animals and plants essential to civilized man, play an incalculably larger role in that advance than they have hitherto.

To the naturalist, then, the problem of the Pacific, while indeed international, is so because it is part of a much larger, interpeoples problem. And successful handling of it is conditioned upon the creation among the peoples concerned of what may be called an interpeoples and an interracial consciousness. Such a consciousness would have to rest on all the five sectors of man's nature: the economic, the emotional and imaginative, the religious and philanthropic, the rational and the political.

Otherwise and more succintly stated, the problem is one of basing the political unity of nations on the biotic and ethnic unity of peoples, making large use to this end of the common interest the peoples have in those portions of nature which are the external groundwork of their lives.

WILLIAM E. RITTER,
Director Scripps Institution for Biological Research,
of the University of California, La Jolla.

The Inspiration of Masterful Work

FEW people understand and appreciate the tremendous organization and resources necessary for the manufacture of good motor cars. It was with some such object in view that a special tour of a huge automobile works on the outskirts of Detroit was made. Hours were spent in wandering through department after department, interviewing department heads and making mental notes of the things observed.

The vastness and immensity of each department is almost overwhelming. There are miles of aisles on each side of which workmen are busy operating gear-cutting machines, automatic turret lathes, multiple spindle drills, grinding machines, punch presses and similar equipment. On other floors there are batteries of huge milling machines and machinery of heavy type in almost unbelievable quantities. In still other departments the eye can hardly reach the limit of a top-tailoring or upholstery division.

Farther back one comes to the buildings where steel, either white hot or cold, is handled and shaped as though it were plastic as modeler's clay. In the oil-burning furnaces of the heat-treating and drop forge departments, 15,000 gallons of fuel oil are consumed each day. In the foundries 325,000 pounds of grey iron are cast daily, and 20,000 pounds of sand are used for making the cores. The drop forge department has an equipment of 54 steam hammers capable of striking blows equivalent to those of a falling weight of from 400 to 7500 pounds. Thirty thousand pounds of brass a day are required in the brass foundry. All steel used in this plant for motor cars is carefully treated in order to obtain the maximum strength. This heat-treating and hardening requires 6500 gallons of oil daily. In the screw machine department where small parts are made, it is an inspiration to see the long rows of automatic machinery turning out an average of 200,000 completely finished pieces a day.

The foundries, the pressed steel plant, the drop forge department and the heat-treatment department in their general aspect, are a bedlam of heat, shock, vapor, molten metal, flying sparks, speed and brawny men; but in detail everything is as well ordered and purposeful as human industry, directed by executive intelligence, can be. With all its great army of employees, this plant is essentially a labyrinth of labor-saving devices. Everything that machinery can do is done by machinery. Even the movement of materials is by motor trucks, cranes, inter-plant railroads and mono-rail systems, chutes and elevators, with comparatively little handling by men. There is no strain or pressure on the employees, all of whom seem to have plenty of time to perform their tasks, with a little left over, even on the moving chain assemblies, where motors and complete cars are put together as they move along in a continuous stream.

Supplementing their own knowledge of what a motor car should be, and how it can be made perfect, the management has placed at the head of all departments men whose experience and habits of mind lead them to seek the best possible construction from an engineering standpoint, regardless of expense.

After all, a motor car is more than just the iron and steel that go to make it. Back of it all there is something—the same thing that you find on the canvas of the master artist—the great, creative organizing power that gives it life.

BENJAMIN H. LESLIE
Sales Manager, Walter Murphy Motors Company

THE UNITED STATES ARMY BUILDS MEN

By SERGEANT ROBERT W. BLAKE

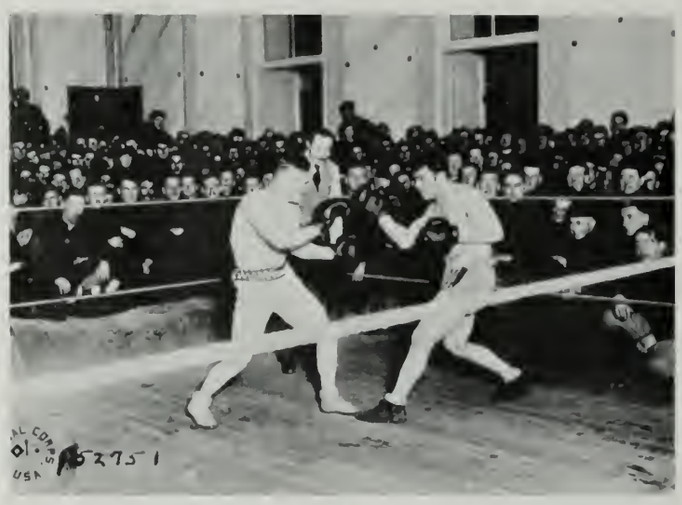
THE possibility of the Army as an institution of physical development has always been considered beyond question. Its natural advantages are such that any young man who serves a three-year enlistment cannot help but improve himself. The regular habits of living which develop, the standard of requirements he must follow, and the out-of-door, healthy exercise which is a part of a military training, can only result in a better man both physically and mentally. Add to this the care and attention which he receives while in the service and it is easy to understand how the army, in its truest sense, is a builder of men.

Aside from the natural advantages which have been mentioned, the War Department has always encouraged athletic sports among the enlisted personnel of the army. With the formation of the new regular army, this important feature is being given particular attention, and every camp and post throughout the country is fitted with all necessary paraphernalia for the carrying on of athletic activities. Officers are designated as "Athletic Officers," whose duty it is to promote athletics and to arrange field days, games and boxing matches among the various units at their command.

The American soldier is a natural devotee of athletics. The baseball outfit and boxing gloves always follow the flag. You will find them in the jungles of Luzon, in far north Alaska, across the Atlantic with the A. E. F. in Germany and Russia, and in fact wherever our army is stationed.

When the Allies held their great field meet at Pershing Stadium in Paris, the American athletes won practically every event of any importance. This shows the really high standard which has been attained by the Army in the physical development of its men.

With such results as have been shown, and with the encouragement of every man to develop all that is in him, together with the clean habits of living, physical exercise and out-of-door life, there is no doubt that a man who enlists in the army and conscientiously tries to better himself will find in a year's time that he is stronger and enjoying better health than he ever would have believed possible, and he will truly say and believe that the army is a builder of men.



ARMY ATHLETICS IN RUSSIA. U. S. OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH 152751

LONDON-1919

By FREDERICK H. SEARES

LONDON, as usual in its first impression, is dreary and depressing, with skies overcast and leaden. The streets are monotonous, the buildings seem heavy and quite unnecessarily dirty. But in a few days the skies are forgotten and the monotony becomes only failure in discrimination; the massive construction then stands forth as a reflection of the Englishman's sturdy character and wholesome liking for things of enduring worth, and the weather-stains blend into the transfigured symbolism of an historic past, amazingly rich in incident and detail.

Instinctively one looks for traces of the war. Aside from the uniforms that fill the streets, they are not conspicuously in view. There is the same traffic in the great thoroughfares as before. The omnibuses, whose brightly-colored advertisements lend a note of emphasis to the scene, thunder by in Holborn and the Strand, and sweep down Regent Street into the Circus, with no sign that they

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY FIELD MEET, HEADQUARTERS FIRST ARMY, BAR SUR AUBE, FRANCE, FEBRUARY 22, 1919—U. S. OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH 152730

played a part in the drama in France. Taxicabs are everywhere, though not in numbers to satisfy the demands of those who would ride; while the pavements present an animated congestion that suggests little of the fearful years scarcely past. And yet the spirit of the war is everywhere present, subtly pervading the life of the city. Through lack of contrast one at first misses its import and thinks nothing is changed. True, much is unchanged in what stands objectively before the observer. But life is more than buildings and streets filled with image-like men and women. It includes forces and consequent actions, dynamic impulses and sequent events, and today the sequences invariably lead back to the terrible past, or else into the uncertain years of the future.

The stream of vehicles flows smoothly, though not without interruption. The body of Captain Fryatt has arrived at Charing Cross. As the funeral cortege moves through the Strand into Fleet Street, and down Ludgate Hill to the open portal of St. Paul's, the traffic disappears from the thoroughfare to be replaced by thronging masses of humanity, filling the pavements and windows and the roofs of the buildings, silent and uncovered. The execution of Fryatt and Miss Cavell aroused England to the character of the Hun as did no other incidents of the war. Attacked by a submarine, the gallant master of the Brussels succeeded in driving off his enemy, for which he was commended and rewarded. Less fortunate in a subsequent attack, he was captured, and at Bruges a month later, in contravention of all decency, he was shot on the charge of having attempted to ram his former assailant, the U-33. By murdering him the Germans have given England another hero. And now that he is home, the people turn from their own griefs and stand in reverence while the cortege passes into the edifice of Wren, within which only the worthy may enter.

The damage inflicted by air-raids—never great in any material sense—has been repaired, or at most attracts little attention. Like the human organism, a great city quickly heals the wounds that threaten its vitality, though scars here and there may remain. When dining at the Criterion, you will note the temporary wiring that supplies the current for the lights. The original system is useless because of a bomb that dropped just outside in the center of Piccadilly Circus, killing and maiming, and shattering the windows of all the buildings round about. My companion at table told of two friends who were in the open at that fateful moment; one threw himself to the pavement and escaped, the other had an arm torn from the shoulder. Or when your walks take you along the Embankment, you will come at length to the Obelisk. The Needle of Cleopatra, which has survived the shocks of thirty-odd centuries—the rise and fall of dynasties, the engulfing sands of the desert, and even the unyielding force of the sea—was not to be touched by the Hun's instrument of destruction; but the face of the huge granite pedestal is broken and pitted, and one of the bronze sphinxes flanking the monument is pierced by fragments from the explosion. One must imagine for himself the violence of the physical convulsion; but he needs no effort to sense the horror of the deed itself. Only talk with women who lived through the attacks, lasting for hours night after night for a week or a fortnight at a time, sometimes separated from their families in other parts of the city, sometimes in the stifling atmosphere of the tubes of the underground, thrown open as places of refuge and quickly filled with dense masses of humanity; or talk with those whose children have been wounded or killed or crippled for life. Horror, yes; the thing stands vividly before one; but not terror—the real intent of the attacks.

If chance takes you near Leicester Square, you can scarcely escape the great collection of official war photographs, covering every detail of Britain's activities, from the work of women on the farms and in the munitions factories at home through all phases of the operations of the naval and military forces. Belgium, France, Gallipoli, Mesopotamia, Palestine, Egypt are all there. There are photographs on land and at sea and from the air, all of high technical perfection. Though intentionally a realistic portrayal, they possess at times an artistic quality that suggests more than the mere circum-

stances of what they portray. Not infrequently the lighting and composition are such as to convey something of the substance of the great drama—in one case, perhaps, the compelling spiritual force that brought English sons and sons of English blood from remote places of the earth, hurrying to the defense of England and English civilization; or in another, the dauntless spirit of the men who held the watches at sea, in the great ships of the fleet, in the destroyers and submarines, in the trawlers and merchantmen, and in every kind of craft that would float.

The photographs of women tempt one to discourse on the service they rendered the Empire. But general statements and statistical compilations of hours of labor and numbers employed in this or that burdensome occupation somehow miss the essence of what that service involved and implied. It is the individual instances one knows of personally that drive the facts home. One still sees numbers of girls in the omnibuses and in the underground, performing their duties with quiet competence; and occasionally they are seen at the stations, handling luggage and freight like any husky porter, or in the streets, skillfully piloting huge motor lorries through the congestion of vehicles. But I have been impressed most of all when a slight, fragile girl in quiet talk has told me of the munitions factories, of the long grinding hours at the machines, of the labor involved in handling heavy shells, and of responsibility borne in checking and inspecting the complicated parts of the fuse; or when another girl, who wears the ribbon of the *croix de guerre*, has told me of days and nights in an ambulance at the front; or when still another, the daughter of one of the most distinguished scientific men in England, has related in a matter-of-fact way that she had groomed horses at a cavalry remount station until failing strength forced her to the relatively easy task of driving a postal van for seven months through the streets of London, twelve hours a day, from midday to midnight, six days in the week. They are all very matter-of-fact, these conversations, and even when the words flow uninterruptedly, one of necessity draws the real story from words that are unsaid.

One might expect to escape the pervading presence of the war in the museums and galleries, among the treasures of the past. But even that is not easy. For four years the doors of the great collections have been closed, while the choicest treasures have been hidden away in safe places, some, it is said, in an unused tube of the underground, while others have found security from the bombs of Zeppelins and airplanes at remote points in the country. Restoration requires time. The Wallace collection and the Tate gallery are not yet open, nor are the upper Egyptian rooms of the British Museum. Below in the Elgin room the pediment figures of the Parthenon are in place, but the frieze is only now going into position on the wall. The National Gallery also is only partly in order and open to the public. But even were there no such restrictions serving as a reminder, the war would still be recalled by the soldiers and officers who throng the rooms now accessible. They are of all types, from many parts of the earth; but most conspicuous of all are the Indians, who, apparently with intent, are being shown, systematically and thoroughly, many things touching the heart of the Empire, of which hitherto they have had no conception.

The most poignant reminder of the war, however, is met in quite another direction. Sooner or later one finds himself approaching that great group of public buildings whose vast extent and massive proportions symbolize Britain's stability and might, as their varied architectural treatment and obvious differences in age reflect something of her antiquity and endurance. The Admiralty, the War Office, the Treasury, the Colonial and the Foreign offices, the Boards of Education and Trade, the modesty of No. 10 Downing Street overset against the splendors of the Banqueting Hall, the great group of Parliament enfolding the venerable Hall of Westminster, and at last the Abbey itself. If these others typify the duration and material substance of the Empire, then in the Abbey do we find the crystallized expression of her intellectual and spiritual force, and thus the symbolism is enriched. There they stand, clustered about the thoroughfare of Whitehall, which connects the last halting spot of the cortege of Queen Eleanor with her final resting place in the Abbey. And in the center of this thoroughfare one finds today the simple memorial commemorating those who gave their lives for English civilization. The impressiveness of the cenotaph of Sir Edwin Lutyens is found in its very simplicity, which frankly recognizes the inability of human powers to express adequately the magnitude of the sacrifice it commemorates. A rectangular shaft of plane surfaces, with well-proportioned offsets leading up to a sarcophagus that is only suggested, all but barren of ornament and supporting only a date and the pregnant inscription, "The Glorious Dead," it rises as a final symbol for those human qualities that have made Britain what she is. The monument is banked high with flowers, accompanied oftentimes by messages signed only too often by children. To the men and women who stand at its foot, with heads bared and faces set, it is more than an empty tomb; it has become the grave in France, or some place more remote, that few of them ever will know.

And so one might go on at length; but of all manifestations perhaps the most impressive is the state of mind of the people. War-weary, worn with griefs and sorrows stoically hidden away in the heart, conscious of the dangers of impending changes in the social order and doubtful as to whither these changes may lead, they go about daily tasks with little effective attention to the problems that must be solved before life can again become normal. Before 1914 social revolution was in the air. Now, after five years, the conflicting interests of capital and labor demand adjustment more insistently than ever; but no solution is forthcoming. The government meets each new crisis with some new compromise, but has no proposals that seem really constructive. Although the dominant problem is social, measures of economic reconstruction are also urgently required. Then there is Ireland. The period of abrogation for the Home Rule Bill is approaching an end; the bill itself satisfies no one, and some new expedient must be found quickly. The nation sees the danger that confronts it; the papers are filled with discussions and warnings; and almost any serious conversation, in the trains, the restaurants, the clubs, or in the home of an Englishman, veers around sooner or later to the appalling gravity of the situation.

Meanwhile the people take a holiday. Heaven knows they need it; but it is none the less astounding that they deliberately disregard dangers they themselves recognize and turn to the relaxation that five years of nerve-wracking anxiety invite. The whole island seems engaged in a huge game of stage coach. The people of the city have

DEVELOPED FROM RAW RECRUITS THIS IS HOW HE APPEARS AFTER TRAINING — U. S. OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH 10376

flocked into the country until every holiday spot and watering place is filled to overflowing; and those of the provinces have swarmed down upon London, thus creating congestion that can hardly be described. Money is spent with a freedom unimaginable in a country that hints at a levy on capital. The war profiteers of course have it; those of moderate means find it somehow; and the workman who never had it before has it now because of the wages he has gained. The conditions are clearly abnormal. No one who has known the sane, hard-headed Englishman can believe that he has permanently lost his senses. Obviously the situation is composed in large measure of physical and mental reaction from the strains and sacrifices that have tried the social fabric to the uttermost.

During the earlier years of the war one felt everywhere a spirit of idealism which today is discovered only with difficulty. The grim business became so terrible that the determination to make the world something better has been submerged in the universal suffering. The phenomenon is not peculiar to England alone; but it is none the less a factor in the problem she must solve. Her task is the more difficult because, while the reaction is still acute, she must consider questions affecting her whole social structure, which require not only good temper and sanity and clear thinking, but also vision and faith. Thoughtful Englishmen are deeply pessimistic; the most they admit is that after some sort of crisis things will somehow come right.

Toward America the feeling is peculiar and not unmixed. To those unfamiliar with American conditions and our deep-rooted aversion to meddling in foreign affairs, our late arrival in Europe will long remain incomprehensible. Others, better informed, not only feel no antagonism, but are curiously disposed to find excuses, and, upon occasion, even to defend us with warmth. More than once, upon expressing the conviction that an earlier participation in the war was at least a matter of obligation and decency, I have been met with skillful arguments to the contrary, which I am sure represented real feeling. All classes, on the other hand, although giving generous credit for what we did, resent with understandable bitterness the phrase, "We won the war," which has been represented to them as something more than the irresponsible utterance that it is. Those engaged in industry and export, noting the mounting costs of production and failing to note the equally rapid increases in this country, look with apprehension and alarm toward future competition with America. Our exports are no small part of our wealth, but England's foreign trade is her life.

Toward the League of Nations by itself there is much apathy. But for effective cooperation with the United States and other closely allied nations there is every desire. English people have been singularly indifferent to the obstructionists in the Senate, probably because the opposition has been directed mainly toward the covenant of the League; but latterly, realizing that successful obstruction would jeopardize the cooperation they desire, much more concern has been expressed. Our financial support of course England needs; but it is a narrow vision that sees only the satisfaction of selfish interest in what she hopes from the future relations of the two countries. There is widespread feeling that Germany was not well defeated, and that shortly she will again occupy a position of influence, with much the same aspirations as before. The defense of English ideals is therefore not ended, and for the trials yet to come England rightly claims our support, for those ideals are also our own. *Aug. 1919.*

THE HIGH SIERRAS, CALIFORNIA, FROM A PAINTING BY EDGAR PAYNE

DECEMBER MORNING NEW ENGLAND, FROM A PAINTING BY BRUCE CRANE, N.A.

THE MEETING OF THE EAST AND THE WEST IN ART

Illustrated by Examples From the Galleries of Cannell and Chaffin

CALIFORNIA has always attracted the painter. In the Southwest, the brilliant sunshine, the dry air, and the resultant sparkle and color have inspired the inhabitants to express their love of country in paint and dye.

But only by the bringing of the best art of the East to the Southland can the excellent talent now here be brought to its highest form of expression and the standard of modern art be maintained.

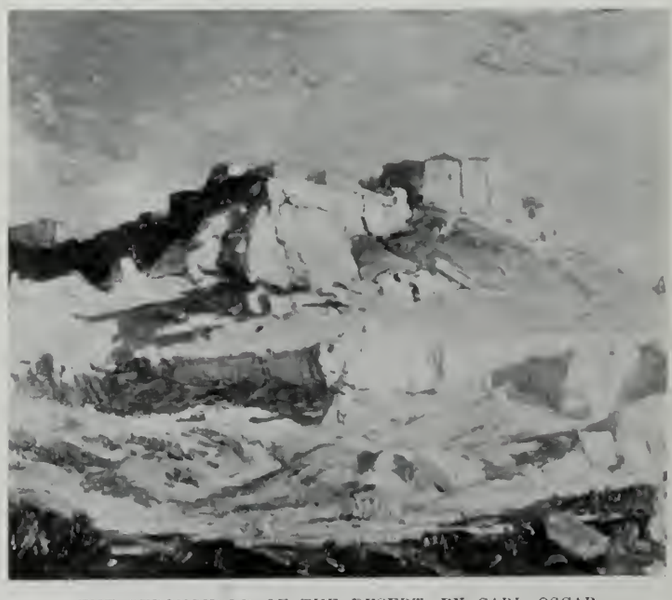
In the ten paintings here represented, Mr. Cannell has selected five from the Pacific Coast. The tender tones of New England landscape as painted by Chancey Ryder and Bruce Crane meet the rugged rocks and sunburned hills of the West. In bringing us such a wealth of beautiful paintings this new gallery on the new end of Seventh street deserves our gratitude.

The one-man exhibition of the work of Edgar Payne will follow that of Jules Pages, whose paintings, made in Brittany and Burgundy, opened the one-man exhibitions. Carl Oscar Borg's paintings will be shown after those of Mr. Payne.

The following letter from Elliott Daingerfield brings us in delightful touch with the studios of New York:

VENETIAN MOONLIGHT, A NOTABLE PAINTING BY GEORGE H. BOGERT, A.N.A.

THE GOLDEN HILLS, FROM A PAINTING BY HANSON PUTHUFF, CALIFORNIA



THE STRONGHOLD OF THE DESERT, BY CARL OSCAR BORG, CALIFORNIA

NOVEMBER FIELDS, AN EXQUISITE PAINTING BY CHAUNCEY F. RYDER, A.N.A.

POINT LOBOS, MONTEREY, BY GUY ROSE, DIRECTOR PASADENA ART SCHOOL

Gainsborough Studios
222 West 59th St.,
New York

ELLIOTT T. DAINGERFIELD Dec. 19, 1919.

Dear Mr. Cannell:

The picture you bought from me called "Moonlight on the Lake" will always hold a very high place in the list of my works,—perhaps the highest in moonlights. It represents a long, long period of work because my goal was very high—I wanted to express the romantic beauty of light on the water, of fine tree masses in decorative line, and to quicken in the mind of the observer the love, not of one moonlight night, but of all beautiful ones. To this end design was needed, depth of color was needed; the magical touch of light on leaf and limb, on rock and tree, the silver on the columns of the little pergola, the silence of the little boat are all contributing elements, and the swimming beauty of the moon hanging in the sky has not been better done by me. Paint is forgotten in the witchery of light.

These are some of the things I feel about the picture. I hope you will have pleasure in it.

Sincerely,

ELLIOTT DAINGERFIELD.

MOONLIGHT ON THE LAKE, THE IMPORTANT PAINTING WRITTEN OF IN THE ACCOMPANYING LETTER, BY ELLIOTT DAINGERFIELD, N.A.

BEYOND THE ROCKS, FROM A PAINTING BY JACK WILKINSON SMITH, CALIFORNIA

CORNWALL HILLS AFTERNOON, FROM A PAINTING BY BEN FOSTER, N.A.

THE SCHOOL OF THE MUSIC AND ART ASSOCIATION

THE STICKNEY STUDIO

The efforts of the Pasadena Music and Art Association on behalf of art have been concentrated in its school. The idea of the President, Mr. George E. Hale, has been to attract to this art center the excellent painters and sculptors constantly coming to this coast. Richard Miller painted here and left his mark on the place in a Studio Garden for modern work.

All the studio classes are now under the personal supervision of the Director, Mr. Guy Rose. Mr. Rose was a pupil of Emil Carlsen at the San Francisco Art School, where he won the Avery gold medal; at the Academie Julian (twice winner of the concours); and was a scholarship pupil at the Academie Delecluse. Besides his private classes in France and New York, Mr. Rose was a teacher of painting in Miss Wheeler's and Mrs. Dow's schools and instructor at the Pratt Institute for three years. He had an Honorable Mention at the Paris Salon, and medals at Atlanta, Buffalo, St. Louis, San Francisco and San Diego. Mr. Rose has done illustrations for Harper's, the Century, Scribners, and Everybody's magazines.

COSTUME CLASS: Drawing and Painting from the Costume Model. 1 p. m. to 4 p. m., Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

LIFE CLASS: Drawing and Painting from the Nude Model. 9 a. m. to 12 m., Monday, Wed. and Friday.

This class is also intended for students who expect to follow the professions of PORTRAIT PAINTING or ILLUSTRATION. No grading of pupils or time limit on work is observed, but each student is encouraged to express individuality under the direction of Mr. Rose.

CHILDREN'S CLASS: On each Saturday morning a Children's Class will be held in the Still Life Studio. 9 a. m. to 12 a. m.

THE SCIENTIFIC CREATION OF SUCCESSFUL HOMES

By BARKER BROS.

YOU have come to Southern California for the purpose of testing its climate, opportunities and delightful outdoor life. This is a country of beautiful homes. The building and furnishing of houses and the designing and planting of grounds, gardens and sport fields form the chief business of the Southland when its golden fruit is gathered. In fact, even this great industry of orange growing is second in the mind of most of the population to the establishment of the home first and the business afterward.

A SIMPLE, LIVABLE ROOM IN THE HOME OF A MAN OF TASTE. DESIGNED BY HAMPTON C. FROST OF BARKER BROTHERS WHEN WITH JOSEPH HORNE CO., PITTSBURG - FROM THE INTERIOR DECORATION DEPARTMENT, BARKER BROTHERS

You can see, therefore, the retail business of making homes has never had such an opportunity to develop as that presented during Southern California's first half century of existence as an American community.

You will want to know what Los Angeles firm has seen this great opportunity and how the idea of concentrating in one big business all the service necessary to the establishment of a home has been developed to the highest point of efficiency.

In 1880, O. T. Barker, father of the present heads of Barker Brothers, opened a shop on the old Los Angeles Plaza.

Every year great throngs of home seekers have come to the Coast; every year the business of Barker Brothers has grown. In 1909 the firm moved to its present location on South Broadway, the very heart of Los Angeles. Here store after store has been requisitioned and change after change made to provide room for the great stream of home-making material now at the service of the discriminating people who are attracted to Southern California for homes.

But a glance at the surface of this great unit of the city's organism gives little idea of its extent and high quality.

Back of the store, with its period furniture, its typical bungalows and its models of offices, there are great warehouses. A stream of cars brings in material, finished or in a state that can be used in the mattress factory, the upholstery rooms, the carpenter and cabinet shops, the finishing and polishing departments. Every night great rows of trucks are loaded for the morning's delivery and one of the younger members of the firm, all of whom are vitally connected with its everyday work, sees to the efficient mastery of the difficult problem of transportation.

But mass of materials alone does not make a great house; it is the spirit, the standard of equipment, experience and trained talent that a great corporation can command. A body of 1,400 generally qualified home-furnishing enthusiasts is being developed. Successful homes are their ideals. From the carpet-sewing class and the course in salesmanship, from the renting department up to the printing office, which has just issued a catalog in Spanish for South American patrons—the entire business is a monument of commercial supremacy, as built up by father, sons and grandsons—men who have established a house of the character that lives because it succeeds.

MR. JOHN H. PEARMAN, SECRETARY PASADENA BOARD OF TRADE

THE COMMERICAL SECRETARY---A NEW PROFESSION

By JOHN H. PEARMAN, Secretary Pasadena Board of Trade

IN THE days before the Great War the Commercial Organization of a community was considered a necessary adjunct whose principal function was to boost the individual community without regard to neighboring interests, and the principal requirement of an executive secretary was his ability to proclaim from the housetops the advantages of his city and possibly to derate those of his neighbors.

Today the vision of the commercial secretary has been enlarged and broadened. This was due in a large measure to the fact that during the war he was called upon to do work of an importance and scope far beyond the confines of any single community.

This change of conditions intensified cooperation, and the national, state and county associations took on new life. The secretary applied himself to national problems rather than to petty politics. His organization heard the cry of Belgium and felt Serbia's sorrow and responded with all its strength. Had our Nation a need, its appeal was made through the local commercial organization, which became the clearing house for almost every activity incident to the war.

Such, then, were the men who met in convention in Pasadena during the closing days of the year 1919. Representatives from the northernmost county in the state to the Imperial Valley on the south came together to study new conditions and problems, for the perplexities of readjustment have proven quite as grave as those of the war, and commercial organizations have closely applied themselves to their solution—vocational education of disabled soldiers, replacement, the housing situation, new industries and service to present industries, agricultural matters—all had a full share of attention. Lectures by experts on these subjects, followed by general discussions by the delegates, excited the keenest interest.

A vital matter of discussion was the enlargement of the scope of the Associated Chambers of Commerce of the Pacific Coast. It was felt that every commercial organization west of the Rocky Mountains should be affiliated in one large and influential association which could properly place before the Nation the needs of the West which are developing with tremendous rapidity: Our navy yards are inadequate to care for the Pacific Fleet; the Pacific mercantile marine must be enlarged; rail transportation must be improved; national highways connecting the state system must be built; and reforestation of the mountain areas; reclamation of our arid sections; the development of our national parks—these and many other problems of development can be aided by concerted effort on the part of the commercial organizations of the West, and this will be done by the enlarged Associated Chambers of Commerce of the Pacific Slope.

The delegates have returned to their several homes with fresh inspiration gathered while sojourning with us; and we in turn have benefited by our short association with these leaders of civic development, and can make practical application of their thoughts for a greater development of our own city.

AIR CRAFT FOR TRAVEL AND POST

By WAYNE ALLES, Sales Manager Mercury Aviation Co.

THE next six months will see the inauguration of a system of airlines connecting California cities. Plans are now under way to bring to California a number of passenger-carrying planes capable of carrying twelve to twenty passengers in addition to a large amount of mail matter. The keen interest manifested by the municipalities in the West in establishing flying fields for aircraft has much to do with the early inauguration of this new means of rapid transportation. To Pasadena goes the credit of establishing the first municipal flying field in California. The tourists coming to California this winter are greeted with a new method of seeing the beauties of this wonderful state. The scenic air trip called the "Mountain View Route" has been inaugurated by the Mercury Aviation Company.

Pasadena's Municipal Flying Field has the distinction of being the most easily distinguished flying field from the air in the United States. When the students of Throop College placed the large T on the mountainside they little realized that this would be used as a guide for aircraft for landing in Pasadena. However, this is the case, and all airplanes coming into Pasadena can see this large T miles away, and it is only necessary to fly directly toward it from any direction and the plane will arrive directly over the municipal flying field.

CROWDS ATTENDING THE OPENING OF PASADENA'S FLYING FIELD, THE FIRST MUNICIPAL FLYING FIELD IN CALIFORNIA

REPRESENTATIVES OF THE BOARD OF TRADE, CITY COMMISSION, PASADENA HOTELS, AND MERCURY AVIATION COMPANY, AT OPENING OF PASADENA'S FIELD

THE LEAGUE FOR THE HARD OF HEARING

THE League for the Hard of Hearing was started in 1916 by a few people interested in the study of lip-reading. Its object is to make a social center for the deaf and hard of hearing and to furnish opportunities to students for practice in lip-reading. These were the two prime motives, and another was soon added—that of philanthropy.

Scholarships are given to those who find it difficult to pay for lip-reading, and there is an informal employment bureau—the hard-of-hearing often finding it difficult to keep an old position or to find a new one.

When the United States entered the war, the league, wishing to extend its efforts, had a most successful Red Cross chapter in a room furnished free by the Mason Building. The League is now housed in the Story Building, Los Angeles.

It also answered the call of *Life*, and adopted for two years a French orphan. The salvage drive, the book drive, clothes for Belgians and French have all been responded to with generous alacrity.

The league is growing, and though but three years old it has been worth while. The regular meetings are held the first Tuesday of each month at 4 P.M. The first president was Miss L. E. Case, who combined this position with her work of teaching large lip-reading classes.

Miss Augusta Senter, of Pasadena, is now serving her second year as president, devoting much time and effort to the welfare of the league. She has been very successful in social activities.

An adjunct of the league is the Junior League, composed of young people between the ages of twenty and thirty. It meets on the first and third Friday evenings of each month at the league rooms. Lip-reading and fun vie with each other at these gatherings. Miss Edna C. Taber is the President.

INTERESTED SPECTATORS WATCHING AIR MANEUVERS AT DE MILLE FIELD, LOS ANGELES—CUTS USED BY COURTESY OF MERCURY AVIATION COMPANY

Henry E. Jaeger Louis F. Wolfskill
THE ORCHID
FLORIST
"Say It With Flowers"
We Offer
Expert and Intelligent
Service
342 East Colorado Street
Pasadena, :: California

Ye Stuart Inn
S. A. FOX, Proprietor
On Foothill Boulevard North of San Dimas
Home Phone Azusa 586
There are a few good road houses in Southern California—Stuart is one of them.
TRY IT FOR LUNCHEON

SMART CLOTHES FOR SMART CALIFORNIANS

ADAPTING OUR CLOTHES TO CLIMATE

THE expert buyer for a big department house not only selects what seems appropriate to his clientele, but studies out their problems.

The climate of California is not that of Florida. It has its distinctive changes and strong points. Then there is Hawaii to provide for, with still another climate and a long sea voyage in between. At Bullock's Mr. Ryan's experienced thought has evolved, out of the many materials at his command, a distinctively Californian street suit, and our gratitude is due him for this result.

Chinchilla satin is the name of the silk so fortunately placed at our disposal by Mallison, the New York manufacturer. But the combination of this thick, crepe silk stuff with checked or striped Angora, or brushed wool, is Bullock's own.

Made in conservative but smart styles and varied in color, from white to dark grey and navy, this combination of a variety of sweater stuff, brushed to a soft, fuzzy surface, and chinchilla satin, is new, unique and remarkably adapted to travel or touring in California.

Sports clothes were written of in Mrs. Rose's December article, and their importance as an all-around California attire is evident.

IN A SPORTS SUIT FROM THE VILLE DE PARIS ONE IS READY FOR EVERY EVENT SUIT OF WOOL, BEAUTIFULLY EMBROIDERED IN COLORED YARN

EVENING GOWNS
By ETHEL ROSE

WITH sports clothes provided for last month, the next important subject is evening gowns and wraps, for whatever else we may manage to do without, these are necessities for a Southern California winter. At Bullock's they showed me some lovely theater wraps and dinner gowns.

The wraps are mostly on cape lines with armholes. One had its upper part of red velvet and the lower part black velvet, with black and gold embroidery on the lower edge of the red, a red satin lining, and a black fox collar of moderate size.

An unexaggerated black fox collar was also a feature of a wrap of brilliant blue and gold brocade, lined with yellow satin. A blue velvet cape had a yoke of mole fur forming a very long point in the back, where it ended in a silver tassel, its unusually attractive collar being of the fur and shirred mole-color satin, and it could be turned down over the shoulders like a little cape, showing its shirred blue velvet lining.

For an older woman there was a black velvet wrap lined with black, exactly on the lines of an Arabian gondourah, the yoke prolonged into bands on the sides and embroidered in heavy cut jet, while a square of the jet held the draped folds in at the lower edge in the back. Uncurled black ostrich feathers with long flues made a collar or a cape, accordingly as they were turned up or down.

A dinner gown of ruby velvet had as its only trimming a silk rose at the waist. There was a quaint 1870 air about this frock, with its little square neck, its draped shoulder caps of sleeves, its waist draped to form a belt, its cascade effects at the hips, and its fullness held in at the bottom of the skirt by a narrow band.

Long dragging panel trains were features of two other gowns that were absolutely sleeveless and very low, one of gold tube beads on brown tulle with a brown ostrich border, over a foundation of cloth of gold; and the other a fourreau of midnight blue spangles in long close lines, with a horizontal band at the hem. The lines of this gown were exceptionally lovely but quite impossible to describe; it was loose but its weight and cut made it sway and drag with every movement—a gown of unusual distinction.

CORRECT SPORTS ATTIRE FOR TENNIS OR WATCHING THE AIRCRAFT, FROM THE VILLE DE PARIS

It seems to be universally conceded that Blackstone's is one of those unusual big stores where everything is nice and the poorer grades of articles do not exist, so I went to Blackstone's to see evening things, and was fully justified in my choice.

Following the dictum of Paris, most of these wraps were also on cape lines, with here and there a modification such as the fascinating sleeves, funnel shape and cut in one with the cape, that belonged to a flame-color velvet affair lined with powder blue satin. The collar and the small cuffs were of mole fur and just below the waist line in the back a velvet-covered cord headed a panel of flame-color silk and chenille fringe that fell to the edge of the wrap. Cords and tassels to match tied at the throat and a very individual touch was a big patch pocket on the lining edged about with a cord of the brilliant velvet.

They also showed me an adorable little wrap that would be quite useless in winter anywhere except in the Southland, but here simply perfect for limousine or hotel wear. It was only three-quarter length and the exact shape of an Arabian gondourah, that is, oblong, folded to make a square and sewed up the sides except an opening for the hands; there is an opening in the center for the head, and in this case it was continued right down the front.

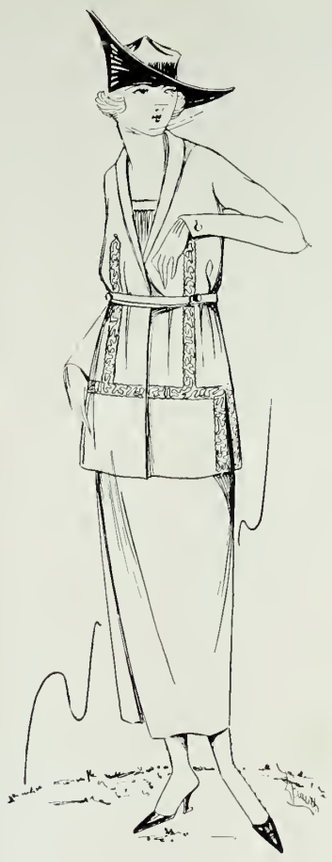
It was of black tulle over shrimp pink satin, the tulle quite covered with black spangles which formed a solid band around the neck and down to the hand openings, below this band a design of flowers and below those long close lines of spangles to the bottom. A big, floppy frill of black tulle was the unusual collar, and a flat fold of tulle bordered all the edges.

The gowns were lovely, ever so many of tulle in all colors for young girls, most of them straight across under the arms and quite sleeveless, as was one of pale pink. The skirt consisted of two flounces, both scalloped, and the scallops embroidered in silver and pink spangles. A narrow prune velvet ribbon held by a knot of shaded prune velvet flowers formed the belt, and overhanging this, giving the effect of a third flounce, was a scalloped bolero upheld by silver gauze ribbon tied in bow knots on the shoulders.

Another girl's gown was of pink georgette slightly bloused over a double faced sapphire blue and silver ribbon belt. A trellis design in silver covered the waist and formed a border on the tunic which hung in loose loops at the sides. The shoulder straps were pink and silver, with long silver tassels, and, being destined for a very young person, indeed, there were little cap sleeves of white tulle bordered with the silver and sapphire ribbon.

For an older, stately woman there was a dark blue satin gown covered with long lines of sapphire spangles, an unlined fringe of jet beads taking the place of a hem. The waist was a V, front and back, narrowing to a mere strap on the shoulders; no sleeves, of course. This gown was given added dignity by a long, narrow panel train of spangles bordered on the left side by a fringe of ostrich flues shaded from black to a brilliant blue.

Among the imported gowns was a beautiful thing of black and silver brocade. This was cut all in one piece, the skirt draped to the right side, where it was caught at the waist with pink velvet geraniums. The brocade formed only one narrow side of the corsage, a shoulder strap of black tulle on the other side being carried down to meet a band of silver lace which crossed the bust. A long scarf end of black tulle floated at the left side of the back. This was a dress to covet, and one longed to see it on just the right slender person carrying one of those astonishing yard-wide feather fans.



SKETCH FROM BLACKSTONE'S REPRESENTING THE NEW SPRING SUIT FASHIONS OF 1920—A NAVY BLUE POIRET TWILL WITH COAT EMBROIDERED IN SELF-COLORED SILK

WHIMSY

By Julia Boynton Green

FAIR Sara Maddry said to T. Hatchapee,
"My head
It needs a swansdown cap, they're all the style.
And a fur cape for my shoulder I'll have, the nights are colder,—
I'm sure of it, I've felt it quite awhile."

Said T. H., "You'd be a pippin in a lid like that, just rippin',
And your tippet, would you have it made of mink?
Alaska seal, or sable, would be smart if you are able."
Said Sara, "'Twill be conifer, I think."

SCHEDULE OF EXHIBITIONS AT THE LOS ANGELES MUSEUM, EXPOSITION PARK

JANUARY:
3rd to 31st—Third International Photographic Salon, under the auspices of the Camera Pictorialists of Los Angeles.
3rd to 31st—Exhibition of wood engravings by the late Henry Wolf.
FEBRUARY:
1st to 29th—Exhibition of Paintings by American Modernists.
MARCH:
1st to 31st—First International Print Makers' Exhibition, under the auspices of the Print Makers of Los Angeles.
1st to 31st—Exhibition of Water Colors by Donna Schuster.

HOURS

The Museum is open daily from 10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.; Sundays and holidays, 2:00 p.m. to 5:00 p.m.; Wednesdays, 10:00 a.m. to 12:00 m. Admission is always free.

BESIDES the constant succession of interesting exhibitions at Cannell and Chaffin Galleries on Seventh Street and of California painters at the Kanst Galleries on Hill Street in Los Angeles, the dealers in Pasadena—the Gift Shop and the Ely Galleries on Colorado Street have excellent small exhibitions every week.

Miss Bush has been showing her beautiful miniatures at the Gift Shop and will later show them at Cannell and Chaffin's.

Benjamin C. Brown, though ill during most of January, has been sending California sunshine all over the East in many exhibitions and took a gold medal at Sacramento this year. For the Biennial Exhibit of American Art: Corcoran Gallery, Washington, D. C., his "Brook in Winter" is accepted by the jury:—Willard Metcalf, Daniel Garber, Lawton Parker, Richard Miller and Charles Woodbury. A stiff jury and a very good picture. His "Desert Clouds" and "Opalescent Morning" are now hung in the American Art Exhibit, Chicago Art Institute, as are paintings by Edgar Payne, William Wendt, Maurice Brown, Helena Dunlap, William Ritchell, Neuhaus, Armin Hansen, Joseph Raphael, and Edward Butler—Californians all, and a goodly list. Mr. Butler, on the jury as a Chicagoan, is painting now in Pasadena and may be counted to answer "Aye" when the California list is called.

The Third International Photographic Salon, under auspices of the Pictorialists of Los Angeles, now on at Exposition Park, contains pictures by six members of the Los Angeles Camera Club.

A CALIFORNIA jury is to pass upon the work of print makers from any part of the world; Los Angeles being the first city to undertake an international exhibition of this sort. The print makers of that city have held annual exhibits for the last six years and have decided to vary their routine in 1920 by inviting etchers, lithographers, block printers and wood engravers of all countries to participate. The show will be held in the Gallery of Fine and Applied Arts, Los Angeles, from March 1 to 31 and will be open to the public.

All prints must reach their destination by February 7 and any number may be entered, only the capacity of the gallery to limit the show. The local organization is a society of men and women for the furtherance of the art of print making. Two exhibits are maintained a year. A fall show travels over the Western part of the United States and the spring exhibit is held each March at Exposition Park. —Anna Cora Winchell in San Francisco Chronicle.

HELEN TAGGART

Millinery

Importer-Designer
629 So. Hill Street
Los Angeles, Cal.

Her Hats...

In Helen Taggart's Rose and Ivory Hat Shop the hats are not the merely beautiful creations that all women appreciate but they have that more subtle something—that smartness and sophistication that subjugate men. And—

JILL'S NEW HAT MUST "REGISTER" WITH JACK

THE IRISH QUESTION

(Continued from Page 9)

the value of a vote in Ireland is almost double that of a vote in England. Whereas, there is only one member (of Parliament) for every 75,000 Englishmen, Ireland has a member for every 45,000 of her population." So, the argument goes in a circle.

For hundreds of years England was beyond question unduly harsh toward Ireland. But for the past half century she has been doing much to make amends. Formerly, she was unwilling that the Irish should govern themselves. Now, if the people on that island could agree among themselves, England would instantly abide by their decision. A hostile Ireland is a tremendous liability to England; a contented Ireland would be a decided asset. England is now not only willing, she is anxious, pathetically anxious, to settle the Irish question.

Almost all partisans of this problem seem to think there is only one side to it. We have tried to show the truth of a statement made by the Nationalist President of the recent Irish Constitutional Convention, Sir Horace Plunkett, that it is the "most complex and anomalous political situation found in history—I might almost say in fiction."

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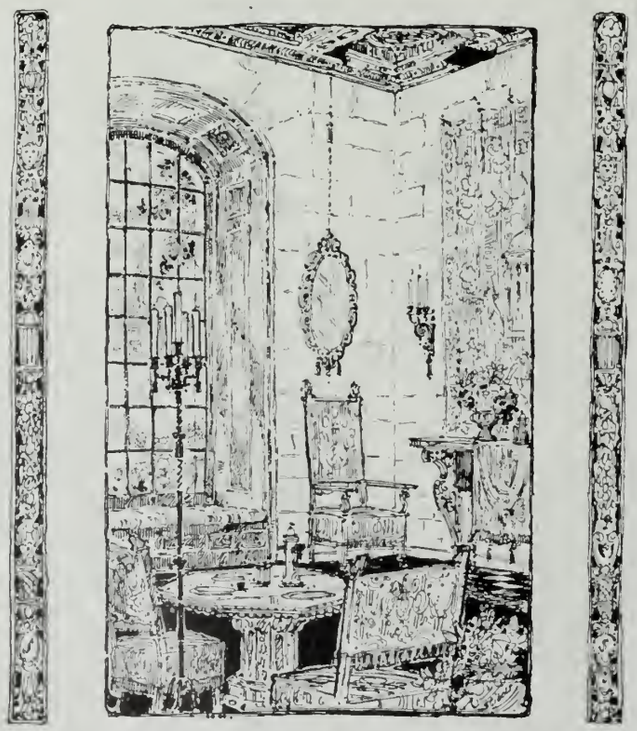

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Pasadena in the Summertime

PASADENA is not only beautiful for situation and charming as a winter resort, but it is also beautiful in many other ways and charming also as a *summer* resort. Located at the head of the historic San Gabriel Valley, eight hundred to a thousand feet above the sea, it thus occupies a commanding position; and the smiling vale, sloping off to the southward, makes of this regal city truly the "crown of the valley." Cooling breezes blow daily from the Pacific, making the summer climate of the daytime as delightful as one could desire, and the mountain breeze at night makes sleeping under covers a restful and recuperative process. More and more are people being lured here by its delightful summer attractions and are making it their summer resort. With the massive mountains skirting it on the north and the sea on the south, Pasadena has easily accessible opportunities for these two summer variations. Nearly two hundred miles of street trees give shaded walks, and the beautiful nooks in the Arroyo Seco are enjoyed by picnic parties. Superb Brookside Park, with its tennis courts, lighted for evening playing, its cooling outdoor plunge for myriads of swimmers, and its other attractions, is especially attractive in the summer-time. Many golf courses in the vicinity, fine roads leading out to everywhere for automobiling, the Municipal Aero field, from which rides in the sky may be enjoyed, splendid hotels, apartments, bungalow courts, and Pasadena's many other attractions present an alluring summer invitation to people looking for an opportunity to spend the summer time more pleasantly.

A PASADENA DAY

Heigh-ho! date plumes waving in the breeze—
Poppies' golden chalices—droning honey bees;
Butterflies that flutter by, circling in the sun,
Fold their wings—then further fly—vanish one by one.
Shadows on the lupine-fringe and eucalyptus trees
Dance on, glance on—weaving fantasies;
Far off where the foothills thread in sage and russet chain,
"Baldy" rears a hoary head though seasons wax and wane;
"Zoom-m-m-m" hum the honey bees, hunting honey o'er the leas;
"Hush-sh-sh-sh" sigh the gossip trees, whispering of mysteries;
Heigh-ho! down below basks the new-turned hay;
Ah—the pungent scent of it, Citrus-blossom blent of it,
Calm and sweet content of it—This Pasadena day.

—Phyllys Dyrenforth.

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MABEL URMY SEARES - - - - *Editor and Publisher*

No. 10 APRIL-MAY, 1920

CONTENTS

		PAGE
THINE EVERLASTING HILLS, *Benjamin Brown*		Cover Design
A HOUSE IN PASADENA, *Reginald Johnson, Arch.*		Contents Design
PALM SPRINGS	*Ethel Rose*	5
AN INTERNATIONAL MARRIAGE		7
A FRENCH TRIBUTE	*Captain Paul Perigord*	7
CURRENTS OF THE LABOR MOVEMENT	*W. J. Ghent*	9
THE GEORGE JUNIOR REPUBLIC	*C. M. Davis*	10
A LITTLE ROOM IN MEXICO	*Ernest Batchelder*	11
EASTER DAY—VERSE	*Clarence Urmy*	11
SOUTHLAND OPINION, EDITORIALS		12, 13
TO THE SANTA ANA RIVER	*Julia B. Green*	13
THE USE OF CONCRETE	*H. H. Fillmore*	13
THE CAMERA CLUB	*W. S. Sawyer*	14
A LOS ANGELES BRIDE		15
A SUNNY HOUSE IN SPANISH STYLE	*Mabel Urmy Seares*	16, 17
IN SOUTHLAND GALLERIES		18
THE DIGNIFIED HOUSE ENTRANCE	*Joseph Rhodes, Designer*	19
CAN LOS ANGELES LOOK TAILOR-MADE IN SUMMER?		20

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CALIFORNIA SOUTHLAND
AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF NATIONAL INTEREST

PALM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA'S DESERT PARK

By ETHEL ROSE

DOWN in the Algerian desert, a long day's train ride from the coast, lies the little oasis town of Biskra—magic name which draws people from all over Europe and not a few from America as well. There is the scene of Hichens' "Garden of Allah," and there foregather with the Arabs and the French colonists and soldiers, all sorts of people from lords and ladies of our ally, England, to artists, impecunious and otherwise, of many lands.

In Biskra one may have odd adventures and catch tantalizing glimpses of mysterious happenings, such as the sudden disappearance of the two inquisitive Germans who were at our hotel—but all that is quite another story and, in any case, it would be a bit difficult to arrange for passports to Biskra this year. There is, however, nothing under the sun to prevent one's going to another little oasis town nearer home, and if one is of the kind to whom adventures happen, it may be hinted that there have been such things even in Palm Springs.

For one thing, Palm Springs, right here in the Colorado desert, is not nearly as well known

F. H. Scares

A MYSTERIOUS STREET IN ALGIERS, WHERE ANYTHING MIGHT HAPPEN

to us, its neighbors, as distant Biskra is; for another, it is much easier to reach either by train or by a fifty miles auto run over a California boulevard from Riverside or Redlands. Part of the way, to be sure, is dirt road, but a good one, and as it is the much travelled highway leading to Imperial Valley it will soon be one of the beneficiaries under the huge state appropriation for good roads; while, as a final reason, it is a delight to one's eyes, a rest to one's body and soul, and boasts, besides, all the civilized comforts of life.

If the railroad is chosen, a Southern Pacific train will take one to Whitewater, from which the last six miles of the trip are done in a motor stage.

The trip is, of course, more interesting by automobile, and after passing Banning one begins to see the desert out beyond the long line of rock mountains on the right. Trees gradually disappear; desert shrubs and flowers take their place; sand and stones are everywhere with, far ahead, one vast gigantic hill of windswept sand like a Titanic dune. Still beyond,

CROWDING TO THE EDGE OF THE HILLS, SEVEN PALMS, LIKE GIANT SPOOKS, LOOK OUT ACROSS THE DESERT
A VIEW NEAR PALM SPRINGS. PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEPHEN WILLARD OF CORONA, CALIFORNIA

all around the horizon, more bare mountains and more rocks and sand, but what colors! delicate and changing, and in that almost perpetual sunlight so high in key that the landscape seems to float in light.

Out there, around the corner of the hills, sheltered from the desert winds is Palm Springs, lying at the mouth of one of those broad shallow valleys that break the monotony of the plain. It is a real oasis town with its grass and trees, its clear winding irrigation ditches, its collection of houses, the inevitable necessary garage and shops, and its Indian homes, surrounded by the barren hills and plains.

Here, under the tall palms, neighbored by cactus and palo verde, is the bath house for, following the immemorial custom of the Indians, every one bathes. Palm Springs has this advantage over Biskra that it is a cure as well as a resort, its wonderful sulphur water working miracles for those afflicted with rheumatism and kindred ills, while its marvelous dry air makes it the most perfect place on the Pacific Coast for all who have respiratory troubles.

The spring, and most of the date trees, which bear fruit unsurpassed even in Algeria, are on the reservation of the Agua Caliente Indians, which includes much of the surrounding country. A thoughtful government has laid out the land like a gigantic checkerboard in squares, each covering a square mile of land. The Indians and whites occupy every alternate one. Lines are sharply drawn, and it is a good thing to know where one is at times, as the Indians are not fond of trespassers. Fortunately the roads are common property, but an artist who was painting by the wayside was told by an indignant Indian that he ought to pay for the privilege of painting the palm trees on the other side of the fence. "You come here and paint my palms, you get as much as twenty-five dollars maybe for that picture. I don't get anything," said he.

One may keep house if so inclined, but why bother? Why not loaf and invite your soul at the Desert Inn, which is most unlike one's preconceived idea of a desert inn. This one consists of a main building, and a whole colony of bungalow bedrooms, each with its own bath and sleeping porch and consequent privacy. Then there are the *ramadas*, sort of wall-less living rooms roofed with palm thatch, where are hammocks and easy chairs and tables and, for long evenings, a big stone chimney place with a roaring wood fire burning.

PALM CANYON SHOULD BE MADE A NATIONAL PARK. PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN WILLARD

From the village a thread of a road runs up the valley toward the hills, soon dividing to go to Andreas, Palm and Murray canyons and beyond. Whichever branch one follows he wonders where on earth he is going and why, for there is nothing to be seen except rocks and cliffs and ever steeper and rougher ground, into what seems a veritable cul-de-sac. "Why," you say to yourself, "did I ever bring the car into this hole which I shall never get out of"! and then you graze a boulder and swing around a rock and there, behold, is a line of green trees, a stream of tumbling water, and winding way up into the rocky hills a procession of palms—fan palms, such as Pasadena and the rest of those self-complacent towns never dreamed of owning.

Here one may camp if one likes, for there are all sorts of nooks for tents and kitchens; one may sketch all sorts of lovely things if he is an artist,—one can lie on the ground in the "cathedral," whose pillars are great shaggy old palms; one can explore the canyon, coming upon veritable cascades and water falls; and one can ride on horseback as far over the desert and hills as one cares to go.

Sometimes the film people swoop down on Palm Springs and real old stage coaches, driven by old-time drivers, and held up by real Mexicans and Indians in gorgeous antique costumes lend the place an air of the days of '49. Cabins spring up in the canyons and one can put in days watching shooting affrays, leaps from lofty cliffs, and daredevil rescues of the lovely heroine.

Again the desert and the silence prevail, one walks under the golden cottonwoods beside the banked-in, hurrying water and picks wild flowers, or climbs in the cool of the day when the shadows grow long, up the hillside to see the sunset glow reflected on the desert hills.

F. H. Scares
ALGIERS NEAR THE EASTERN DESERT

IN his absorbing "California Desert Trails," Smeaton Chase expresses the hope that Palm canyon may be made into a national park by the government before its beauty is entirely destroyed by tourists, film companies and other nature vandals. The number of those who ardently advocate the scheme is growing until there is hope that the powers that be will really do something before long. Indeed, the unique beauty of the place would, in any country, be sufficient to give it a world-wide reputation. This is the largest and most accessible of the three canyons and seems to combine the beauties of them all. The stream in its lower reaches is shaded by cottonwoods, alders, sycamores, willows, even wild grape vines, amongst which and towering above them grow the fan palms. The views from all these canyons, which are mere clefts between barren hills, take in great areas of desert and distant mountains, the whole a shifting play of brilliant color.

POOL AND BATHS, PALM SPRINGS

A NOTABLE INTERNATIONAL MARRIAGE

BENEATH the surface currents of public controversy and political opinion, a real league of the nations allied during the war is forming. Friendships made in the heat of battle, knowledge of each other's fundamental traits and methods will last and weld the nations. More than all, the marriage of many citizens of the United States with citizens of Allied countries has worked to consummate, in actual fact, that much desired co-ordination which the American people earnestly desire, but whose working arrangement American statesmen have been so culpably slow in perfecting.

The tie which binds France and America together in lasting friendship is doubly blessed in every such international marriage. Therefore, the pleasant duty of recording Pasadena's contribution to the season's list is of unusual interest. The wedding of Miss Emily McBride and Captain Paul Perigord took place in All Saints' Episcopal Church on February twenty-four. The Reverend Leslie E. Learned, Rector of All Saints, performed the ceremony, assisted by the Reverend Robert Freeman, of the First Presbyterian Church of Pasadena.

To the solemnity of the sacrament of marriage, the church lent all her sanctity and emphasis. A long processional of choir boys led by the cross held high in air, the candles burning on the altar, and the solemn voices of the officiating clergy, gave marriage its only true setting and dignity. Great branches of blossoming fruit trees and masses of field-grown carnations and roses, led from the door and filled the chancel, making the beautiful wedding characteristic of California.

CAPTAIN AND MRS. PAUL PERIGORD ON THE STEPS OF ALL SAINTS CHURCH IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING THE WEDDING

Miss McBride is the only daughter and Dr. and Mrs. James H. McBride, who for many years have held a high place in the affairs of the community and State as well as in the social leadership of Southern California Unusually gifted as an artist, Mrs. McBride has helped to create fine standards of art. Typical of all that is best in American life, this family has given unstintedly of itself to France and to the world in the cause of human liberty.

With her father's sturdy traits of Scotch character directing her inheritance of leadership, the lovely bride enters her new sphere with unusual good fortune and the devotion of a host of friends among whom she has grown up in California.

Captain Paul Perigord, lately of the French Army and the French High Commission, has become well known throughout the country for his brilliant addresses to the American people. Whether rousing our patriotism and devotion to liberty, or thanking America in the name of France with all the sincerity and finished consideration of the French people, he has won our hearts again for France. Captain Perigord is a graduate of the universities of France, of Chicago and Columbia. He brings the intrepid bravery and sound judgment which won him many wounds but high distinction in France, to the problems of peace in California Institute of Technology, where he is Professor of Economics and the quiet hero of those who know him.

A TRIBUTE FROM FRANCE

BY CAPTAIN PAUL PERIGORD,
14th Infantry, Army of France

THE true historian is not the scholar who takes us through a complete enumeration of the important events of a nation's life, victories and defeats, economic struggles, political conflicts, social crisis; but he who, through an intimate acquaintance with a people gained by patient study and sympathetic observation, is able to bring that nation back to life and give us an insight into her soul, into her spirit.

The history of American participation in the great war will not be written where the number of divisions thrown into battle will have been duly recorded and their engagement faithfully narrated. Future generations will not understand the part played by America unless there be also portrayed for them the spirit of devotion of consecration of the entire people to the cause of freedom.

In an attempt to pay affectionate homage to the memory of this typical American youth, who bravely fell in Freedom's name, I could describe the value of the co-operation of the armies of the United States towards the winning of the war, but all such facts are already duly recorded. I would rather endeavor, therefore, to express what has seemed to many of us, especially now that the last echoes of innumerable guns have died out on the meadows of the Marne and upon the hills of Lorraine, the best contribution of the manhood of America.

I am the more eager to do so because, as time goes on, the task will become increasingly difficult. Even now, the tourist who with reverence visits the battlefields of France can not catch the spirit that made the gloomy trenches as radiant as an illumined sanctuary.

The hosts of visitors to the scenes of the war will find nothing there but the material evidences of a mighty struggle. They will see ruins and devastation, deeply furrowed and still torn trenches, endless rows of little crosses, piously grouped in an immense calvary. They will see impressive tokens of material achievement, large docks equipped with the latest types of travelling cranes, huge warehouses in which from 800 to 900 cars could be loaded and unloaded any day, spacious hospitals and rest camps, aviation fields and what not?

One thing, however, they will not see, a thing which surpasses immeasurably all other achievements in splendor, I mean the spirit of your boys. It will not be their privilege to see them as we saw them unfurl, wave after wave, upon the European coast with the faith and enthusiasm of avengers and liberators. It will not be their privilege to see them eager to assume their share of the burden, earnest to learn the deadly game, or, as we saw them in the trenches, telling the old French soldiers of forty and fifty, men who could have been their

fathers, to rest because they, younger and less tired, could watch through the night.

This is why, we, the fortunate witnesses of these modern miracles of bravery and devotion, have too often wished that a great American painter could have been there to fix on the canvas for future generations that glorious and spontaneous outburst of idealism, or an eloquent poet to sing and immortalize that which we call the spiritual exaltation of your boys upon the land and upon the seas.

Scores of incidents could be related, incidents which we should collect with reverence and which reveal the deep nobility of the American character. I have chosen a few, at random, as the humble offering of a comrade in arms to the memory of so many of the brave sons of this land.

When I returned to France, in 1918, with an American contingent, my first request was to be sent to the battle-front of Argonne. I was longing to make a pilgrimage to the celebrated forest, I say pilgrimage, because so many of my boys sleep there. About two-thirds of my company are buried either in the military cemetery in the valley, or on one of the mossy banks of the many creeks, or scattered here and there on the hillside. One day, as I was going from grave to grave reading the inscriptions reminding me of a fallen comrade or of a lost friend, suddenly I heard in one of the communication trenches a cheerful chatter. I listened, looked in and there they were. They were the victors, young, husky boys in khaki. They were the fortunate ones. For more than ten months we had known nothing in that forest but the most bitter struggle, for a while hundreds fell daily and apparently to no purpose, for we could not stem the tide.

How we were wishing we could at last leap forward, but we were fighting against odds too great. So I went to the boys and I told them how fortunate they were. They laughed heartily, and showing me the helmets and rifles they had captured from the enemy, they said: "It's surely fun, we have them on the run all right." But one of their officers, a young man with light and determination in his eyes, understood me fully, came up to me and pointing to the many, many French graves about, said: "But they, too, sir, share in the glory. C'est tout pour la France."

I felt then that the cause of France and of Freedom were not only in strong—but in worthy hands.

In the late summer of 1918, returning from the trenches of the front of Champagne for a short rest, I stopped in one of the first-aid stations. I found there a young American soldier who had been very seriously wounded. One of his legs was badly crushed and an immediate amputation was his only salvation. I expressed my sympathy, as there was no one about him who could speak English. In spite of his suffering, this boy tried to smile and said: "Sir, I should not complain. My mother always taught me to do my duty. I came here ready to offer my life and they are but going to take my leg."

FIRST LIEUTENANT JAMES A. McBRIDE, NINTH AERO SQUADRON AMERICAN AVIATION FORCES

Such is the spirit that makes an army invincible.

After the signature of the Armistice, visiting a large English hospital in London, I was told this beautiful story. The father of one of these American boys had recently called there. The son had been so seriously wounded that his right arm had been amputated. On entering the sick room and seeing the condition of his son, the father was deeply moved and said: "Why, my boy, they have taken your arm?" "No, father," replied the son, "They have not taken my arm, I have given it."

It is the spirit revealed in such casual remarks, in so many heroic deeds modestly performed, which we call the greatest contribution of America to the world war. Heretofore, Europeans knew America but imperfectly. They considered you a prosperous and happy nation, very successful along commercial and industrial lines, an enterprising and aggressive people, but they were not looking to you for these finer traits of mind and of heart that seem to be the fruit of an older civilization. Your boys, however, have brought a new revelation to Europe, and today the name of America stands for what is highest and best.

I could not wish for any more fitting conclusion to this humble personal tribute to my American comrades than to relate the words of one who knows the soldier better than any other great general of our time. I once asked Field Marshal Joffre, that great friend of America, who can never speak of the United States without tears in his eyes so moved he was by the wonderful reception you extended to him when he came to these shores, to give me an appreciation of the American boys. He kindly consented and I carefully noted his words, which so beautifully sum up the sentiments of all those who saw your sons in action. "I have just returned from the American front, and I have come back renewed and enlightened. These boys have a halo about their faces which I shall ever see. No one could doubt that they have come here on a holy mission. Every feature of their countenance bespeaks the nobility of their purpose."

THIS memorial engraving, beautiful with all the art and sense of fitness so characteristic of its source, was presented from the French people through their Government to the nearest of kin to all those who made the supreme sacrific in the Great War.

FROM a Paris studio, where it was lately found by one of his comrades, comes this speaking likeness of Lieutenant James McBride, one of the first chosen to cross the German line on bombing raids; and to some, the most complete embodiment of that high devotion to duty with which our Youth, mourned by America, went to the defense of Liberty.

PRESENT CURRENTS IN THE LABOR MOVEMENT

By W. J. GHENT

THE labor movement in the United States is a complex, heterogeneous thing. It is composed of elements quite as antagonistic to one another as they are to their professed general enemy—capitalism, plutocracy, monopoly, privilege or whatever they choose to call it. Of course, it is to be understood that this general enemy is not exactly the same to all of the sections. To the radical groups the enemy is capitalism as a system. To the standpat trade-unions, on the other hand, the enemy is not the system, but the employers who will not grant the wages and conditions demanded and who will not recognize the collective bargain.

As the various sections of the labor movement have different objectives, of course they have different methods. But the contest against the employing class is constant and unremitting. By organization, by propaganda, by every sort of activity consistent with their principles and aims, these various groups and sections carry on their unflagging campaign. Part of this activity is political, part economic or industrial. There is no hard and fast line that can be drawn between the two, for each constantly overlaps the other. Yet, for an understanding of the subject, it is absolutely essential to attempt to distinguish the two forms.

Let us first take political activity. At the extreme left are the organizations known as the Communist party and the Communist Labor party. I omit from consideration at this point the I.W.W., since it disclaims all political activity and professes to hold exclusively to the industrial field.

The Communist party and the Communist Labor party are new. They grew out of the split in the Socialist party at Chicago last September. They are frankly revolutionary. Their aim is the overthrow of the present state and of the capitalist system, and the installation of communism. They lean closely to the I.W.W. in their general attitude, but they admit some slight, though dubious, benefits to come from participation in politics. They will nominate candidates for office and engage in political propaganda. But they will do this mainly for the purpose of advertising their cause and of stimulating activity on the industrial field.

Next comes the Socialist Labor party, the oldest existing Socialist group in the United States. It is small in numbers, but the zeal and persistence of its propagandists have had considerable influence in the labor world. Though it has succeeded in drawing little strength to itself, it has no doubt succeeded in swinging thousands of individuals from the more moderate groups to the left. It lays equal stress on the use of both arms of the labor movement—the political and the industrial.

Courtesy of the Museum of History, Science and Art

VICO ALTO SIENNA, MAURICE ACHENER. SHOWN BY THE PRINT MAKERS' CLUB OF LOS ANGELES

Courtesy of the Museum of History, Science and Art

ONE OF THE ETCHINGS SHOWN BY THE PRINT MAKERS AT EXPOSITION PARK—THE WINE TASTER, BY EDITH A. HOPE

Next comes the Socialist party—for the last 20 years the dominant Socialist organization of the United States. It was formed in 1900 of several independent Socialist groups and a large element which in the previous year had split off from the Socialist Labor party. It grew steadily, and by 1912 had 118,000 dues-paying members, while in the presidential election of that year it polled 902,000 votes. This party also advocates a dual activity—political and industrial—though unquestionably it has laid the greater stress on political action. With the breaking out of the European war the party began to disintegrate. In spite of its professions of internationalism, nationalistic tendencies were strong among its members. The strongest element was the German, and the next strongest a complex of foreign nationalities more or less subservient to the German influence. The disturbance of the European war showed plainly in the election results of 1914, when the average of the Socialist vote fell off about 200,000 from that of 1912; and again in 1916, when it dropped another 100,000. The 1918 vote was lower yet, though it has never been fully compiled. In New York City, in Chicago and in Milwaukee, where exceptional conditions drew large numbers of non-Socialist elements to the support of the party, it has shown great strength, but elsewhere in the country its vote has become insignificant.

The groups named constitute the political left wing of the labor movement. The center—if a center has to be postulated—may perhaps be given to the Social Democratic League. The League is not a party, but an organization of those Socialists who left the Socialist party because of its attitude on the war. It is small in numbers, and just what its measure of influence may be is uncertain. It opposes Russian Bolshevism, American parlor Bolshevism and the general tendencies of the self-professed "liberal" movement in America—the kind of thing represented by such journals as the New Republic, the Nation and the late Dial. It stands strongly for the League of Nations and for a general, though not unqualified, support of the American Federation of Labor.

The right wing is clearly enough discernible. It is the governing body of the American Federation of Labor, and the elements which give it unqualified support. In that great organization, and in the four railway brotherhoods, there are, of course, many divergent elements, including many kinds of radicals. There are even certain constituent unions, such as the United Mine Workers, the Bakers

(Continued on Page 22)

SOLVING THE BOY PROBLEM FOR PARENTS

VISITORS are welcome at the George Junior Republic near Pomona. Therefore California Southland is glad of the opportunity to play courier in directing the attention of automobilists to an interesting and pleasant little trip with this excellent public farm-school as objective.

East, on the upper boulevard, one passes through the foothill towns, each interesting in its way, if we had time to turn to right or left down village streets. But at the top of San Dimas hill is Stuart Inn, which sets an omelette and a salad of alligator pears for luncheon on week days, and so we hurry on.

Leaving this good road-house, we dip down into Pomona Valley lush and redolent of orange blossoms; then skirting the hills to the right beyond Pomona, we find the busy farm, where "dollar a year" men and woman are still working out problems for their country's sake.

THE CALIFORNIA GEORGE JUNIOR REPUBLIC

By C. M. DAVIS, Managing Trustee

SOME ten or twelve years ago a small group of people met in Pasadena to discuss the boy problem in Southern California. It seemed to them that there was need of an institution to direct the surplus energy of those dissatisfied boys who were leaving school at fourteen years of age and drifting into questionable lines of work, or becoming undesirable citizens with no fixed employment.

As an outgrowth of this meeting the George Junior Republic, at Chino, was eventually established. This institution is strictly educational and in no sense a criminal proposition. The founders believed that it is better to direct the energy of the boy into working channels than to have this energy accumulate and ultimately destroy the boy.

To this end the boy's likes and dislikes are carefully studied, wrong tendencies redirected and an outlet found that will develop leadership and increase his self-respect. If we find ourselves unable to build him up we return him to his home.

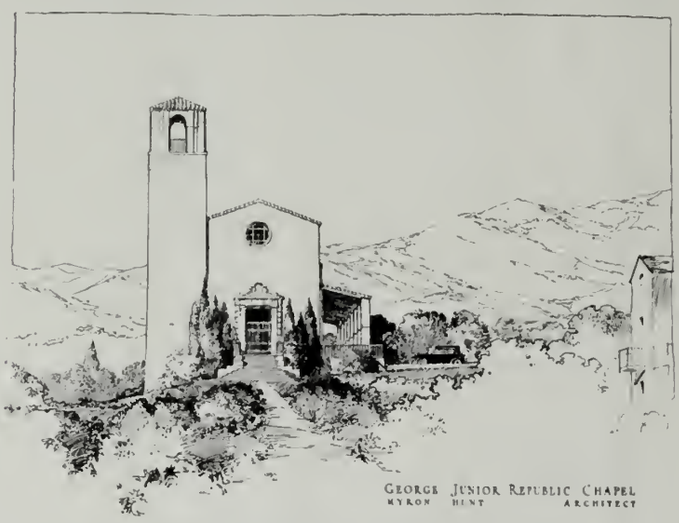
As soon as we can determine what industry is best suited to the boy he is given his assignment, wages are paid him weekly, his bank account is established and a careful watch is placed over his expenditures to see that he learns lessons of thrift. He is given a share in the output of his industry, is allowed an interest in any labor-saving device he may be able to install, is permitted to rent land, buy and feed pigs, cows, chickens and other domestic animals, solicit printing, make cakes for sale, produce and sell flowers or engage in any other productive line of work he may desire, and benefit accordingly.

During the past three years two of our boys have been given positions of trust on extensive livestock plants in this state, breeding and developing herds of pure-bred Duroc-Jersey hogs.

One successful breeder, after observing the splendid work done in our swine department by one of the George Junior boys, decided to turn over to the boy the care of a herd of high class pure-bred Duroc-Jersey hogs. In three years this boy developed one of the best herds of this breed in California, winning last year the senior year grand champion boar at the Los Angeles Livestock Show, and besides selling several thousand dollars worth of stock, still has a large foundation herd.

THE DORMITORY GIVEN BY MRS. T. HOBART MOORE. OTHERS LIKE IT WILL LINE THE HILL ROAD TO THE CHAPEL. INDIVIDUAL GIFTS OF FIFTY DOLLARS MAY FINISH AND NAME A ROOM FOR EACH BOY. MYRON HUNT, ARCHITECT.

Another boy, by his skillful handling of the Republic swine exhibited at the Riverside Fair, attracted the attention of the manager of one of the largest Duroc-Jersey breeding establishments in the state and was later engaged to take up the handling and special feeding of the top brood sows and the show herd. In two years this boy has accomplished wonders in feeding and conditioning hogs and has at the same time developed a number of animals on which he has won prizes at the leading livestock shows (including the State Fair), and on which he has made a neat little nest egg for his further education and development along livestock husbandry lines.



THE CHAPEL THAT IS WAITING TO BE BUILT

Not at all boys have done so well. At present we have over twenty working on individual projects and if, within the next four months, a number of them do not clear a neat sum of money apiece, we shall be surprised.

All boys who come to the Republic are required to spend half of their time in the public school and the other half in some industry. They are encouraged to get as good an education as they are capable of taking, and so many of the boys have made good after leaving the Republic that the founders feel that it has been worth while.

FARM FACTS: *Area:* Two hundred and eighty acres. *Project Crops for 1920-1921:* Consisted of grains and vegetables for seed and sugar beets as well as general vegetables.

Wells: Two, pumping 200 inches of water for a 24-hour run. *Irrigation System* embraces one hundred and fifty acres. *Over $7,000 worth of farm products raised and sold* (not including those used by the school) during the season of 1919-1920, by boy labor. *Farm Equipment:* Two tractors, ten head of horses and mules; all necessary machinery. *Monthly dividend checks*, based upon the production of their particular industry paid to students in each department.

DAIRY: *12 Head Registered Holstein Cows and Heifers. 1 Herd Bull.* All produced from four foundation cows selected from yearly producing blood lines. Four cows on test in 1919-1920 averaged 15,502 pounds of milk and 503 pound of butter fat. All developed, fed and milked by students of this school, as a project.

Bacteria count in our dairy runs from three to ten thousand. Each cow in the herd, during the term of lactation period, is leased as a project to an individual student.

SWINE: *Registered Duroc-Jerseys.* Plant designed to accommodate 10 brood sows and raise to market age, 200 pure-bred Duroc-Jersey hogs each year. In this department there are four individual student projects.

POULTRY: *White Leghorns and Barred Plymouth Rocks.* Plant designed to accommodate about 1,000 chickens. Three projects.

A LITTLE ROOM IN MEXICO

By ...
ERNEST BATCHELDER

BEAUTY has one of the attributes of Charity,—it begins at home. We may discourse upon Beauty in life, in art, in the world about; we may wander afar in diligent study of its principles only to find, as did Mytyl and Tyltyl, that the bluebird we seek is within the four walls of our own home. Or rather, let us say, it should be there. For of what avail is our erudition if it finds no expression in the environment in which we live our daily lives. If we lack the plain, simple good taste to bring a sense of unity and repose to the many varied possessions with which we surround ourselves,—if we do not perceive clearly between harmonious adjustments of line, form and color and inharmonious arrangements of the same elements when applied to our personal surroundings then we have not progressed very far along the road toward a real appreciation of Beauty.

How quickly the visitor in a well ordered home feels that subtle something we often refer to as "atmosphere." It may not necessarily invite the visitor to a critical analysis; in fact, it is better that it should not. It is more in the nature of a satisfied feeling, a restfulness and repose. There is a certain appropriateness in the choice and arrangement of various details of the whole scheme; there seem to be no discordant elements. Things have a way of seeming inevitable; one settles down with a comfortable air without any desire to change things about.

THE THREE FIREPLACES ON THIS PAGE EXPRESS IN DELIGHTFUL VARIETY THE WORK OF THE BATCHELDER TILE KILNS.

Of course we do not design our homes with the thought primarily in mind as to what the effect will be upon a visitor. If we do we are hampering ourselves at the start. It is only as the home expresses the personality of the owner and the adjustment with his environment that the visitor arrives at the happy frame of mind indicated.

A man who has been the fountain source of inspiration for many painters and designers in this country was once asked to describe the most beautiful room he was ever in. With very little hesitation his mind reverted to a room in an old house in Mexico, where he once spent a week while sketching. This room was not "decorated" as we ordinarily employ that term. Its walls were of plaster with deeply recessed windows,—a big bed, a chair and a table with an antique crucifix above it, nothing for effect; each item keyed to human needs. But through many years the simple repose of this room had lingered,—its splendid proportions,—its grateful shadows in such appropriate contrast with the glare of the sun outside,—the texture of its trowelled walls,—the deep windows overhung with vines,—the uncluttered areas. By the inconsistency which one so often encounters in a study of the crafts the untutored instinct of the builder had arrived at the very end which we of a more cultured taste vainly endeavor to achieve.

The moral of such a room points to simplicity as a virtue. Just what is meant by simplicity may admit of further definition. It surely does not imply meagerness, or poverty of possessions; it cannot mean severity of lines and forms or lack of color. Equally simple is the quiet dignity of the old Gruu thuse in Bruges or the splendor of the Palazzo Davanzatti in Florence. These were adjustments to other environments in other ages, but the keynote of simplicity remains. We may prefer to call it Unity; call it what we will, it is the quality which enables the mind to comprehend at once the ensemble of a room. It is the theme that binds the whole thing together into a composition. It may be a prevailing color note, or a dominant feature like a mantel to which other elements are subordinated, or some recurring line or form. It may be all these or more.

One has little patience with the so-called "period decorations." Just why we should wish to dine in a "pompeian room," sit in "Parlor Gothic" and go to bed in a "roccoco room" has always seemed a mystery. If we have passed safely through a reasonable number of years of life without having anything to express on our own account it is truly a sad commentary. The various periods came as concrete expressions of life and thought at certain intervals of time. It is our privilege to draw upon them all for study and inspiration; but we have neglected our privilege if we merely copy outward forms. There is no particular virtue attached to any period or style of design. There can be no positive objection to assembling in the same room a mantel of Italian derivation, a Colonial highboy, a Flemish chest and a Chinese table, providing they are all good in design. The fact of such association need not in itself be alarming because there is a universality about really good things. They hearken back to the few elements of the simple rooom in Mexico. It is not style or period that counts, but rather unity, fitness, appropriateness.

EASTER DAY

Peace, down pathways
newly green
Slowly comes, a Spring-
crowned queen;
Hope supernal, ever-
young,
Strikes her harp with
silver strung;
Love, a lily on her breast,
Sings of faith made
manifest.

From all graves in hearts,
today
May the stones be rolled
away;
In each tomb an angel
stand
With an upward-pointing
hand,
And all sepulchres be
made
Shrines, in Easter joy
arrayed.

—Clarence Urmy.

SOUTHLAND

Democracy and Experts

WHEN the city of Paris needed drastic remodelling, when the old feudal city walls stood in the way of progress an autocratic regime was in power. It called on a great artist-engineer and cut wide boulevards across and around the city.

Autocracy has fallen, and even Germany is attempting democracy. Yet, where shall the machinery of German state find experts to run it if not among those who learned how before the new dispensation? Can the present government get along without their aid? Is it strongly democratic enough to realize that these trained men are an asset to any government and as much a part of the republic as they?

Coming nearer home we may ask ourselves if in municipal problems, national affairs, and especially in the coming crucial elections, we are clear-headed enough to put experts instead of politicians into a position where the people can vote for them.

Perhaps the most hopeful straw pointing in this direction is the decision of a committee of prominent Los Angeles citizens, who, appointed to boost the Southland by a series of tourist entertainments, have deliberately chosen to turn their whole attention instead to the solution of the city's transportation, housing and industrial problems.

The Healing Mission

THE Christian Healing Mission, conducted on Shrove Tuesday, by Mr. James Moore Hickson, of London, England, thronged St. James' Church as never in its history.

The Rector has announced that he intends to continue the work of the Mission in a quiet and simple way. Special intercessions for the healing of the sick will be offered, by name, at the Friday afternoon service and also at the early Eucharist on Sundays. If any persons, parishioners or not, wish to receive the laying on of hands, with special prayer for their healing, the Rector will minister to them at the Friday afternoon intercession service. His estimate of the value of this work follows:

> Aside from the fact that Mr. Hickson could only be with us for one day, my only regret as to his visit is that all the parish might not have been present at the time of the Mission. Of necessity I was obliged to limit the attendance to those who wished his ministrations. Of course, quite a number of our own people were included in this number.
>
> I am positive that all of these sensed and appreciated the tremendous earnestness of the man, his intense reality, his closeness to Christ, his tender sympathy and his physical virility. He recognizes, as Christ did, the great reality of both sin and disease, but his hope and ambition is to prepare the way for Christ as the Healing Saviour to come into His Church once more. As he said, "The command to heal the sick has never been withdrawn."
>
> The Holy Spirit has been at work all through the ages, raising up men to remind the Church of forgotten duties or privileges. As such a man does James Moore Hickson appeal to me. And I pray that the Church may prove big enough to heed his message!
>
> C. RANKIN BARNES.

The Last Stronghold of Feudalism

THE old order changeth but to some the realization comes slowly. Within the last fifty years, modern inventions have completely revolutionized the industrial world—both in its mechanical and its human aspects. Shielded and protected, the home has been the last institution to feel the change. The spirit of modernity is battering down the last stronghold of feudalism, and American family life is being violently shaken in the process. But it will survive. Larger wages for less work will not save it. Shorter hours for inferior service will prove no safeguard. Given improved workmanship, skilled workers, and the happy results of such a combination, and the demand for increased wages may be met with some degree of willingness, if not alacrity. But at present, standards of service are lowering as remuneration mounts higher.

Women have widened the circles of their lives. They have learned the efficiency of business methods, and some of them have learned to apply them to housework. In 1915, a Commission on Household Employment, of which Miss Elizabeth Dodge was chairman, presented a report which very fairly and broadly measures the domestic situation up to that time. By a complete survey of all the printed matter on the subject (and much had been said on that loquacity-inspiring subject), it was found that grievances voiced for the last twenty years varied not at all. Conditions were evidently static. Improvements there were none. The most desperate feature of the case provided the only ray of hope. Because conditions were becoming so utterly chaotic, the matter was no longer a personal one between employer and employee, but was invading the fields of our newest sciences, and was fast becoming a subject for discussion by learned sociologists and economists.

In the attempt to find the direct causes underlying the domestic situation, "causes which point the way to remedies," women employed in household work in seventeen cities scattered throughout the country were interviewed by this commission. This furnished first-hand information. It was found that none of the women objected to the work itself. There was practical unanimity as to what were the objectionable features. Lack of opportunity for social life and self-development, servile treatment, and social stigma, were all subordinate to long and uncertain hours.

Factory, department-store and office workers were interviewed on the subject with much the same results. All agreed that increased wages offered no balancing attraction to definite hours of labor and the accompanying freedom for the remainder of one's time.

Of one hundred and thirty-one experienced workers, all except five were agreed that it was possible to do the work on a standardized time basis, with regular hours of leisure.

The most pretentious and promising of any movement yet attempted, was that undertaken in New York City in 1919 under the direction of a committee which represented the Y. W. C. A., Federal Employment Bureau, National Consumer's League, Women's Civic Club, Woman's Municipal League, Teachers College and Pratt Institute.

The following recommendations were drawn up by the Committee on Household Employment and Education, as a working basis for the employment of women as household assistants.

BASIS OF EMPLOYMENT FOR HOUSEHOLD ASSISTANTS

1. That household employment should be organized on an industrial and business basis.
2. That household assistants should live away from the place of employment.
3. That all remuneration should be on a full cash basis, with return if lodging and meals are provided.
4. That a 48-hour week, or 8-hour day should be considered the standard, with regular daily schedule of hours to be worked out by the employer and employee. Such a schedule would make allowance for a long and short day, if necessary, for time off, and also for one day rest in seven. Household assistants may be employed on a full-time or part-time basis. The wages for part-time workers should be based upon full-time wages. Under a 48-hour schedule it will mean that the housewife will probably have to arrange her work so that she herself is responsible for one meal during the day.
5. That the minimum age should be 18 years, except in special cases.
6. That references should be required of employees as to character.
7. That places of employment which have been inspected should be given preference in placement.
8. That in New York City a minimum wage of $12 per week should be paid inexperienced workers. This estimate is based upon the prevailing wage paid for similar grade of work in the clerical and factory fields.
9. That in New York City a minimum wage of $15 be paid to women with one year's experience in the household work, or after completion of a recognized course for household assistants.

OPINION

10. That extra compensation should be paid for over-time. Payment for over-time is suggested on a time and a half basis.
11. That courses should be developed for the training of household assistants.
12. That through publicity, meetings and other means, employers of household help should be informed of the value of employing household help on a business and industrial basis, and should also be informed of the methods of planning the household work upon such a basis.

When once the plan has been demonstrated as practical and desirable to the extent of having gained a sufficient number of adherents, the next step is to establish courses in the public schools, to make definite provision for skilled and trained workers. The new California law for extended vocational training should prove a valuable aid.

As the home has been the last of our institutions to retain a vestige of the old feudalism in the relation between mistress and maid, so it too has been the last to profit by our knowledge of modern science. Business methods which have proved the advantage of shorter hours, rest periods and sanitary surroundings; the psychology of social relationships, a more perfect understanding of which should help to harmonize relations between employer and employee: vocational guidance by which the person best qualified for the position shall be fitted to housework: the knowledge of efficiency experts which shows that well planned work by trained workers can accomplish better results in less time: the wider adoption of every modern invention which shall help to lessen the diminishing but necessary drudgery of housework; all these present a hopeful future to the woman of open mind, untrammeled by prejudice or hampered by musty conventions. If the plans of our vocational educators, for giving short training courses to prospective homemakers materialize, it should correlate most happily with the training necessary for Household Assistants.

WINIFRED M. HAUSAM.
Secretary Vocation and Placement Bureau for Women, Pasadena.

Song of the Santa Ana

Out of the rock in a crystal shock
My waters sped to birth.
Grim granite walls heard my lusty calls
And echoed my infant mirth.
When my torrent flows full fed from the snows
I can juggle with boulders vast;
I can force great trees to their suppliant knees,
I sweep with a besom fast.

I can play with a bridge as a swift with a midge;
Strange wrecks on my billows ride,
And the tossing spume like a pallid plume
Floats over my tawny tide.
In the August hush its pride I crush;
Full softly it goes its way;
But it's never too scant for a summer chant,
It is never too weak to play.

In my lakelets brown, while in plain or town
Hot breezes sear and singe,
The rosy shoots of the alder roots
Unfurl in a coral fringe.
My brown brew brims o'er its ferny rims,
And wrinkles o'er golden shoals,
Where clasp each other in an emerald smother
The dappled sycamore boles.

Bright bubbles flash o'er the ousel's dash,
The wild folk steal to sip,
The moonbeams sift through a leafy drift,
The pied trout rise and dip.
When the fierce suns drink, lest my treasure shrink
I must husband my silver store;
So I slide its weight to a secret gate
And slip 'neath the valley floor.

For in Time's dim edge I gave my pledge,
By the snow and the rain and hail,
To the great blue deep, (and my word I keep),
My tribute shall never fail.

JULIA BOYNTON GREEN.

Building in Concrete

NEARLY fifty years ago the first concrete house was constructed in the United States. This house is in use today and shows every evidence that the end of the next fifty years will find it in the same condition as it is today. A permanent asset to the wealth of the nation was contributed when this house was built.

The demand today is for a material with which individuality can be expressed and at the same time one which meets all the requirements of permanence and economy.

A house must be habitable and therefore comfortable. It must protect its inhabitants against the heat or cold, and be sanitary. Its appearance, while secondary from a purely utilitarian standpoint, must not violate the principles of architecture, and must be in harmony with its surroundings and of good proportions; but "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," is true only if the things last forever. This means that the structure must be permanent.

Speed of erection, a point always foremost in the minds of contractors and builders, is one of the chief advantages of this easily-handled material.

Concrete house construction was discussed from various angles by the leading architects, engineers, contractors and builders of the United States at the recent conference held in Chicago by the National Conference on Concrete House Construction.

Many new features in concrete house construction were brought out which added greatly to the furtherance and development of this type of structure.

H. H. FILLMORE,
Resident Engineer Portland Cement Association.

Reconstruction

THERE is a new way of thinking since the war-shattered world began its struggle to reform itself. Human beings in the trenches devoid of all but the least minimum of living accessories proved what was worth while by the test of life and death. Values had to be genuine and dependable there. Pretensions and insincerities found no place. Intolerance was changed in its application. Prejudices of race, rituals, and material considerations were ignored, and nobility of spirit and idealism were exalted. The mind and heart of humanity were with the men at the front, and by self-discipline necessary to co-operate with them, values were readjusted for the civilians also. All through our nation there was voluntary banishment of such wasteful customs as extravagant display, selfish indulgence, and outlandish novelty fashions.

However, the war was for us of such short duration, and immoral tendencies were so widespread, that some self-styled intellectuals do not yet see that these are irrevocably discredited, and that there is already a marked demand for better things in our social and economic life and all kinds of amusements. They are still lingering in the poison shadows, while the rest of the world is going forward in the sunshine of the knowledge of the power of righteousness.

The people who are fighting under the banner of constructive service are the true hope of the world. They are a part of the wonderful spiritual renaissance which marks the beginning of a new era.

JESSIE CALHOUN ANDERSON.

THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA CAMERA CLUB

THE climate of Southern California invites to photography. Just as the sparkling sunshine goes to the head of many visitors and impels them to write poetry without the least knowledge of its form, so the reflected sunlight on mountains, palms and sea inspires us all to paint or photograph the scene for reference and memory if not for the intrinsic beauty of our effort.

Good photography, however, is more nearly possible, with expert aid, than either poetry or painting. A few lessons about the camera from accommodating supply people, a book on composition of a picture, a few trials at some favorite landscape, and then a visit to one of the many excellent kodak developing stations and one has pictures to hang on the wall.

But once launched on this fascinating journey the amateur will find more and more problems to be solved; and it is to such amateur photographers that the Camera Club appeals as a source of companionship along the pleasant paths of out-door and indoor life in California. Here is a club which the stranger may join by entering some of the interesting classes, or, if he be already an expert, by using the Club's excellent equipment to its added interest and honor.

The Southern California Camera Club has its present quarters, at 522 Wilcox Building. New quarters and an increased entrance fee are anticipated when membership reaches 150 . It is now over 100. The present year has been unusually successful The program consists of an advanced course in photography, which is held on the first, second and fourth Thursday evenings, at eight o'clock. The lectures and practical demonstrations are given. Beginners' classes meet every Tuesday evening at present.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA CAMERA CLUB COURSE IN PHOTOGRAPHY, DAVID SHEAHAN DEMONSTRATING

SURGING WATERS. PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANCES MATILDA PURDY

The club has a large room for meetings, exhibitions, and studio, equipped with a regular studio camera and several backgrounds. The growing library is also in this room, and the club has all the current photographic magazines. Last September this club furnished all the material, both reading and illustrations, for an issue of Camera Craft, a live magazine for amateurs and professionals, which is published in San Francisco.

The work room is equipped with an excellent electric light enlarging outfit with ten-inch condensers and thousand watt lamp. Of course there is running water in all dark rooms, a sink running through them all. Then there is the developing room, equipped with washer for plates up to 8 by 10, safe lights for all kinds of plates and films, including autochromes; and an automatic printer, rotary washer, developing machine, etc., in the print room. There are appliances for drying prints, plates and films and for trimming prints, scales and weights, trays of many sizes, measuring glasses, stirring rods.

The club is just adding twenty-four new lockers and will probably need more soon. A new background for full length figures has just been provided and a new additional enlarger is expected soon. The third Thursday evening of each month is devoted to lantern slide entertainments. Frequently the club is favored with beautiful exhibitions of autochrome or Paget process natural color slides. Many of the exhibitions are accompanied by instructive lectures. All of the above features are included in the small monthly fee of one dollar.

Frequently the club goes on outings at the shore or in the mountains. A big annual exhibition is held, and at present there is a new club exhibition on the walls every six weeks. There are facilities for almost every photographic process and instruction is given in them all. In spite of the fact that the needs of the veriest tyro are attended to the club is holding a high place in photographic circles. Several of its members are numbered among the prominent pictorialists of the world. Pictures by members have been hung annually in international salons at Los Angeles, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Portland, Maine; London, Eng.; Glasgow, Scotland.

At the last international Salon in Los Angeles, under the auspices of the Camera Pictorialists of Los Angeles, eight members of the club were represented by twenty-five beautiful prints. The club is a member of the Associated Camera Clubs of America, and all members of these clubs, or of other recognized clubs in good standing, have the free use of the work rooms for thirty days, and for six months by payment of dues without entrance free. Any information about the club can be obtained from the stock dealers or by letter. All enthusiastic photographers, whether resident or touring, are welcome to the help and inspiration which membership in such an efficient club can give.

W. J. Bryant, 613 Story Building, is President of the Club; Miss Orrie P. Close, Columbia Building, Vice-President; John C. Stick, attorney, 418 Security Building, Treasurer; N. P. Moredyke, attorney, 418 Security Building, Secretary; T. K. Adlard, W. L. Jennings, J. C. Carlton, are additional members of the Board.

PALMS AT SAN FERNANDO MISSION. PHOTOGRAPH BY W. C. SAWYER

A LOS ANGELES BRIDE IN A PRE-LENTEN WEDDING

Mrs. James B. Searborough, Jr., née Miss Eleanor Workman, who was married on February 17th, at St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, Los Angeles, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Boyle Workman, of Los Angeles.

Her husband is one of the ablest young lawyers of the Los Angeles Bar.

She has a younger sister, Miss Audrey Workman, the only other child of the family.

Her mother is a daughter of Judge and Mrs. R. M. Widney. Judge Widney is remarkable for retaining at the age of eighty years perfect mastery of his distinguished scholarly attainments and vigor of mind, and is much loved for his charm of personality. Mrs. Workman is the logical daughter of such parents. She looks at the social side of human activities with the broadest kind of vision, and believes that the true code of a worthy society is the interchange of valuable service. Her personal atmosphere is exquisiteness of sentiment and consideration for her family and her friends and all those she meets.

Edgar Williams

MRS. JAMES B. SCARBOROUGH, JR., WHO WAS MISS ELEANOR WORKMAN

The Workmans have been intimately identified with that part of the community representing the highest ideals and development, both past and present, and have been honored with leadership by that element whenever they would accept it. Mr. Workman, grandfather of Mrs. Searborough, was Mayor of Los Angeles in 1888, and her father, Mr. Boyle Workman, is now Chairman of Commissioners of the city.

Although at the time of her wedding, Miss Eleanor was only a young girl recently out of school, she is likely to exemplify in her new estate the splendid heritage from her own father and mother, as well as the fine traditions of her adopted family.

Parker

SOME OF THE FIRST FAMILIES OF THE SOUTHLAND PICNICKING IN HONOR OF OLD TIMES IN PASADENA. THE BACKGROUND IS THE BEAUTIFUL ADOBE WALL OF THE OLD MISSION MILL, LATELY MADE A PRESERVE BY MRS. HENRY E. HUNTINGTON

A SUNNY HOUSE IN THE SPANISH STYLE

REGINALD D. JOHNSON
ARCHITECT

PLACING the main entrance on the north where its quiet dignity gives full play to the reserved Spanish feeling, has enabled the architect of this delightful house to let the sunshine into every living room.

The site, a corner lot on the east side of the avenue, was well covered with large pepper trees and oaks, and the house was planned to conform to these older occupants of the lot, without, however, the sacrifice of any practical detail.

To make the house more sunny than is possible in the strictly formal Spanish type was the problem presented to the architect; and in the working out of the interesting conditions there has been developed a most successful expression of true Californian architecture.

There seems to be no doubt that the forms of domestic building which have for hundreds of years been developed in a similar climate along the shores of the Mediterranean Sea are appropriately used in Southern California. Yet as a people we are passed the stage of mere copying. Every form of architecture under the sun has been brought to these shores and set up before us as a model. California has had almost too much of this conglomerate. Yet, if out of the fragments of memory of other lands and other arts our architects can weave such fairy web as the subtle charm of this exquisite house, shall we not welcome Spanish, French, Italian, Greek, and even hints of the Near East, Algeria and Egypt, and then let artists dream the house before we put it into wood and stone or try to build without an architect?

The house is one room deep and spreads along the southern front, its archways dimpling in the sun. A spacious length of lawn, unbroken excepting for the great trees, makes every inch of the garden livable. Opening upon it are long French windows and a cloistered porch, set where the summer breeze from the southwest will make it a retreat when sunny days become monotonous.

The outside stairway leading to the flat roof brings in an added thought of old world life. This, and the interesting doorway, the stone flower box, hanging balcony and well-grouped roofs and chimneys, are suggested in the photographs. But what the pictures fail to show is the structure's added charm of color. From the bed of blue pansies at the doorway to the indefinable creamy pink of the plaster, the whole place is a subtle symphony of tone.

This house is built of cement plaster on frame and is throughout as well constructed as it is beautiful. Thus in its very elements it is born of the California soil on which it stands. No importation of foreign stone could unify the foreign and local features so well. Since it is possible for our own architects with local material to add to the joy of life by building such a house, interesting, adapted to the site and distinctly individual, why must we suffer the constant construction of uninteresting residences and stupid public buildings designed by some carpet-bagger when office boy in an Atlantic wholesale designing and building company? Out of our own environment should grow our own architecture. The traditions and background of California are full and rich, our young people have the whole world of art to draw upon. Better a thousand vacant lots with only little live oaks planted on them, than one uninteresting box of a house telling of its builder's paucity of mind in every vacant line and space.

This group of photographs of the residence of Charles F. Paxton, as well as that on the contents page, and the one on page 7, were taken by Oscar Maurer

IN STUDIOS AND GALLERIES

THE international exhibition of etchings hung by the Print Makers of Los Angeles at the Museum of History, Science and Art, has placed Los Angeles on the list of cities cognizant of world art. The best painter-etchers of our own and other countries have sent prints. A goodly number of these have been sold and we shall have less trouble in the future in receiving the best work that is being done in dry-point, color etching, block prints.

As is true in much of the best work done to bring good exhibitions to Los Angeles we have Benjamin Brown to thank for taking the initiative in the organization of an etchers' club. As President of the Print Makers and a leading painter-etcher he set a high standard ever since he and Mr. Howell Brown made their own press and began to etch. The Pan-Pacific Exhibition at San Francisco, where the brothers both exhibited, was a notable impetus to etching on this coast. Through the energy of Mr. Howell Brown, Secretary, this sixth show which the Print Makers' Club has given, was made an international one and the possibility of importing prints unmounted, and thus making the art lovers of Los Angeles conversant with modern work from all over the world was successfully demonstrated.

The good influence of this exhibition can hardly be measured, and the more of these prints which are kept here and hung in schools and public galleries the sooner we shall arrive as a center of art.

It is impossible to speak here of the many beautiful prints. Through the courtesy of the Museum three reproductions are printed in this issue and carry the wholesome message of good art into many homes.

MRS. GUY ROSE, whose delightful essays on California features—from deserts to dress—appear regularly in California Southland, is an artist as well as a writer. Combining the two talents in work for Vogue in New York and later going to Paris for Harper's Bazaar, Mrs. Rose did all the fashion drawings and some designing for the latter magazine during thirteen years abroad. She studied with Wm. Chase at Shinnecock and with Beckwith and Mowbray and Demorest in the Art Student's League, and later with Benjamin-Constant, Jean Paul Laurens and Girardot in Paris. Her fashion drawings and writings have also appeared in the Ladies Home Journal, Fashions, Paris New York Herald, L'Art et la Mode, and Wildon's of London, and a series of French sport articles in Scribner's.

Mrs. Rose is now doing small sketch portraits in pencil and water color, a sample of which may be seen at Cannell and Chaffin's.

From New York, next month Mrs. Rose will write for the June Southland on what is worn on the streets in warm weather.

JEAN MANNHEIM IN HIS STUDIO, PASADENA

Courtesy of the Museum of History, Science and Art

TIMBER HAULING, DEVON, GEORGE SOPER, A. R. E. AN ETCHING IN THE PRINT MAKER'S EXHIBITION

JEAN MANNHEIM has painted a portrait of John Burroughs which the author himself calls "the man who wrote the books." Intimate friends of Mr. Burroughs are deeply affected by the striking likeness.

Painted with a virile brush, the portrait is, nevertheless, most tenderly handled; and there has seldom been anything better painted than the soft gray beard of this beloved veteran.

Exhibitors are numerous at this season. Cannell and Chaffin are having a one-man show for Guy Rose—fine canvasses from Carmel and Palm Canyon. Donna Schuster shows exquisite broad impressions in water color at the Los Angeles Museum and all the artists welcome guests at their studios.

Orrin White has given us a new pleasure in his new canvasses, which show a loosening up of brush work, and no loss of draughtsmanship or color.

At Kanst's may be seen the paintings of other Californians. William Wendt, Maurice Braun and the Wachtels, whose canvasses have become so well known and popular

PORTRAIT IN PENCIL BY ETHEL ROSE

A CLUB formed recently, in which the southern part of the state will be interested, is that of the 364th Machine Gun Company, 91st Division, nearly all boys from Southern California, who were in the hardest fighting in France and Belgium. The "suicide club," so called during the war, numbers 400 men. They have formed a permanent club in Los Angeles, of which Katherine MacDonald, popular film star, has been chosen sponsor by unanimous vote. The first meeting of the club, a basket picnic at Sycamore Grove, was held March 21st. Relatives and friends of the boys were invited, also the families of the deceased members of the company. Katherine MacDonald has presented the boys with a regimental flag of blue silk, upon which is embroidered in gold letters the name of the company, brigade, division, and a fir tree, the emblem of the 91st Division.

THE COLOR PLATES

BRYAN & BRANDENBURG are the engravers. Much surprise has been expressed over the successful copying in color of oil paintings for California Southland covers. That such excellent color work can be done in Los Angeles is welcome news to the artists as well as to publishers.

The chief reason why we have not seen more good color work on the South Coast is because good copy has seldom been given to the engraver. Bryan & Brandenburg have installed a complete, up-to-date plant for color work. They have brought out from eastern establishments engravers unsurpassed in this line. These men have, hitherto, spent their talents on what came to them. The exactitude with which they have executed all orders is to their credit, but the pleasure of reproducing such a painting as this of Benjamin Brown's is theirs as well as the public's. Copies of this picture (without printing), may be obtained from California Southland for 50 cents.

Benjamin Chambers Brown is well known. Trained in the ateliers of Paris, and keenly alive to modern methods, Mr. Brown has vigorously identified himself with the development of a high standard in the art of the Southland and at present has no superior as a painter and etcher of California's appealing beauty.

The Dignified Street Entrance

Colonial detail on a white California house has been very carefully used in these delightful doorways. The Greeks spent hundreds of years on the development of the classic forms and our master builders have used those excellent proportions with success since the founding of America.

Buildings By
Joseph F. Rhodes

Photographs By
Oscar Maurer

Altadena

Building Site

Facts

Each month Building Increases. Each month more Lots are being Sold. The month will soon arrive when the prices of Vacant Property will begin to Advance. In
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SMART CLOTHES FOR CALIFORNIANS

By ETHEL ROSE

Can Los Angeles Look Tailor-Made in Summer?

IN the past twenty-five years Los Angeles has changed in almost every respect, but the big metropolitan city has kept one characteristic of the sprawling western town, which has always been a matter of comment to the stranger within her gates. No one—no woman at least—can walk the down-town streets of Los Angeles for the first time without opening wide eyes and exclaiming about the mixed crowd of people and the perfectly extraordinary clothes that they wear; and one has to admit, whatever may be one's pride in or affection for the place, that there *are* all kinds of people and that most of them do wear simply unspeakable clothes, usually ending by laying the blame vaguely on "the quantities of movie people out here." That last is really not quite fair for twenty-five years ago, fresh from New York and Paris, I thought everyone in Los Angeles must be going to a garden party—it was even worse then than it is now for, at that time, the local four hundred tripped gayly along Spring street and lower Broadway on shopping trips attired in balloon-sleeved muslins and flower-bedecked leghorn hats; while now the socially elect (most of them) are more sophisticated and set a good example which might be followed to advantage by the rest of the town but, alas! is not.

The result may be summed up in one vulgar word, "green," which precisely expresses the aspect of that mass of people which flows like a solid river through our down-town streets.

Can Los Angeles look tailor-made in summertime? I suppose the mere interrogation admits that it approximates it in winter—but, in summer?

I very much doubt it.

FOR COUNTY CLUB WEAR AND DISTINCTLY NOT FOR THE STREET ARE THESE GLORIFIED SPORTS SUITS
SUIT OF BURNISHED BRASS COLOR SATIN FROM COULTER'S.

For one thing there are always so many people here from small towns anywhere west of the Mississippi who never dream that there is such a thing as a special costume appropriate for city wear; and it would be idle to deny that we have citizens of the same sort among ourselves. There are others, and a very noticeable proportion of the whole, too, who consider the street to be *the* place for wearing their gayest and gaudiest, and who would not be influenced by anyone else under the sun excepting their own kind.

Then there are those who do not care or are too indolent to take pains, or who think such things do not matter, as well as ever so many who are simply ignorant and would be quite delighted to dress simply and appropriately if only they knew that it is the correct thing to do and had some one to show them how.

Los Angeles has, in my opinion, much of sophistication to learn, and will be an older, perhaps a sadder city, before it looks really tailor-made even in winter, while as for summer—oh, well!

The big stores set the fashion here to an unsual extent, as there are no great dressmakers and no social arbiters of taste and fashion. Nearly everyone has to buy what the shops show, and most of them cater to the flambuoyant taste of the movies. That is good business, and one buyer just back from the East loudly proclaimed in the daily press. as though it were something to be proud of, that Los Angeles ordered more expensive and more showy gowns than either New York or Chicago.

Yet the shops of Los Angeles, which have, by the way, made vast strides ahead, will answer us.

SKETCH FROM BLACKSTONE'S

Some Leading Shops Make Answer

NEW YORK is warm in summer time and so is Paris, but there are seen the dark foulards made in coat lines. Instead of coats and jackets, capes are donned. These can be used in Los Angeles on any summer day to camouflage upon the street the boudoir effect of thin white muslin—if it must be worn.

The Ville de Paris showed me some spring clothes, the other day, which, while not of the strictly tailor-made or street frock variety, were perfectly correct for town wear, especially in the morning.

One was a Hickson model, coat and skirt of dark blue fancy weave tricolette, which looked like a fine net, very light and cool. The coat was trimmed with grey angora, and the collar continued to form revers and border, an inconspicuous design in blue beads running through it. With a tailor-made shirt of satin-striped white silk, plain back and tucked front and turnover collar coming to a rather low point in front, this suit would be smartly completed by a sailor or tricorne hat and a veil—for veils are *de rigeur* at present; no flying locks or straight wind-blown wisps of hair will pass muster.

Coulter is showing some most practical sports capes of polo cloth, very light and warm. A narrow inside belt comes out in front through the arm slits to be fastened or not. These capes are circular in cut and have inside pockets and big flat collars, some of them matching and some in blocks of tan and a color. The lining is a bright figured foulard and the trimming consists of self-covered buttons and three lines of fine cording.

The suit photographed is of sports satin, the color of burnished brass, the coat having silk stripes of dull green and gold.

Blackstone's is showing some beautifully tailored street suits. One is of taupe color Poiret twill, the skirt and lower part of coat back very finely and stiffly pleated. The sleeves and back are cut in one and the lining is kingfisher blue crepe de Chine with a turn over collar and vest fronts of the same shade silk faille, which also shows in a narrow line at the sleeve edge.

Their model on the left shows the proper lines for any street material. It is, however, made of gray faille silk and has a distinguished collar of tan duvetyn ending in fringe.

On the right is a delightful model from the Ville de Paris which gives the silhouette of the season. No novice can fashion the subtle lines of a great designer, but if her eyes be trained to this sort of dress she can look well on the street.

SKETCH FROM THE VILLE DE PARIS

MRS. F. D. McKEAND, WHO FINDS HER WORK OF BUYING BEAUTIFUL GOWNS FOR THE T. W. MATHER COMPANY "A FASCINATING GAME." WITH CERTAIN CUSTOMERS IN MIND SHE SELECTS, AND THEN HER KNOWLEDGE OF THEIR TASTE IS PUT TO THE PROOF.

A charming coat of satin-faced duvetyn, looking just like cocoa-colored suede, but weighing practically nothing, was to be worn with a skirt of half-inch check in brown and dull yellow; and an unusually good suit for real summer weather was of white knotted twist, with only a yoke lining; this had a narrow shawl collar, forming revers and was well cut.

Essentially for the country was a covert golf-coat, with the unstitched deep pleat on the shoulder to allow plenty of swing. This had a seam at the waist line in the back only, which was hidden by the usual narrow matching belt, and was worn with a blue and brown plaid wool skirt with a row of buttons the full length of the left side.

All of these were at the Ville de Paris.

Of quite a different type, T. W. Mather Co. of Pasadena, while featuring embroidered tricolette and baronette satin suits for a select list of patrons, is also showing ginghams as suited to a smaller town. Two of these are photographed for this article—one of the simpler tailored variety, a blue and yellow plaid with picot edged organdy collar and cuffs. The set-on basques give a coat-like effect to this very good dress. For afternoon, a white one with fine blue crossbars, is trimmed with little white ruffles with black picot edges, and black velvet buttons are added.

These one-piece ginghams, which are so useful, are mostly stripes or plaids, plain ones are less smart this year, and the small figures are less effective. For trimming, bindings and bands of plain color on the simpler and white organdy on the more dressy ones.

A Russian blouse, with separate skirt, is new—this is plaid, with plain bands, and has a rounded neck line. And there was a sweet little *pervenche* blue and white voile with a white organdy collar and wide flaring lower parts to the sleeves, reminiscent of a Brittany peasant costume, even to the inch-wide blue ribbon belt and the bow with long ends at the left side of the square neck.

JUNE RAND, WHOSE SUCCESSFUL LAUNCHING OF THE SASSY JANE FROCK HAS MADE A GOOD STORY IN THE ANNALS OF STYLE. EARNEST AND INTERESTED IN HER MANUFACTURING OF WELL-DESIGNED COTTON GOWNS, SHE BIDS FAIR TO BECOME OUR NEEDED ARBITER OF SUMMER CLOTHES.

GINGHAM HOUSE GOWN FROM T. W. MATHER'S

MABEL WATSON
·STUDIO·
249·EAST COLORADO
PASADENA
Portraits by Photography

These two photographs were posed by Mrs. Coolidge in Mabel Watson's Studio.

GINGHAM STREET FROCK FROM T. W. MATHER COMPANY

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(Continued from Page 9)

and the Machinists, which are largely Socialistic. But the Federation as a whole is moderate, and the governing body may perhaps be called ultra-moderate.

Its political attitude has always, with an exception dating back 34 years (1886), been against independent partisan action. It has fought the Socialist Labor party, the Socialist party and all efforts to create a labor party. It has proclaimed itself politically independent, but it has sought to gain its ends not by organizing an independent party, but by throwing its support to candidates of one or the other of the two main parties. The controversy over this policy dates from the very beginning of the Federation, and it has been bitterly maintained. Now, however, the Federation finds within its ranks active rebellion. During the early part of 1919 several local independent labor parties were formed, and in November representatives of these parties and of many scattered trade unions met in Chicago and formed the American Labor party as a national organization. It has been frowned upon, denounced even, by Mr. Gompers and his immediate following; but in spite of official condemnation it will go ahead with its work. The American Labor party can not be classed as either right or left, nor even as center. It is too heterogeneous a mixture for classification. It is a rather amorphous compound of stand-pat trade-unionism, moderate Socialism and rampant pro-Bolshevism. It does not profess itself a proletarian party, and it says nothing about the dictatorship of the proletariat. It affirms its faith in democracy and in the rule of the majority. But, on the other hand, in a resolution on Russia, it shows its sympathy with the Lenin-Trotzky oligarchy, which openly rejects democracy. A platform drawn up by so many discordant elements would necessarily be a discordant one.

So much for political currents. Now for the economic or industrial. What is it of social change that each of these bodies (including the non-political I. W. W.) is striving for? The Communist and Communist Labor parties and the I. W. W. stand for a complete overthrow of the present economic system, for the dictatorship of the proletariat and for a régime not unlike that of the Lenin-Trotzky régime in Russia. They have no dogmatic or other kind of scruples about methods. Any method that promises an advancement of the cause is to be employed; if it succeeds, it is justified; if it fails, it is rejected. The Socialist Labor party is not far behind in the extremism of its demands and its estimate of methods, though it always finds plenty of dogmatic and doctrinal points of difference with other groups, especially the slightly more revolutionary ones.

The Socialist party, by a 70 per cent. majority, in a national referendum just held, has pledged its support to the so-called Third International of Lenin and Trotzky. The language of the referendum disavows an unqualified adherence to Bolshevik programs and methods, but it declares that "Moscow is doing something which is really challenging to world imperialism." Under all the circumstances it can hardly be doubted that the effect of the referendum, in spite of the more moderate, or at least more diplomatic, attitude of the leaders, is to pledge the party to a qualified support of the Bolshevik economic program. With the passage of this referendum the Socialist party of America definitely disavows its earlier program of evolutionary Socialism and links itself with the revolutionary communists.

What does the American Labor party demand? It avows itself the party of both organized and unorganized workers, of clerks, housewives, newspaper men, farmers, schoolteachers and storekeepers of all persons who are not exploiters of labor and who perform useful service to society. It demands government ownership of all basic industries, the Plumb plan for the railroads, democratic management in all workshops, and it calls on the government to use its utmost endeavors to reduce the cost of living. So far as the program concerns domestic industrial matters, it is a moderate, semi-Socialistic program. Its Bolshevism appears mainly in its resolutions regarding foreign affairs.

The latest manifesto of the American Federation of Labor speaks only in general terms. One must turn back to the Reconstruction program of January 4, 1919, for a list of specific demands. The more important of these demands or statements of purpose were as follows: Unemployment to be cured by higher wages, thereby increasing economic demand. A "living wage" which will enable the worker and his family to live in health and comfort, provide a competence for illness and old age and afford to all the opportunity of cultivating the best that is within mankind. Eight hours—5½ days a week. Equal pay for equal work by both sexes. No child labor under sixteen. Collective bargaining for public as well as private employes. Industrial cooperation. Public utilities "owned, operated or regulated" as the sit-

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uation seems to demand. Graduated land tax on large holdings.

There are further demands. But they need not be mentioned. Indeed, to whatever degree of particularity the Federation goes in specifying its demands, one must understand that they are all subordinate to the one primal demand—the universal recognition of the right of collective bargaining. Granted that, and in organized labor's eyes all the rest are obtainable by the mere putting forth of a hand. For if the collective bargain were everywhere in operation, then labor would be, according to A. F. of L. philosophy, everywhere organized, and would need only to express its demand to have it fulfilled.

You have here the spectacle of the army of labor, divided into many camps, urged by conflicting counsels, seeking different goals, striving and fighting among its constitutent units and at the same time striving and fighting against a more or less common enemy. Does it all seem to you a chaos out of which nothing can issue but further conflict—further striving at cross purposes—with no fundamental change in the social order? Do not deceive yourselves. In spite of all this conflict—real or apparent—a common hope underlies all this unrest—a hope to obtain for all mankind *to the very downmost man*, release from the sordid cares and fears of our present order; comfort, security, freedom, participation by all in a larger and fuller life. Out of all this unrest some great change will come. The change may be gradual, or it may be sudden. At any moment, some particular stress, the utterance of some magic phrase, may concentrate all these wavering and conflicting purposes into a purpose single and determined. When that happens, there will be the beginning of a new order.

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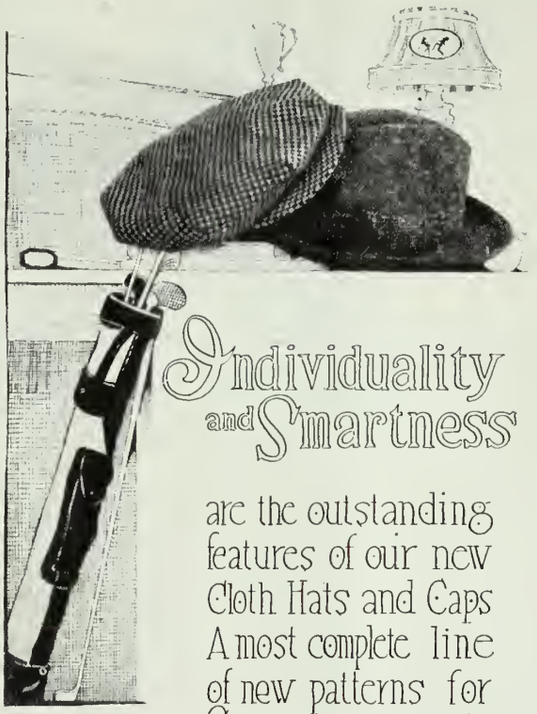

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PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

What Pleasure On a Drowsy Afternoon

compares with the lure of "a book of verses underneath the bough," especially when the bough shades also an enticing garden seat full of cool, soft pillows and a white garden table holding a basket of cherries and this month's magazines.

Gardens of fragrant flowers and green stretches of lawn were not meant to be merely strolled through or passed and forgotten. They serve best when one pauses there awhile and forgets the nervous tenseness of the day's work in listening to the birds' songs or the sound of far-off splashes of water.

The assortment of lawn furniture at Barker Bros.' is designed to best fill such a need.

One delightful garden seat is called the Jenny Wren. On its wide, smooth bench three or four can sit without being a crowd. Friends, flowers and birds are invited to companionship, for two little bird-houses just the right size for wrens are built on each side of the round top and the trellis is just the sort on which rambler roses spread thick, fragrant canopies. The finish of the wood is smooth, white and weather-proof.

Sometimes a favorite view or vista will be more frequently enjoyed when the spot is marked with a permanent seat, and one of the stately white Roman benches would be most suitable for that purpose.

Some lawn groups are finished in bright colors: gay colored flowers on gray enamel, or rich bright vermilion. What could be better for a garden party? Some are unobtrusive grass-green.

For those who prefer chairs and tables of rustic design there are many which look like simple structures from limbs of trees. They are not simple in construction, however, for they combine smoothness with poise and durability.

Truly, Barker Bros.' section of porch, patio and garden furniture is a place where dreams of summer joys come true!

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ALONG NEW YORK STREETS

By ETHEL ROSE

NEW YORK after six years! Not much changed of course; a little larger, a little older, the streets torn up in new places, and ever so many old landmarks torn down.

The uptown movement continues steadily, Thirtieth Street being now about the limit of one's southern peregrinations, and even as far up as Thirty-fourth Street one is caught in that stifling, jostling throng of foreign workers, if one is rash enough to venture on that part of the avenue at midday.

The New York crowd impressed me as being very sober and decorous—on the streets, in the tea and lunch rooms of the great hotels, pouring from the matinees—women of all kinds and conditions were simply and soberly dressed (I do not say inexpensively); the flamboyant and the gay almost non-existant.

Dark blue serge or gabardine is almost a uniform in either suits or one-piece frocks, and the straight and narrow silhouette is far and away the most popular. Skirts are either plain and narrow or very fine close accordeon pleating in either one, two or three tiers. Half-length coats are the most numerous and are quite straight, though little jackets just to the waistline are coming in and are especially liked by the young contingent—they just cover the belt.

The cape-like wraps with armholes are very smart, too, always in dull, dark colors—serge, duvetyn, or even fur.

For in the middle of May everyone is wearing fur in some shape or form, and it really was a pleasure to see the beautiful things once more, especially the wonderful displays in the windows of the noted furriers; for good furs are rare in California.

Animal shapes are the chief favorites, ranging from magnificent foxes of all colors except white down to tiny "*tours de cou*" of royal sables.

High shoes are simply not there, though it was still cold enough for some tan spats. Ties of all kinds, with ribbon bows or fancy straps, are worn, and slippers with rather large beaded or steel buckles for afternoon. The new shapes are very good, neither exaggeratedly pointed or square, and the smart shoe shops show quantities of what I can only call tailored shoes—ties with hand-stitched soles, low heels and lots of punched work—very high-class looking and very high priced, too.

Brown shoes are noticeably going out, and black is the color for street wear.

All the color in a costume is concentrated in a bit of embroidery, in a jeweled pendant, or in a hat; and jade green is the chosen favorite, with red second.

Street hats are small, with or without narrow brims, and one of the best trimmings consists of ostrich or fine cock feathers, with long floating flues worn either in bands around the crown or massed together at one side. Veils are quite indispensable to a smart effect, and the meshes are rather light, with dots or fancy borders.

The glove of the moment is a heavy loose-wristed suede of yellowish tan, and everyone carries a bag of some sort. The elaborate beaded or embroidered bags in light colors, seen in all the shops, are not carried in the street, quite simple ones of leather, either large or small, dividing the honors with rather wide, shallow ones of moire, and not one of them is adorned with a tassel.

In the little uptown shops and at the dressmakers' one gets a very good idea of the summer clothes, but even here straight lines prevail rather than draperies and pulled-in waist lines, though there are exceptions, of course, among them Hickson's.

Cotton goods of almost every design except plaids are to be worn for the country, either combined with white organdie or trimmed with charmingly embroidered collars and cuffs. Flowered muslins and chiffons for afternoon, with narrow or wide ribbon belts placed rather below the normal waist line and not at all tight. Young girls are wearing wide Roman striped ribbon sashes on their serge or gabardine frocks.

Dress and country hats are of simple shapes, wide brims and solid colors, and are trimmed with wreaths of grasses or flowers.

What old ladies wear I have no idea, as I did not see such a person in the city, though there were any number of beautifully dressed and cared-for women with snow-white hair and erect figures; while, as for stout figures, no one would be so criminally foolish as to allow one's self to become fat.

The prettiest of the new lingerie is of figured white voile—both charming and practical. Some of it has little inlet medallions of cerise or cornflower blue embroidery with ribbons to match; and Irish lace has again come into its own in combination with fine linen lawn.

In addition to all these interesting things, one sees a profusion of jewelry, automobiles, antiques, pictures and furnishings, but the wail goes up from the merchants that no one is buying—that is, that the masses are not—there are always exceptions. Even the shopgirls will say, "Yes, people come and look, but go away without purchasing."

At just one place in New York City was there a rush and more business was being done than ever before, even during the busiest Christmas season. This phenomenon occurred at the Wanamaker stores, where for one week every single thing they had (with a few exceptions) was sold at 20 per cent off the marked prices. What the exceptions were I could not discover in four days, for no matter whether one was buying a $3,000 set of furniture or a yard of five-cent ribbon, 20 per cent was taken off the price.

The place was swamped, and one had to wait forever to be waited on, and days more for articles to be delivered. It was said to be an honest attempt to lower high prices, but whether the effect will be far reaching or long felt remains to be seen.

I have lived for years in New York and loved it; its fascination is undeniable, and in some ways it is inspiring; but I did not have one pang of homesickness for the stupendous city, and was only too glad to turn my face once more toward "little old Pasadena."

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No. 11 JULY-AUGUST, 1920

CONTENTS

	PAGE
BY PACIFIC WATERS, LAGUNA, CALIFORNIA ..... *Cover Design*	
A Painting by J. Duncan Gleason	
ANITA STEWART IN HER GARDEN ..... *Contents Design*	
THE PENITENTES OF THE SOUTHWEST ..... *By One Who Saw Them*	5
BESIDE THE WESTERN SEA ..... *Clarence Urmy*	7
ROAD CARVING IN CALIFORNIA ..... *Ernest McGaffey*	8
ROADS OF THE WEST ..... *Wright Field*	9
PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MOON, MT. WILSON	9
WERE I A MOCKINGBIRD ..... *Charles Horace Meiers*	10
THE BOY SCOUTS ..... *Tallman C. Trask*	10
THE ASSISTANCE LEAGUE OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA	11
SOUTHLAND OPINION	12 and 13
MACMONNIES' YOUNG PAN	13
AN AFTERNOON IN THE PICTURE GALLERIES ..... *Ethel Rose*	14
TULIP BED ..... *Helen Hoyt*	15
BEAUTY IN DAILY LIFE ..... *Helen Haines*	15
ONE OF THE SEASON'S BRIDES	15
THE CLOSE OF WAR WORK AND THE WA-WAN CLUB	17
THE MASQUE OF THE SEASONS ..... *Ysobel Anderson*	17
SOUTHLAND'S SERVICE LEAGUE	20
ANITA STEWART AND GARDEN SMOCKS	21

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State of California, County of Los Angeles.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Mabel Urmy Seares, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the editor and manager of California Southland, and that the following is a true statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., of the aforesaid publication, for the date shown in the above caption; that the name and address of the publisher, editor and manager is Mabel Urmy Seares; that the owner of said publication is Mabel Urmy Seares; that there are no mortgages, bondholders, or other security holders, owning or holding one per cent of the bonds, mortgages or other securities of California Southland.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this twenty-second day of April, 1920.
My commission expires January 14, 1924.

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Portraits by Photography

CALIFORNIA SOUTHLAND
AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF NATIONAL INTEREST

THE PENITENTES OF THE SOUTHWEST

By One Who Saw Them

VERY few people know anything about the Penitentes, a secret society existing in the southwest of the United States at the present time.

The writer was fortunate enough to witness some of their voluntary penances in Holy Week of the years of 1918 and 1919.

All the members of this sect are descendants of the Mexicans and, as in certain sections the Penitentes predominate among the Spanish American population, they have such strong political influence that even the Catholic priests find it better to retire during Holy Week and let them conduct their own services in the churches.

The women and children attend these gatherings and are silent spectators, while the men perform the penance.

Part of the initiation, which takes place in the *Morada, consists in cutting the initiate down the back thrice with a sharp flint and saying, "In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost." His streaming blood is then collected in a vessel and, diluted with water, is passed around and drunk by all the brethren present.

The first example I saw of their voluntary penance was when, with others, I followed a narrow road, leading through a dry stony wash, winding down a lovely fertile valley, surrounded by an amphitheatre of orange, red and yellow desert hills, with a background of deep purple mountains crowned by snow-capped peaks. Added to this song of color, blossoms of fruit trees joined their notes of rose and white. In contrast to this lovely scene, laboring up the cactus-strewn arroyo, approached a company of eight men, seven of whom were singing a weird chant in a minor key. The eighth, his head and face covered with a black rag, his body stripped to the waist and his feet bare, was painfully dragging an immense cross of green wood three times his size, weighing several hundred pounds. His destination was the summit of some steep hill, where at midnight he would be crucified. A few miles farther down the Santa C—— River we came upon another group of men. The three central figures, clothed in once white cotton trousers—now soaked with blood—were stumbling along blindfolded, two of them carrying on their bleeding backs small crosses roped to their extended arms, while the third had a bag of cactus on his back. The claw-like spines pierced his lacerated flesh at every step.

Oscar Maurer

RUINS OF THE TEMPLE, MITLA, MEXICO.

Oscar Maurer

A LOVELY, FERTILE VALLEY WITH A BACKGROUND OF DEEP PURPLE MOUNTAINS NEAR OAXACA, MEXICO.

Oscar Maurer
CHURCH DOOR IN CHOLULA, MEXICO. SHOWS AZTEC INFLUENCE. NOTE THE GRAVES IN THE PATHWAY.

As we wandered down the river, on the way to our evening meal, the sun set in all its glory, demonstrating why the appropriate name, Sangre de Christo, was given by the first Spanish fathers to that blood-red range of mountains.

After a truly Mexican supper of "tortillas, frijoles and huevos con chile," we retraced our steps to the village called Cuchilla—meaning The Knife—and having followed for two miles, on foot, the chant and the twinkling lanterns of a ghostly procession, we reached a Penitente chapel, where the guard stationed outside invited us to enter. Upon our refusal, he became suspicious, notwithstanding our excellent disguise as Mexicans, and quietly summoned forth sixteen men. Overhearing their muttered threats, we five lone women, leisurely retreated down the hill; but on finding ourselves followed by the crowd, we quickened our pace to a run, whereupon all the men did the same..

The moon shone brightly down upon the chalk-white road, and our eyes searched in vain for tree or house; but our only safety lay in speed, which was greatly hindered by frequent encounters with accquias, or ditches, flooded for the Spring irrigation.

Little by little our sixteen pursuers were reduced to four, who gained on us every moment, until, in imagination, we could feel their daggers thrust between our shoulder-blades. At last we reached our cache of fire-arms, and promptly covered the men; whereupon they mysteriously vanished.

This experience gave us so much pleasure and excitement that we determined to seek for more adventure the following year.

HOLY WEEK OF 1919.

At the first Morada, on the outskirts of the village of San D——, a strange spectacle presented itself. Twelve men were ranged at the back of the building, each in turn striking three heavy blows with a dripping crimson flail upon the naked back of a figure prostrate in the dust. This sight is particularly rare, because self-chastisement is the almost invariable custom.

The second interesting feature which we noted was the employment of the "Carreta del Muerto," a small low cart, whose wheels are of solid stone, and which is filled with great rocks, surmounted by the image of a woman draped in a black "reboso," or shawl, covering its head and body. Several men usually undertake to draw this heavy vehicle, but occasionally one man only, attempts the herculean task.

The following afternoon we climbed a hill to survey the country and to locate if possible a Morada or a procession of penitents. Presently there appeared around the bend of a creek a group of men, two of whom bore small crosses bound to their arms in the manner which I have already described. They made a most incongruous spectacle, because one of the company was an American soldier in uniform.

Soon after this our attention was attracted by the clear, sweet tones of the rare and characteristic Penitente flute. In order to observe more closely what was taking place, we hastily descended the hill, and found the flutist leading a number of men, the most noteworthy of whom was the black-masked cross-bearer. If we had not felt a certain delicacy about following them, we should probably have witnessed a "crucifixion"; instead of which, wishing to hide our undesired presence, we took refuge behind the only object which offered concealment, this being no less than the spicy retreat afforded by the carcass of a recently deceased "bronco."

Presently there issued from the Morada seven men, surrounding an eighth clad only in the conventional white cotton trousers, in this case crimsoned with the blood flowing from his lacerated back, which he was beating with an "amole" flail, whose hooked ends continually caught in his flesh. At each laboring step he bestowed a heavy stroke upon his raw torso. This was followed by a sudden and painful jerk, which extracted the hooks from the wounds they had caused. Just in front of our hiding place he fell prostrate from exhaustion and lay "weltering in his gore." At last, when he summoned up courage to resume his weary march, he arose, brushed from his breast the gravel and pebbles which had adhered to it, and staggered forward still continuing his self-torture.

By this time the sun was descending, and its fiery rays intensified the glistening crimson of the man's ensanguined form.

We now turned our steps toward the large Catholic church, some distance away, hoping to find there something of interest. Avoiding a field which had caused us much excitement in the afternoon by its swarm of snakes—where, at every step, in no matter what direction, a squirming mass of green and yellow reptiles surrounded us—we arrived at the church, and found it crowded with a devout and picturesque throng. The women were gathered on the right of the nave, while the men, on the left, were conducting the services, led by the "Hermano Mayor." On first entering, our eyes were dazzled by the flames of myriads of yellow candles, placed in lovely groups before

Oscar Maurer
INTERIOR OF CHURCH IN GUADALUPE, NEAR ZACATECAS, MEXICO.

the altar rail on the mellow-tinted adobe floor and held upright by their own melted tallow. But as the first shock of the illumination subsided, we gradually began to observe our surroundings—the church, its altar and ornaments, the worshippers in various postures of devotion, the women in their graceful dark rebosos, lending to the scene a peculiarly oriental touch. The men were crowned with twisted black handkerchiefs and were the only participants in the services, while the women afforded a silent setting to the impressive ceremony. In fact, everything about us was in harmony with the atmosphere of the place.

Presently five men separated themselves from the congregation and proceeded to the altar, from which they removed a silver and ebony crucifix and, walking backwards, they stopped at every niche in the wall and kissed the time-worn garments of the ancient image therein, muttering a fervent prayer to each. Completing their round, they then took two lanterns and set forth to the hills. We attempted to follow them, but we were soon discouraged by the menacing hisses of the crowd about us, which increased in volume as we persisted in advancing. Perceiving that we were unwelcome intruders, we retreated to our former hiding-place, which we easily found through its penetrating aroma. And from this vantage point we watched intently for signs of the resurrection ceremonies to take place that night.

We had made arrangements with our driver that, in case of danger to either party, one shot from a pistol should be fired as a signal for help.

We expected, by waiting, to hear some of the extraordinary sounds said to be produced during the rites of this evening—such as the yelping of the coyote, the cries of other wild beasts, the shrieks of human agony, the rumblings of thunder, the clanging of chains—but during our two hours' vigil we heard only the distant chanting and saw the twinkling of the lanterns appearing and disappearing. Several other groups of celebrants gradually withdrew among the hills. Finally silence prevailed. Suddenly a shot rang out! Our preconcerted danger signal! With throbbing nerves and fluttering hearts, we took precipitous flight—vaulting over barbed-wire fences, rushing through spiny cactus, stumbling along stony washes, to the rescue—only to encounter *en route* the supposed victim, hurrying with drawn arms to save *us* from assassination! The mystery of the single shot was never solved.

* *A Morada is a small adobe building with one door and no windows, where the members hold their secret meetings.*

Oscar Maurer

A BULL FIGHT IN MEXICO. AN IDEAL OF SPORTSMANSHIP AND ENTERTAINMENT STILL EXTANT WITH OUR NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR.

BESIDE THE WESTERN SEA

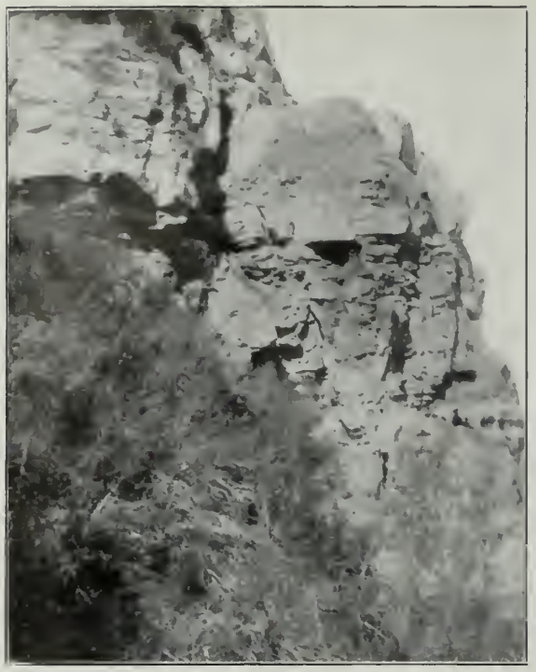
FROM A CALIFORNIA TROUBADOUR

By Clarence Urmy

FROM some faint star I passed to earth,
And here found breath and mortal birth,
In land that lies along a reach
Of rock-bound coast and palm-bound beach;
Pass but its golden threshold—lo!
A spell from out the long ago,
Conceived by some strange sorcerer,
Who captive binds each voyager;
A landscape bright and Eden-fair,
A mighty magic in the air,
With names that sweetly slide and slip
Across the soft Castilian lip,
And bid the heart-strings gently stir
Like sounds of lute and dulcimer—
This was my fortune, born to be
A brother to the Western Sea.

The days unfold—I joy to list
The songs of bard and balladist,
Whose chanting woos me with the wine
That purples peaceful Palestine,
Or weaves in graceful silhouette,
Tall, tapering tower and minaret;
Or tales of river, lake and sea,
Set sapphire-like by hill and lea,
Bestrewn with garden hue and scent
From far-famed bowers of Orient,
And echoed notes from dewy dales,
Where moons are wooed by nightingales—
But no, their perfect portraiture
Enchants, but has no power to lure
My faithful heart, content to be
A dweller by the Western Sea.

This my reward—I breathe the air
Blest by Franciscan praise and prayer,
Made holier still by silver swell
From many a dulcet Mission bell;
I have my northern snow-capped peaks,
From whose grand heights fair Nature speaks
To ocean, valley, plain and calls
Afar to wondrous waterfalls;
I have my skies of sunset gold,
Dream-fields where poppy leaves unfold,
And hammock-swung 'twixt pine and palm,
Life runneth as a song-set psalm;
Time drifting goes—each year anew
Still finds me constant, loyal, true,
And more and more content to be
A dreamer by the Western Sea.



ROAD :: :: CARVING in the SOUTHLAND

By
ERNEST McGAFFEY
Publicity Department
Automobile Club of
Southern California

WHERE THE CROW FLIES,
THERE THE ROADS RISE.

ROAD-BUILDING is being carried on extensively all over the United States just now, and the decade from 1914 to 1924 will make a memorable page in highway construction in America. To give just one instance of the enormous outlay being made, the total expenditures of one transcontinental route alone, the Lincoln Highway, affords an object lesson of illuminating impressiveness. From 1914 to 1919, inclusive, the figures were no less than $22,362,472.04. This represented money laid out by New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Wyoming, Utah, Nevada and California. "Hands across the sea" is now supplemented by "Hands across the States."

In the eleven Southern California counties —Imperial, Kern, Los Angeles, Orange, Riverside, Santa Barbara, San Bernardino, San Diego, San Luis Obispo, Tulare and Ventura— there are over 17,000 miles of automobile roadbed. But in each of these counties the constant additions under the work of the State Highway Commission, the construction under recent road bond issues, and the steady advancements under the county supervisors make the aggregate a continually increasing extent of mileage. It is safe to assert that this record is one which has not been surpassed in modern road-building. The entire amount of State highway bonds voted to date for the whole State of California is $73,000,000. In the eleven counties named the total highway bonds voted so far aggregates $22,095,000.

Southern California road-making presents in many of the counties enumerated what may not inaptly be termed road-carving. In following along the lines of least resistance the engineers are often confronted with the problem of the most resistance, and find that it is usually cheaper to blow the obstructions away than to tunnel through. This means powder and dynamite, sieges of stubborn strongholds and rocky ledges, the blasting or tearing away of age-old fortifications which Nature has planted in the path of progress. It is in such barricades that the epics of Southern California road-building are wrought. Here the highway crews form in Homeric strength for their battles with the peaks; here the forces of man are arrayed against the tenacity of the wilderness, and here the road-gangs assemble to hurl a challenge at the time-worn turrets of the everlasting hills:

While the thunder of their cannon
Smites the lorn and lonely height,
Crumbling cliffs to whitened furrows
With the ploughing dynamite.

There is no necessity for any anxiety about road foundations in such cases. These particular stretches of highway are literally chiseled from the mountains themselves. A solid road-bed of 1,200 to 12,000 feet of rock is not apt to sag nor admit much moisture. While it costs to cut a causeway through these ranges, it makes the outlay for up-keep of foundation practically nothing. Sliding rock and debris from the adjoining hills must be guarded against, and the crumbling of the outer edges of such a highway requires looking after, but the road proper is simply a slice of eternity.

Concrete, asphalt, oiled macadam and gravelled surfaces comprise most of the road material used in the counties named. Patented road material is also used, and graded or oiled dirt roads are also among the highways. But the steady trend is always to modern improved roads, and eventually every mile of highway will be lifted from the dirt. This is evidenced by the voting of millions of dollars of road bonds in these various counties to convert dirt roads into modern highways, and by the constantly increasing majorities accorded to the successive State Highway bond issues voted on during the past years.

Dynamite, powder, steam-shovels and manual labor form the quartette which is mainly

ROAD CARVING IN CALIFORNIA.

THE FINISHED PRODUCT IN ROAD MAKING.

responsible for the miracles in landscape architecture and sculpture found throughout the upper highway reaches in the southern part of California. The chief motive power behind this great system, apart from the actual working organization, is acknowledged to be the Automobile Club of Southern California, with its roll of over 39,000 active members all through the counties registered. Its scientific and universal system of sign-posting all roads of whatever character is an additional feature of the highways, and its branch offices in every county complete its facilities for service to its members and to the traveling public.

Not all of Southern California highway building presents, by any means, the Titanic grapple occasioned by going through or over the mountains, but the feats of road-making by the State Highway Commission must be seen to be even faintly realized. Some of these causeways deserve the adjective terrific, to commensurately describe them. Of many of them can be said, as they top the summits and seem to be sailing into the blue:

Where the crow flies,
There the roads rise.

Automobilists coming into the country from the East and other portions of the United States will find in these highways scenery and attractions which they will long remember. Seashore and valley, canyon and forest, lakes, rivers and mountain streams, pastoral districts and even desert wastes will interest them. And they will have the satisfaction of knowing that the unrolling of all this varied panorama is, in the last analysis, the result of the introduction of the rubber tire, the winged Mercury of modern days.

ROADS OF THE WEST

By WRIGHT FIELD

OH, the roads of the West, they lure me on
To follow their golden track,
To the land where men of brain and brawn
Have wrenched their souls from the rack
Of the city's grind that saps the mind
And breaks both heart and back,
And have traded their hold on its tainted gold
For contentment and a shack.

Oh, the roads of the West, they lure me on,
As I sit at my desk and dream
Here where men truckle and smirk and fawn,
And cheat and cower and scheme!
I want to ride like a god astride,
Or follow a spanking team,
Or listen at night in the cool star-light
For the coyote's ghostly scream.

Oh, the roads of the West, they lure me on,
Till I fain would leave this hole,
Where the very breed of the Devil spawn,
And hearts must bleed for toll!
I would set my face t'ward a cleaner place,
And make that spot my goal,
Where a man may fight in the open light,
And own his un-gyved soul!

Yakima, Washington.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MOON, WITH THE NEW REFLECTOR

THE accompanying pictures of the moon prove the power of the great reflector on Mount Wilson to show details not seen with lesser instruments. Little that is of general interest is gained by the study of these added details, but as a by-product of astronomical work they give the layman an insight into the extensive field of little-known scientific investigations.

The new telescope, like all the other important instruments on Mount Wilson, may be described as a huge camera. Instead of a lens to focus the image, the great concave mirror, brought from St. Gobain, France, before the war, and so laboriously shaped, polished and silvered in the shops in Pasadena, is set to catch the rays of the faintest star. The frame and mounting made to hold and swing this heavy mirror so that it may be pointed in any direction, is in itself a most interesting feature. Designed and in part executed by the Observatory staff, it solves new problems incident to the size and use of the new giant. Seen in its finished home, under the great dome that protects it from the weather, the hundred-inch reflecting telescope is a strange and interesting spectacle; and is well worth a trip much more arduous than is the walk up Mount Wilson. But the desire of the unthinking to look through this spyglass is necessarily unattainable. Anyone who has used a kodak will realize that when astronomers are taking photographs with the instrument the only thing to look through is the finder.

Photographs, then, are the main product of the new reflector, as they are of the other instruments, the tower, the horizontal telescope, and the sixty-inch reflector.

SURFACE OF THE MOON NEAR THE GREAT RING-SHAPED CRATER OF TYCHO (CENTER, NEAR THE TOP; 54 MILES ACROSS, 17,000 FEET DEEP). PHOTOGRAPHED WITH THE NEW 100-INCH TELESCOPE OF THE MOUNT WILSON OBSERVATORY.

Photographs showing the moon, the planets, star clusters and nebulae have been placed in the museum lately built on the road from the hotel to the observatory.

Many questions are asked in regard to facilities for going up the mountain road and for seeing the plant of the observatory. It might be well, therefore, to state here that all matters of transportation and accommodation are in the hands of the Mount Wilson Stage Company and the Mount Wilson Hotel, both of which are reached easily by telephone. Information in regard to the condition of the road and the rules for passing other private automobiles, and as to the state of the weather, can be obtained a few minutes before the stage leaves Los Angeles. The good mountain hotel has its sleeping quarters in separate cottages charmingly placed for a fine view, or for retirement.

The top of the mountain on which the observatory is situated is much more extensive than one would suppose from the flat wall as seen from the valley. Deer Park, on the western shoulder, is a beautiful wooded piece of country, and between it and the eastern point looking toward Old Baldy, there are numerous ridges and little valleys all interesting in their mountain flora and entered by good trails which the hotel keeps in good condition for the use of its guests.

On a clear day the view is glorious, of mountain ranges to the north and east, and on the south, the valley full of towns and cities, with the sea and coastwise islands beyond. At night the firmament of lights below rivals the starry heavens and makes stopping over night imperative, even though no telescope were there.

Were I a Mockingbird

MERRILY the mockingbird
Carols in the tree,
Every song that he has heard
Singing joyfully.

Fain would I possess his art,
So that I might learn
Melodies I hear, by heart,
Singing them in turn.

Then the music of the brook
I might softly sing,
Making weary pilgrims look
Soothed by caroling.

I might catch the melody
Of a laugh and use
It to set somebody free
From oppressive blues.

I might mimic buzzing bees,
Boyhood's whistled tune,
And the wind's hushed harmonies,
Played on trees in June.

I might sing the steady strain
Which the reaper hums
As it swishes through the grain,
When the harvest comes.

I might reproduce one song,
Of the thousands heard,
That would entertain the throng
Were I a mockingbird!

—Charles Horace Meiers.

NEAR THE SOUTH POLE OF THE MOON—A TANGLED MASS OF MOUNTAINS AND HUGE, EXTINCT VOLCANOES. THE SHADOW AT THE LEFT MARKS THE SUNSET LINE, WHERE THE EVENING LIGHT IS JUST TOUCHING THE TOPS OF MOUNTAIN PEAKS WITHIN THE SHADOW. ONE-HUNDRED-INCH REFLECTING TELESCOPE, MOUNT WILSON OBSERVATORY.

THE PASADENA COUNCIL, BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

By TALLMAN TRASK

A MIGHTY wave of just and righteous indignation dashes itself against the strongholds of those who dared accumulate wordly wealth as a result of the Great World War. Nevertheless, we have yet to meet a thinking man or woman who does not rejoice in excess profits in character-building. A careful audit of the results obtained by the Pasadena Council, Boy Scouts of America, during the one year of its existence shows excess profits. This organization, with its non-military, nonsectarian and non-discriminating ideals promoting a spiritual, social, educational and recreational program, has advanced until it has doubled its troops and has more than doubled the number of Scouts enrolled. It now has eighteen troops with four hundred members. Approximately one-third of the boys in Pasadena between the ages of twelve and sixteen are receiving the benefits of this great organization which operates under a Federal charter issued by the Congress of the United States.

Its regular program includes patriotic study, an oath and twelve Scout laws developing character, knot tieing, first aid, signaling, tracking and trailing, map making and reading, judging, nature study, elementary astronomy, camp-craft, wood-craft and nearly one hundred other subjects. Scouts of Pasadena, Altadena, Lamanda Park, La Canada, and San Marino, who are all under the Pasadena Council, Boy Scouts of America, have had the opportunity of broader development by attending a Training Camp on Catalina Island, assisting with the construction of a Government fire-break, visiting the Mercury Aviation Field, the United States Balloon School at Ross Field, and attending special classes in First Aid conducted by the Red Cross. In addition they take part in such public and patriotic service as assisting the Liberty Loan, War Savings Drives, Pasadena Hospital, and other worthy causes of both civic and national importanee.

The Pasadena Council, Boy Scouts of America, is composed of seventy-five prominent citizens, representing all religious, civic, educational, business, social and philanthropic organizations. The Exeeutive Committee is composed of Stuart W. French, President; Clinton C. Clark, Dr. James H. McBride and E. S. Gosney, Viee-President; Edwin R. Sorver, Secretary; Charles J. Hall, Treasurer; Frank F. Carpenter, Scout Commissioner; Joseph P. Howe, Dr. Charles D. Lockwood, J. W. Reeder, J. C. Sloane, H. M. Snider and Francis E. Stevens.

The Court of Honor is composed of E. S. Gosney, President; Frank F. Carpenter, Secretary; Tallman H. Trask, Assistant Secretary; J. W. West, Rufus Mead, Charles H. Prisk, Dr. Edward H. Angle, Dr. Merle Smith, A. Claude Braden, James W. Foley and Fred T. Huggins. Each First Class Scout who has proved himself expert in one or more of the many Merit Badge tests and who has first passed his examinations before an expert must then appear before the Court of Honor, which meets once each month in the County Court room for further questioning and approval before the application is sent to the National Court of Honor in New York. The Merit Badge subjects inelude: Agriculture, Astronomy, Angling, Athleties, Arehery, Automobiling, Architecture, Aviation, Art, Beekeeping, Bird Study, Botany, Blacksmithing, Bugling, Business, Camping, Carpentry, Craftsmanship, Chemistry, Civies, Conservation, Cooking, Dairying, Electricity, Firemanship, First Aid, First Aid to Animals, Forestry, Gardening, Hiking, Handicraft, Horsemanship, Interpreting, Leather Working, Life Saving, Machinery, Marksmanship, Masonry, Mining, Music, Painting, Pathfinding, Personal Health, Photography, Physical Development, Pioneering, Plumbing, Poultry Keeping, Printing, Publie Health, Safety First, Scholarship, Sculpturing, Seamanship, Signaling, Stalking, Surveying, Swimming, Taxidermy.

Two important organizations in connection with the Pasadena Council, Boy Scouts of America, are the Merit Badge Club, which is composed of all First Class Scouts who have qualified for three or more Merit Badges, and the Auxiliary Fire Department, which has been organized by Chief E. F. Coop of the Pasadena Fire Department, and is composed exelusively of those Scouts who have qualified for the Merit Badge in Firemanship.

The success of Scouting in the Pasadena district is due to the untiring efforts of the local Council members and to its many friends who, unsolicited, have contributed generously to this organization whose sole objcet is promoting the welfare of boys, regardless of condition, creed or color.

Courtney Mouson

PASADENA BOY SCOUTS COURT OF HONOR. LEFT TO RIGHT, SEATED—CHAS. H. PRISK, DR. EDWARD H. ANGLE, RUFUS MEAD, FRANK F. CARPENTER, TALLMAN H. TRASK, F. T. HUGGINS, J. F. WEST, AND STUART W. FRENCH AND E. S. GOSNEY ON THE BENCH.

LEND YOUR GARDENS FOR SWEET CHARITY

OUR experience gained in the organization of volunteer war work is not to be lost in the years of reorganization on a peace basis. Service to the community is still the keynote of social activity and it is doubtful if the generation now growing up will ever lose entirely that lingering call of the bugle.

Our ideals of what constitutes an aristocracy have gone down with the European fabric of such a feudal system. Slowly we are building up a leadership of those who serve and can organize others for service. This will call again and again to the front those who gave up personal ambition at the war call of the country.

A remarkable combination of mutual services is found in the newly organized Assistance League of Southern California. Like the Associated Charities of San Francisco, the Assistance League aims to concentrate the work of ministering to our charities in one centralized organization. This will avoid duplication of overhead expense, and make for efficiency.

All the usual means for raising funds will still be used, but will form separate streamlets running into one office, there to be audited and dispersed in proportion to individual effort on the part of each committee.

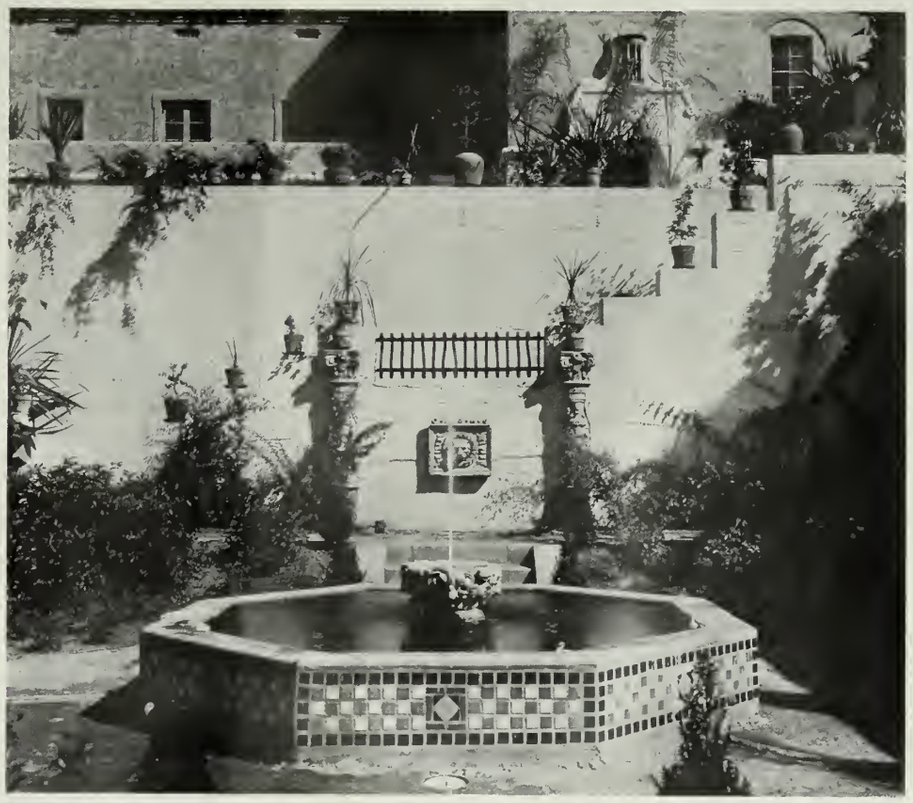
But the general fund will be mainly augmented by the Location Bureau, which is becoming well known in moving picture circles. The idea originated with Mrs. Hancock Banning, who organized and started the salvage idea for the Red Cross some years ago.

Some time ago the motion picture producers in Southern California discovered it was becoming increasingly difficult to get the use of fine homes as "locations" for pictures. Mrs. Banning conceived the idea of establishing a "Location Bureau" to find attractive residential "locations" for the taking of pictures and turn the fees collected from the picture companies over to the children's charities of Los Angeles and Pasadena.

The plan has operated very successfully. The "Location Bureau" was formed and an office opened at 216 Tajo building, Los Angeles. The bureau seeks the use of homes only for the best and most responsible of the picture studios, whose guarantee that they will not injure property is good. The picture companies pay well for the use of the homes as the settings for pictures, and all the money goes to the Children's Charities, a membership fee covering overhead expense.

The executive committee consists of the following officers and members:

Mrs. Hancock Banning, president; Mrs. Force Parker, vice-president; Mrs. Willoughby Rodman, vice-president; Mrs. L. L. Krebs, vice-president; Mrs. Roberts Kamm, recording secretary; Mrs. Homer Laughlin, Jr., corresponding secretary; Mr. Georges Fusenot, treasurer; Miss Alice Elliott, Mrs. Wm. Edwards, Mrs. Roy Jones, Mrs. Edward Roberts, Mrs. Samuel Storrow, Mrs. Hansen Moore, Mrs. Robert Weed, Mrs. Arthur Wright, Mrs. Harry Lombard, Mrs. Kirk Johnson.



A BEAUTIFUL BACKGROUND FOR A PICTURE. THE ELTINGE GARDENS, *Illustration from "Garden City Homes."*

SKETCH OF A SEAL—*Maud Daggett*

THE FRONT ENTRANCE STEPS, ELTINGE RESIDENCE—*Illustration from "Garden City Homes"*

Art Notes

By Florence Pierce

EDGAR PAYNE, whose work at Laguna has given our painters much inspiration, is holding an exhibition of his paintings at a gallery on North Dearborn Street, Chicago, during the first week of June.

Jack Wilkinson Smith, having arrived as a marine painter will spend some weeks in the High Sierras during the month of July, painting there. He will then motor on to Chicago, and from that point will take train for cities and art colonies along the Atlantic Coast. Mr. Smith intends to vary his work with interesting studies of the Atlantic Ocean, into which, doubtless, he will put the vigor and individual charm which he has given us in his paintings of the Pacific. Mr. Smith is planning to arrange some Eastern exhibitions in the fall. Notably, one in New York City.

Benjamin Brown and Orrin White will paint and recreate for the next two months in the High Sierras.

C. Von Schneidau, the portrait painter, intends to study in the art colony at Provincetown, Mass., this summer. He will paint with Hawthorne and other figure painters.

Ralph Miller has taken a cottage on Great Diamond Island, in Portland, Maine, Harbor, for the summer. He will paint the Maine coast around Portland.

Martin Borgord starts for the East on May 31st, and will shortly sail for Norway, where he will visit his friend, the noted landscape painter, W. Singer.

Maud Daggett has made a delightful seal for the Castelar Street Creche. Its appeal is appropriate on this page devoted to art and the Children's Charities. The Castelar Creche is to be established for the boarding infants whose mothers cannot provide a home and have to work for them. Its clinic is conducted by the Children's Hospital.

Miss Daggett's work is of especial interest just now, when Mr. MacMonnies who has given her much encouragement, is in the Southland.

Max Wieczorak, whose charming portrait of his daughter, entitled, "The Beloved Cub," attracted so much attention at the recent exhibition at the Hollywood Woman's Club, will show his portraits and collection of exhibition pictures at Cannell & Chaffin's Art Galleries the first two weeks in July.

Cannell & Chaffin expect to exhibit the collection of bronzes by Frederick MacMonnies in the near future, and also hope to be able to show some of Frederick Roth's work.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Rose have closed their studio and the Pasadena Art School for the summer and are now at Carmel-by-the-Sea.

SOUTHLAND

Our Two Great Political Parties

A STUDY of the influence of the historic French Salon would be profitable in America at this time. After the Napoleonic wars, for instance, the beautiful, precise French language was saved from degeneracy by the determined action of the great leaders of the salon. Men who carelessly continued to use what would now be called the language of the trenches, were barred from this high society function.

Some such form of centralized social leadership would crystallize the interest now concentrated on our politics. Men and women, the best minds of the community, the so-called "social leaders"—are in reality just that. However perverted may be our opinion of them, our own leaders are now sober-mindedly "playing the game" to the best of their ability. There may be dinners, dances and parties seemingly as of old; but earnest conversation pervades these functions, and instead of seeking some new fantastic form of entertainment, society is seeking an outlet for its postwar energies toward social betterment. It has still to find that open door into politics through which men and women can enter into the class of statesmanship which has made our English cousins so dominant in vital world affairs.

At a large and delightful luncheon given last month in a beautiful home overlooking the city of Los Angeles hundreds of guests, charmed by the perfection of hospitality and by music, talked politics on every hand, and did it unconsciously, fervently and without hint of apology. A charming young mother of five bravely defending her right to think for herself, expressed her opinion on a choice of candidates. An answer came quickly from one versed in politics, "Our government is run," said this wise lady, "by our two great political parties." "And yet," remarked her opponent, "we have *some* brains, we ought to have something to say about who shall be candidates."

One is reminded here of a story of colonial ancestors. "Mr. Brainerd," said the 1820 wife, meekly, as her husband was taking the boat from Connecticut to New York, "I think I should like a shawl." "Mrs. Brainerd," replied he, "when I am in New York, if I think you need a shawl I will get you one."

And so, when they get to it, this year or some other, if the wise politicians think we need Mr. Hoover for president, they will give him to us. But meanwhile he has our heartfelt votes, and even though he be not nominated by either party he cannot be ignored.

The very presence of such a statesman in our midst has set a high popular standard for the office of President of the United States. Even the politicians will some day be influenced by the advanced ideals of their constituents.

The Function of An Architect

IN the building of its social fabric, civilization has laid down certain laws which make confidence and sound growth possible. These laws or principles are called by different names, such as, the ethics of a profession, business honor, respect for one's work.

To those who help to build up the structure of civilization by these means, civilization owes a living and gives it with honor. To those who put their own living before these vital pillars of civilization, the world owes nothing.

The ethics of the profession of architecture are, therefore, something more than the mere talk of a few diletanttes, or a mere talent for design. They are among those things which concern a man's honor, and for which he will lay down his life.

The function of an architect in the building world is not merely to dole out good design by the yard or the block. When he is admitted to the profession he assumes heavy responsibilities to the community. He is as responsible for good building as the bankers are for sound finance. He must keep himself free from any entangling alliances which may make it impossible for him to serve his community with honor. His post is between the men who are earning their own living by building houses—and the owner of the house. The business of an architect is to see that the man who pays to have a house built according to certain specifications gets what he pays for. The owner pays a fee to the architect for doing this service; but the whole world stands behind the Institute of Architects, which performs the service of seeing that the architects do their duty.

Thus is society guarded by its own laws. No amount of jeering by those who are making big money out of the people's housing needs, can effect in the least, this fundamental principle. A man may sell designs or peddle them around for a living, but he dare not take upon himself the honorable name of architect unless he be ready to stake his moral life on the quality of work which passes under his supervision and control.

It is important that people in general understand this real function of the architect. The temptation to substitute poorer material in building or to slight the work is too great in these times of high costs. To subordinate the position of the architect and let the builder dominate is a danger to society, for selfish interests have then no check, and into the builder's capacious pocket goes the fee which should have been paid to someone else—on guard in the interests of the whole community.

A New Idea in Public Education

OUR universal public school system is so much a fundamental, American fact that few would dare to question its right to continue. Our free libraries have proved their worth, and failure to support them is accepted as a mark of illiteracy. Is it not possible to place in the class with our schools and our libraries another necessary protection to society which modern social science and the dissatisfaction of workers with their work are together forcing upon our attention?

If the community owes it to future citizens to see that they are educated for general intelligence and also given the spiritual, mental and material help which comes from free use of books, can not our modern sense of obligation go one step farther and force us to give such free vocational guidance as will annihilate drudgery as the schools have shattered medieval ignorance?

That drudgery is largely a state of mind can be proved by analyzing those things which different people call drudgery. What is one man's joy is another man's poison; and the woman who loves to embroider is an amazement to her sister who would rather dig in the garden. To find for each youth that work for which he is, by temperament and talent, best fitted, need not hinder his broader development. Any work well done constitutes in itself a liberal source of intensive training. When this vocational direction is accepted as a regular part of any community's work, each individual will be more free than at present to choose his proper sphere of action in that community. Tradition will not hamper him; his family and his friends cannot coerce him. He will be educated in the true standards of selection and the truth will make him free.

Meanwhile society must be educated to see its duty in supplying free vocational guidance. The more people there are who think seriously on the subject, the more quickly this desirable condition will arrive. Some of our leading universities are working out this problem as they have never worked on our elementary school curriculum.

Columbia University, New York, has trained and loaned to the Pacific Coast a vocational guidance missionary. You who are looking for something on which to expend your postwar energies, you who really want to help society take another step forward during your lifetife, look

OPINION

up the Vocation and Placement Bureau in Pasadena, and when you find it examine its ideas from the viewpoint of something a little ahead of the jog-trot pace of ordinary community effort.

Frederick MacMonnies in Los Angeles

WHEN one of the greatest sculptors of the world is our guest what can we do to show him honor?

Frederick MacMonnies has so used the talents given him that internationally and at home his exquisite, masterly works are classics.

The delicacy and charm expressed are his alone, but the perfection of his art makes it possible for the veriest tyro to enjoy the grace of line and the joyous life there made immortal.

We can but be thankful that these beautiful examples of MacMonnies' best productions are here where we may study, absorb and enjoy them.

THE YOUNG FAN BRONZE BY FREDERICK MACMONNIES, SET IN THE GARDEN OF THE HANCOCK BANNING RESIDENCE, LOS ANGELES.

Finding Wisdom

THE Church of God is one Church. If different dispositions find happier means of expression in different forms of worship—why criticize? For centuries the church has been thinking out the application of Christian principles to daily life. In one denomination great congregations are taught weekly how to love their neighbors; in another self control is emphasized, and in another reverence and the shorter catechism. There is no better training in the fundamentals of the best society and the finest breeding than the Prayer book gives in the paragraphs of this hidden source of good manners.

The Voice of the People

THREE factors help to fix the price of a commodity—supply, demand and competition. In the recent phenomenal rise of $3 per hundred pounds in the price of potatoes in this locality in less than two months we are told that competition had been eliminated by the creation of a monopoly.

The supply was nearly normal. We had no real shortage. Carloads were arriving daily. They came from as far as Minnesota and Canada, and a large number from Idaho.

As the supply was so nearly normal the only remedy for the condition was to lessen the demand.

Action was taken by the Shakespeare Club of Pasadena (800 members), the Women's Civic League of Pasadena (300 members), the Friday Morning Club of Los Angeles (1900 members), the Ebell Club of Los Angeles (1600 members), and the Wednesday Morning Club of Los Angeles, as well as by many other organizations in the district and a large number of unorganized consumers pledging themselves to do without this commodity until the price became reasonable.

Almost at once the wholesale price began to go down as retailers ceased to buy. Sales in Los Angeles wholesale dropped from 18 to 20 carloads per day to 2 or 3 per day. One grocery company in Pasadena told us that during the week following the action taken by the clubs their sales dropped from over 120 sacks a day to 2 or 3 a day. This at a time when the town was overflowing with tourists and the population much larger than normal.

The total crop for the United States, including all of the 48 states, for this year is 352,025,000 bushels.

The five-year average for the whole 48 states (1913 to 1917, inclusive) was 366,046,000 bushels. This shows us that this year's crop is only 14,021,000 bushels less than the five-year average, *which amounts to 4 per cent.*

There is no condition that justifies a rise of 160 per cent in price between last year and this, or of 103 per cent *since last November.* This increase all came since the potatoes left the farm.

Forty-four thousand six hundred and seventy-five (44,675) sacks of potatoes were in cold storage in Los Angeles, to say nothing of what may be in dry storage.

The cost of putting potatoes in cold storage is $3.50 on every ton for the first month and $1.50 for each succeeding month, besides handling charges and several other charges. The cost of storing these potatoes for one month alone is about $8,000, to say nothing of a shrinkage of 30 per cent which takes place. This must all be paid for by the public.

The day after it became known that the Friday Morning Club had taken its action, potatoes sold at wholesale 50 cents cheaper than they did before.

The manager of a large grocery company in our state has asked us to go on with our policy and to use every influence which we have to induce all other women's organizations in this part of the state to join in the movement, as it is the only thing which can bring down the price at this time.

Many strangers have taken pains to thank the members of our committee for the work we are doing and the stand we have taken. The gratitude of the unorganized women who have joined us in our attempt to reduce the cost of living is encouraging. It spurs us to renewed effort and makes us feel that we are truly doing what is right.

MRS. W. D. CROCKER,
Food Committee, Woman's Civic League of Pasadena.

NEW YORK AND CALIFORNIA GALLERIES

By ETHEL ROSE

AFTER all the talk and discussion anent the "new art," and the exceeding prominence of the Greenwich Village type and cult during these past few years, it was a relief to find the New York galleries showing such sane work as most of them were, with a possible trend in some cases toward the direction of the cut-and-dried and the academic. In fact, some of them gave the impression that time had stood still or that one was in some country town on which the knowing ones were trying to palm off a collection of "has-beens."

Perhaps I happened on the dull season, but here follows a résumé of what was being shown the first week in May, 1920.

Macbeth had a varied collection—mostly the old names; two Friesekes, one a lovely thing of pearly flesh tints and silvery grays, the other a girl in a yellow kimono leaning against the mantelpiece in a yellow room—the little sitting room of that old Giverny cottage which has harbored so many artists in turn; a Miller that was too labored and hard to be up to the best of his work; a Childe Hassam of rocks and sea, surprisingly vivid and sunny, with, on close inspection, no brilliant color used, all creams and blues and greens; one of Emil Carlsen's lovely little still lifes in soft, harmonious grays and tans; and others. As Macbeth had no catalogue, I am not certain that it was here I saw an interesting George Bellows and a Gardner Symons that was rather different in treatment from his usual work.

Knoedler had a number of portraits by the great Englishmen—Romney, Raeburn, etc.—and an effective full-length by Sargent, in which one's attention was distracted from the sitter, an Englishwoman in evening dress, by the over-elaborate and detailed background.

Upstairs were nearly fifty watercolors by Romilly Fedden, the Englishman, who is, I believe, still in California. Two of these were done in Palm Springs, and I especially liked the one of the mountains by moonlight.

Kraushaar had a room full of the well-known work of Henrietta M. Shore of Los Angeles, which they said was very well liked.

Reinhardt & Son were showing sculptures by Jo Davidson, twenty-three bronze busts of men prominent in the war—intensely vivid, lifelike things, in which one felt the subject's nationality almost

A PAINTING OF ROCKS AND SEA BY CHILDE HASSAM. IN THE GALLERIES OF CANNELL AND CHAFFIN, LOS ANGELES.

as strongly as his personality; all most interesting and, to my mind, just about what a portrait bust should be.

The John Levy Galleries had a collection of modern portraits, most of them very banal, the exceptions being one of Colonel House, by J. McClure Hamilton; a good likeness but rather hard of Charles Dana Gibson, by Eugene Speicher, and one of Bernard Baruch, by Robert Henri, in which he was not up to his usual form.

The Ferargil Galleries have been showing some interesting work, and among their exhibitors are Melchers, Dearth, Emil Carlsen, Gifford Beal, Greacen, Dougherty, Hassam, Symons, Jonas Lie, etc. One is always sure to find something there that is worth looking at.

The Milch Galleries, on Fifty-seventh Street, have a good deal of room and are well lighted. They too specialize in high-class modern paintings and sculpture.

The Schwartz Galleries, on East Forty-sixth Street, are small—one room—but have pictures by such men as Charles Warren Eaton, Birge Harrison, Oscar Ferher, J. Olaf Olsen, and a beautiful luminous thing of soft golds and grays, called "Autumn," by George A. Traver.

M. de Zayas has an upstairs place of one small room, and I was taken there to get an idea of what the men whom the French used to call the "fauves" (wild beasts) are doing. There was an exhibition of the work of John Covert. A few were done in oils, notably one called "Temptation of St. Anthony." This showed the back of a seated female with no head, side by side with a pear of the same size and shape! "Water Babies" were two jointed dolls, one of which was partly immersed in a tumbler of water! Then there were things

"THE TOP OF THE WORLD," A PRIZE PAINTING BY CURRAN, IN THE CANNELL AND CHAFFIN GALLERIES.

that looked like geometrical designs, made of kindergarten cubes and strips of wood glued onto canvas and framed.

The small doors leading from the elevator hall into the gallery were very beautiful, of unpainted carved wood and incalculably old.

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720 WEST SEVENTH STREET

Main 2021 Los Angeles, California

Tulip Bed

By Helen Hoyt ::
Assistant Editor *Poetry*
Chicago

THE hush of tulips growing in the night!
White tulips, tulips of piercing white,
Ghostly like a bed of snow;
Seeming to glow
With pale snow-light,
Silent, with the silence of snow.

O flowers, how magically still,
How motionless you stay!
Soon will you stir your petals?
Your white slow wings will you stir
And drift away?
Floating, falling, lifting,
Drifting,
Through the darkness drifting away?

Hark! Do they stir?
Do I hear the whir
Of their soft wings unfolding,
Softly outspread in the night?
White, white,
White snow, white fire,
Had you no restless desire
That you let your wings be bound,
In this rooted fixity?
That so dispassionately
You bear with the dull ground.

Now, while your roots are asleep
And your leaves are black air,
And your stems forget to keep
Their tight clasp that locks you there—
Raise, raise your white wings, poised so light,
And fly and fly up and toss yourselves in the air!

How white the white of your wings will gleam in the night!
The white flocking of your wings, noiselessly going
In and out the darkness drifting and going,
In and out like moths that the winds are blowing,
Tossing and blowing.

Look, have they stirred?

O mute ghostly flowers,
What strange signs, what powers
Do you wait, O ghostly flowers,
What quickening word?
Whiteness so motionless,
So noiseless.

Oscar Maurer

Miss Annabel Keep was married in March to Mr. J. G. Schutte. She is a granddaughter of Judge John W. Keep, a distinguished jurist of Wisconsin, and a daughter of the late Frederic A. Keep, who was attorney for the Northwestern Railway for many years and a large land owner in Iowa. She was graduated from Marlborough School for Girls in Los Angeles, and continued her education for three years in Europe.

BEAUTY AND VISION IN DAILY LIFE*

By HELEN HAINES

POETRY does not play much part in our practical lives. We know that it exists; we know that in our crowded, busy days we have not time for it at present; yet when now and then we turn to it for a few moments, we are conscious of its magic and its inspiration. Nothing so enriches life in experience and in understanding as books; they should be a part of daily living, interpreters of the mysteries of the soul, teachers of the wisdom of the past, expositors of the present, prophets of the mist-hidden future. Poetry does this, and more, bringing beauty, refreshment and insight to those whose minds respond and yield to its influence.

Among the recent books of poetry are three, unusually rich in interest, stimulation and inspiration; two, volumes of individual poetry representing the two greatest living English poets; the third, a richly representative collection of contemporary poetry of many types.†

In Morley's "Haunted Book-shop" we are told that human brains are the highest explosive known to man. If that is so, in the "Inclusive Edition" of Rudyard Kipling's verse we have a magazine of high explosive. Here is poetry that is concentrated energy; beautiful, yet with disregard of aesthetic beauty; dynamic in exhortation, cogent in its counsel for the crises and for the routine of living; stripping the wrappings from men's conventions and hypocrisies. It is full of prejudices, of intense national partisanship; full also of high and beautiful ideals of devotion of self to work and to a cause. It is wise, with a dry and caustic wisdom. It is applicable to almost every interest and problem of the moment. It is fresh and bracing with the salt spray of the sea; and it breathes the scents and colors of flowers, of English hedgerows and of Indian temples.

This edition collects in one handsome, finely printed volume all of Kipling's verse that has been written up to the present year, except his earliest school-boy attempts, which he evidently prefers to pass unremembered. It contains all the story and chapter preludes, those vivid stanzas and broken lines that are richer fragments of enduring poetry than any other writer's, even Sir Walter Scott's. It contains the poems heretofore scattered only in periodicals, such as "The Vampire," "Our England is a Garden," and the magnificent "White Horses," inspired by Watts' great painting of Neptune's coursers of foam and spray. It contains the later poems in the little volume published last year, called "The Years Between,' which included most of the poems evoked by the war. Here are three poems on his son's death, in which beneath the stern repression of all emotion we feel the heartbreak. It is the note of "A Nativity":

The Babe was laid in the Manger,
Between the gentle kine—
All safe from cold and danger—
But it was not so with mine.
(With mine! With mine!)
"Is it well with the child, is it well?"
The waiting mother prayed.
"For I know not how he fell,
And I know not where he is laid."

Here is "The City of Brass," which—written in 1909—reads as if evoked by the vision of Bolshevik Russia:

They said: "Who has hate in his soul? Who has envied his neighbor?
Let him arise and control both that man and his labor."
They said: "Who is eaten by sloth? Whose unthrift has destroyed him?
He shall levy a tribute from all because none have employed him."
They said: "Who hath toiled? Who hath striven, and gathered possession?
Let him be spoiled. He hath given full proof of transgression."

Illustration from "Garden City Homes."

Very moving is the group of "Epitaphs of the War," each one compacted of deep feeling, in few words. One of them stands with Suckling's "Tell me not, Sweet," equally beautiful, perfect, complete. It is "The Bridegroom," with its poignant opening stanza:

Call me not false, beloved,
If, from thy scarce-known breast
So little time removed,
In other arms I rest.

"The Road to En-dor," already so widely known, is one of the strongest and most compelling of the later poems, in its scathing epitome of the methods and effect of the "psychic" and "spirit" communications in which so many stricken by the war have sought solace:

The road to En-dor is easy to tread
For Mother or yearning Wife;
There, it is sure, we shall meet our Dead,
As they were even in life.
* * * * *
Oh the road to En-dor is the oldest road
And the craziest road of all!
Straight it runs to the Witch's abode,
As it did in the days of Saul,
And nothing has changed of the sorrow in store
For such as go down on the road to En-dor!

No brief review can adequately record the range of this volume, its variety, its pervading force, as its pages carry us from "Departmental Ditties" and "Barrack-room Ballads" to the soul-penetration of "The Mary Gloster," the deep feeling of "The Song of the English," or the charming lyrics of English history for children. It represents the highest national poetry of today; also the strongest and most dynamic expression of practical, common sense counsel. It sifts theories and sentimentalities relentlessly to the ultimate fallacy; and its stern counsel is always: Work; keep your troubles to yourself; and stick to your own people.' Always there is a biting scorn of the slacker; often there is much of that Anglo-Saxon contempt for the under dog, which, in turn, means a disregard for finer issues, a blindness to the truth that is not obvious at first sight. But always Kipling is tonic in his gospel of hard work. His sincerest meed goes to the men who "do their job"; and in the present day there is a deep refreshment and stimulus in this unflinching acceptance of the ancient law that man must work to live:

"Beneath the sun we count on none
Our evils to assuage,
Except the men that do the work
For which they draw the wage.

Men, like to Gods, that do the work
For which they draw the wage—
Begin, continue, close that work
For which they draw the wage!"

There could be no greater contrast to this Kipling volume than the "Collected Poems" of John Masefield, the first one-volume collection of Masefield's better known poems. Brought thus together they show the full range of a genius that is one of the latest to permanently enrich English poetry. It is curious to compare and contrast them with Kipling. They have been built upon a deep experience of labor and of struggle, but that experience has produced not the perfectly definite and closely circumscribed convictions and opinions of Kipling, but a meditative, philosophic pondering on an insoluble riddle, its one ray of light the light of unfailing perception of beauty —beauty in nature, beauty in the soul of man, no matter how seemingly soiled or degraded. Masefield has had the vision vouchsafed to St. Paul, and can call nothing common or unclean,

In this collection are gathered "Saltwater Ballads," "Miscellaneous Poems, from the Story of a Round-house," "The Everlasting Mercy," "Widow in the Bye Street," "Dauber," "The Daffodil Fields," "Lollingdon Downs," "Rosas," "Sonnets and other poems." Many are the distillation of the mystery and magic of the sea. For Masefield is a child of the sea, subject to a spell that nothing can ever loosen, or release him from. This spell rests upon much English poetry; Kipling knows it and it has evoked much of his finest work; but its influence upon Masefield is dominating and pervading. Yet this influence is not apparent in what is perhaps the most significant work in this collection, the "Sonnets." There are sixty-two of these, originally published separately and at different times; but, now brought together in unbroken sequence, it is evident that they form one continuous, beautiful and memorable poem,—a successor and a companion to Tennyson's "In Memoriam." This poem, it is also evident, has been evoked by the war and by the loss there of two close friends. In it Masefield traces the meaning of life, as he can piece it out from living, and sees its only meaning center in the love and pursuit of beauty as man himself knows and seeks it:

"Long, long ago, when all the glittering earth
Was heaven itself,
When the white clover opened Paradise
And God lived in a cottage up the brook,
Beauty, you lifted up my sleeping eyes
And filled my heart with longing with a look;
And all the day I searched but could not find
The beautiful dark-eyed who touched me there,
Delight in her made trouble in my mind,
She was within all Nature, everywhere,
The breath I breathed, the brook, the flower, the grass,
Was her, her word, her beauty, all she was.

I never see the red rose crown the year,
Nor feel the young grass underneath my tread,
Without the thought, This living beauty here
Is earth's remembrance of a beauty dead.
Surely where all this glory is displayed
Love has been quick, like fire, to high ends.
Here in this grass an altar has been made
For some white joy, some sacrifice of friends;
Here where I stand some leap of human brains
Has touched immortal things and left its trace,
The earth is happy here, the gleam remains;
Beauty is here, the spirit of the place,
I touch the faith which nothing can destroy,
The earth, the living church of ancient joy."

(Continued on page 22)

A WATERCOLOR BY WILLIAM RITSCHELL, CARMEL, CALIFORNIA
CANNELL AND CHAFFIN GALLERIES.

J. W. Siefert

MRS. WILLOUGHBY RODMAN, WHO HAS WORKED INDEFATIGABLY FOR THE BELGIAN AND SERBIAN RELIEF FUNDS AND WHO IS NOW CLOSING THAT MOST NOTABLE WORK.

PHILANTHROPY CLOSES ITS WARTIME WORK

By MABEL URMY SEARES

IN the beautiful Brunswig garden in Los Angeles the closing entertainment of the Serbian War Relief Committee takes the form of a Masque of the Seasons. With that remarkable executive power which has characterized all her work as chairman of Belgian relief, Mrs. Willoughby Rodman took up an additional year's work for Serbia at the request of the United States government. This year of strenuous endeavor now draws to a close and the community may well be proud of its record in war time philanthropy.

In turning over the management of this entertainment to the Wa-Wan Club, the committee has pointed the way toward efficient postwar activities.

There are clubs and clubs in Los Angeles, but unless an association has some deeper *raison d'etre* than the reading of encyclopedic papers and the learning of Robert's Rules of Order, it would better pass into innocuous desuetude.

A club of professional men and women like the Wa-Wan Club, has, on the contrary, every reason for being. United for mutual help and inspiration such a group of trained experts may exert much influence in standards of speech and art. Its close connection with life in a large city is shown in such meetings as the luncheon given at the Roma Cafe last month. Here one met artists and writers from other cities and became acquainted with one of our own stock companies now playing in Los Angeles.

Later, going to the Majestic to see these excellent players in fine, wholesome comedy, one realized an added enjoyment from having seen them more intimately at luncheon.

In donating its services to the relief committee the club serves the city in a double capacity, presenting artists whose entertaining qualities are notable, and giving opportunity for the presentation of this charming literary production by Mrs. William H. Anderson in her exquisite Masque of the Seasons.

The Wa-Wan Club of Los Angeles takes its name from an old Omaha Indian music ceremony which celebrated peace between two tribes. It is the music which was most used by all the Indians of the Western plains. The research and compiling of the complete festival was the work of an American woman musician, Miss Alice Fletcher. It took her twenty years of devotion to the study, but is a contribution whose value has been universally recognized. Mr. Arthur Farwell has transcribed much of the music for concert numbers, notably that portion which contains the lovely "Omaha Love Call," which he published in his music magazine (now out of print), the "*Wa-Wan*." The ceremony had also a very noble and inspiring drama interwoven.

The unique position of this club in its social, professional and community activities may well be studied by clubs which the unrest of the times may have left in a less vital and useful condition.

An important part of the entertainment is the Fete of the Allied Nations, whose booths are in charge of young society women, all under the direction of Mrs. Franklin Harper Crawford.

THE MASQUE OF THE SEASONS. A SYMPHONY OF COLOR, MUSIC, SONG AND WORDS

Written and Directed by JESSIE YSOBEL CALHOUN ANDERSON

CHARACTERS IN THE DRAMA-INTERPRETATION

Time.....H. Ellis Reed, Director and Actor in The Pilgrimage Play
Winter .....Mr. V. Talbot Henderson
December.....Mr. Edward Everett Horton
January.....Mr. Franklin Pangborn
February.....Miss Arri Rodman
Spring.....Miss Virginia Calhoun Anderson
March.....Mr. Jerome Sheldon
April.....Miss Alice Elliott
May.....Miss Evelyn Varden
Autumn.....Miss Marie Curtis
Tokens .....Miss Eide

The participation of the members of the Majestic Theater Company is by the courtesy of Miss Willamene Wilkes.

CHARACTERS IN THE DANCE-INTERPRETATION

Prologue—December, January, Autumn..Hala Trotzka and her dancers
Snow.....Naomi Berier
February.....Maude Fischer
Wind Spirits.....Norma Gould
Nymphs and Pans:
April—From Signor Rosi's School: Misses Viola Hegyi, Melba Howovishorst.
May—Pupils from Mme. Matildita's School: Myrora Williams, Victoria Hugenin, Aileen Mytton, Lottie Smith, Gladys Campbell, Lucinda Marleau, Carol Cameron.
Spring Dance.....Miss Helen Hardison
Rose Dance.....Miss Zillah Withrow
Tokens.....Miss Randolph's pupils
Flower Dance.....Maude Fischer's pupils and Marion Immergluck
May Dance—From Rosi School: Marguerite Gillmore and Evelyn Smith.
Bacchanal—From Rosi School: Evelyn Smith, Melba Howovishorst, Viola Hegyi, Edith Morton, Florence Tenney.
Solo Dance—Rosi Pupil: Miss Marguerite Gillmore.

SONG-INTERPRETATIONS

Orchestra.....Assembled and conducted by Mr. Reginald Bland
Winter—'Tis Snowing (Beniberg).....Annis Howell
Elegie (Massenet).....Beatrice de Troost
December—Gregorian Chant.....Members of St. Paul's Boy Choir
Ernest Douglas, Choirmaster
February—The Land of the Sky Blue Water.....Cadman
Emma Porter Makinson
Spring is Here (Gertrude Ross).....Grace Widney Mabee
Sempre Primavera (Sistarelli).....Marjorie Taylor
Spring Has Come (Grace Freebey).....Evelyn Balfour
April Song (Weil).....Ruth Mabee
May Night (Elinor Warren).....Annis Howell
Tokens.....Sweethearts, from the Opera of Maytime
Vera La Verne Conklin
The Earth is the Lord's (Lynes).....Frank Geiger
Oh, Lord, How Manifold.....Singers from Orpheus Club
Joseph Dupuy, Conductor
Song of Joy (Roy Lamont Smith).....Emma Porter Makinson

Kindly do not call for encores, as the program is continuous.

Scenes:—Prologue, Winter, Spring, May, Autumn, Epilogue.

Mrs. William H. Anderson, author of The Masque of the Seasons and a member of the notable Calhoun family, who have done so much for California in the dramatization of its romantic past

The use of the curtain in the Dramatic Interpretation of Scenes as employed in this production, is included in the copyright.

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DIRECTIONS

All parts are accompanied by suitable music, which should be only strings for the speaking voice. In the interpretation of each scene the music comes first, then the scene, then the dance, and last, the speaking.

Oscar Maurer

BEFORE THE REHEARSALS, IN THE BRUNSWIG GARDEN THEATER. MRS. J. F. PETERS (IN WHITE), MRS. EDNA W. STERRETT.

PROLOGUE

TIME: *(In conventional costume, with a glass like an hour glass, and scythe.)* Seated L. F.

So, within the boundaries of the finite, the sands of time flow on, never ceasing. (reverses glass). One measure is finished, and for the next, and the next, and the next, still ceaselessly they flow, through days, months, seasons; each one of them reaping from the sowing of one that went before, as Autumn yields to the scythe harvest from seed sown in the Spring. Thus each moment is a fulfillment of one past, a prophecy of one to come. And ere the harvest time be sped, the year must arise from the bounteous banquet of garnered fruits, beneath foliage gorgeous from the multi-colored brush of Autumn, and resounding with full-voiced madrigals of praise and joy of life at its zenith. He must arise and prepare for the coming season, for lo! a warning breath already wafts a falling leaf from bough and vine, and tuneful cadences turn to plaintive minor strains, which soon will grow and swell into the muffled roll of winter's reverberating crescendo, to play his requiem mass. His completed days pass into infinity, parts of the one, great whole, of God's perfect love and care for each created thing. His mercy slights not one. Even the tiniest petal in the flowery fields is given its own proper color and design, and is as much a part as any other, of the whole. Pain is sent but as a necessity for greater blessings. Happiness flees for a while, that it may be valued when it comes again—just as my beautiful flowers and bounteous fruits must be withdrawn for a time that the world may miss, and learn to prize them.

Curtain rises on scene, C. B., Winter enthroned. Snow Dances.

WINTER: Oh, Time! I hold my ordained rule supreme over the eternal snows and glaciers of lofty mountain peaks, and my allotted portion in the ever-recurring cycle of the year. Wherever I spread a mantle of snow, glistering in dazzling whiteness like some ethereal ermine of heaven, I guard the white silence of all the animate nature which sleeps beneath it. I gather the storm winds from the four corners of the earth, rains from the flood-gates of the skies, and flash electric fires from every thunderbolt to purify the earth and air. Through the roar of winter's battling elements sounds the knell of the Old Year, and mourns the desolate heart of Nature, her hereavement of the tender beauties of Spring and cheer of harvest bounties. In the silence of spent storms, through the still breath of the tense air, there is a listening and a yearning for sight or sounds of promise to alter this stern decree.

TIME: No, no! It may not be. Years past I gave with lavishment. Over hills and plains I scattered flowers of exquisite loveliness; some, whose color was found by searching through the years for the blue of the most perfect summer sky and the tenderest memory of babies' eyes, and these were trampled under heedless children's feet. Some were lillies, white as snow on mountain tops, or a child's thoughts of angels; and some were blossoms, brilliant as red gold, with radiant glow like wondrous halo about the brow of Divine Compassion. These were drenched in flowing rivers and gathering lakes of human blood, where men came down upon a fair land with but one thought, and that to ravage and to kill. I decked gardens with blossoms, roseate-hued as faith and sweet and gracious ministrations to those beloved. These were withered in the breath of false ideals, or crushed beneath the ruthless heel of selfish wrong. In fields and orchards I heaped rich fruits for the gladness and blessing of life. These were fed to cruel engines of war and wanton devastation, leaving no reaping for the harvest but grief, famine and despair. So ask me not to send my precious gifts out of their seasons, to violate the eternal law of harmony, through which alone God's blessings are vouchsafed and never fail.

(Pall-bearers of dead leaves, etc., cross stage)

(Rythmic Dances of Mourning)

DECEMBER *(entering opposite to, and further B. C. than Time):* Oh, Time! Though for me the sun halts and turns in his majestic tread through the heavens, and though amongst my days one was chosen to hallow with radiance shining down through the ages from Bethlehem's holy star; and though above the fallen, dying things of the old year, high on my wooded hill-tops, crimson berries glow with pledge of life reanimate, like Redeeming Blood on Calvary above the sin-stricken souls on earth; yet for the Old Year, December's days are filled with the deepest gloom a heart can know—the passing of all that budded, bloomed or lived for him. Wandering wraiths of mist, driven by chilling winds, bewail his sorrow through the forest, sprinkling crystal drops on barren boughs of tree and bush,—congealed tears that grieve for every bud and blossom missed, and plead for him, for some bright flowers of earth to cheer his dreary way.

TIME: No, No! There is gay merriment for youth, abundant fulfillment for middle life; but for old age, the peace of faith in God. The solemnity of death, the birth-travail which frees the spirit-life, must be raised, purified, as high above worldly desires, as are the waters of the fleecy clouds, which, drawn up, distilled into the skies, are freed from earthly dross. *(Exit December).*

Choir singing requiem mass pass slowly across the stage, and exeunt. New Year chimes, off stage. Music changes to weird for Ice dance. (Enter January).

JANUARY: Oh, Time, though you have given me guardianship of the stored-up sources of the seasons, of snow-bound floods and ice-locked glaciers, and power to shatter the vaults of the heavens to pour down more abundant treasure; yet over all is a bleak solitude, and a protest, and a pleading for release,—a pulsing, insistent urge for recreated life. Melting waters are gathering and straining to break from Winter's bondage, to race through whirling pools, over leaping cataracts, and flow down through the land in living streams, crooning over pebbly beds and golden sands. An impulse surges everywhere with impatience to burst through confining bonds into life and the year's fulfillment.

TIME: First must be winter's cool breath, the virginal power

Hiller

THE RICHARD MILLER STUDIO GARDEN IN THE STICKNEY SCHOOL OF ART, PASADENA; GUY ROSE, DIRECTOR. THE FOUNTAIN WAS DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY THE BATCHELDER TILE COMPANY, LOS ANGELES, AND THE GARDEN WAS PLANNED BY RICHARD MILLER FOR SKETCHING PURPOSES.

of forces conserved; and before the bounty of the harvest, the beauty of the bloom. Beauty is the part of the flowers which is imperative. Many that blossom fail of fruition, and are like fairy forms embossed upon the sands of time, enduring but for a moment, to be swept back again into eternity's sea, leaving no trace upon its shores but memory of their loveliness. Thus before the earth may share God's bounty, it must rejoice in His gift of beauty. Time cannot change this law. So, January, be content to guard in warmth and safety the hidden cradles of the new year's fresh investitures of life, and to keep your apportioned measure in the rythm of the universe. *(Exit January).*

Flowing music, song. Water Sprites Dance. (Enter February).

FEBRUARY: Time, my water sprites are begging flowers for February. Every sparkling dewdrop seeks in vain for some inviting flower chalice, and melts into a tear. Every rivulet that threads its silvery way down hillside or over plain is calling them to come and grace the earth with their loveliness and charm. Every deep, clear pool is looking longingly at its brink, searching there for lillies that might be peeping over.

TIME: No, No! They must not venture out till Winter's storms have ceased. My beloved flowers! It is well the earth should mourn your absence and yearn for your return. *(Curtain).*

Music changes to more lively tempo. It must suggest Spring. Songs. The setting of the scene is changed to one for Spring, with everything covered with green.

Curtain rises on Spring scene, C. B. Spring Dance.

SPRING: Oh, Time, I come to unlock with my magic key of Spring the doors of Nature to all the flowers of the earth, that they may drape my leafy canopies and portals with bright garlands, fill the valleys with color and fragrance, and run riot over hills and dales in their brilliant, merry pageant.

TIME: Not yet, not yet! The air has still some wandering, wintry vapors.

SPRING: March comes. The tempered, lusty breath of his wind sprites will drive them all away. *(Song).*

Dance of the Wind Sprites, Pans and Nymphs. (Enter March).

MARCH: Oh, Time, my ministering spirits of the air sweep, like the compelling wings of Jupiter's eagles, every lingering, blighting shadow away and down where sweet, pale asphodels bloom only in the dark. There shall they be shut in while three-headed Cerberus guards their captivity. In every grove and sylvan dell my Pipes O' Pan woo with persuasive breath the wood nymphs from their winter's long retreat. They are joint heralds to ear and eye of the approach of Flora's train, and await fulfillment of their happy proclamation.

TIME: I fear the ground may yet be chill and harsh. There may be lurking, hidden snows that would benumb the feet of the flowery processional, and fill the whole of Springtime with the sadness of blighted bloom. *(Exit March).*

SPRING: April is coming, and by the merry twinkling of her dainty feet over the greensward 'tis plain your fears are overcome. *(Song).*

April Dancers and Toe Dances. Rainbow colors.

APRIL: Time, everywhere is spread a carpet of tender green for the flowers to tread upon. The myriad instruments of Nature's orchestra are in tune; flute voices, sweet and clear; enchanting pipers, shrill or low; trilling, flowing, tinkling, gurgling, crashing, booming sounds; lilting, swelling, sighing strains; zephry's weird aeolians; soft, mysterious murmurings, and all the sybillant, 'cello buzz of darting gossamer wings;—this wondrous symphony of Spring is ready for the gay carnival of bloom. Refreshing, balmy airs, wandering over hills and valleys, the children, the birds, the butterflies and all other joyous things of earth are watching and calling for the flowers of Spring.

TIME: And my old heart, too, begins to call for them! Doubt and fear flee away. Hope returns as hath the verdure. Joy reanimates with a new assurance that the earth will understand the message which God voices through His flowers. Therefore, April, go on your happy way assured. Everywhere shall be free, unbounded fulfillment for every waiting bud and longing wish of Springtime bloom; and after that, fruits of the golden harvest, and all of Nature, a glad, sweet song of joy and praise. *(Exit April).*

Music is joyous and full. Songs. Flower Dances of all kinds, and garland, basket, pole, etc.

(May is crowned).

MAY *(On throne, R. S.):* Beauty is a part of the law of harmony

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which rules the universe; which commands alike the earth in her orbit, and the obedience of the other heavenly spheres; and ordains that the souls of the flowers shall be borne to us on waves of rainbow colored ether, in shapes of delicate loveliness bending to every breeze, and on perfumed airs chanting like some fond, elusive, haunting memory. They take our thoughts far afield from self, and are gifts of gladness to share with friends as exquisite tokens and sweet incense of love.

TIME: They are the voice of God in glowing words on every stem and vine and bough saying: "Behold! Here, later, will I hang abundant testimony of My love and care for the earth." It is He who gives the harvest; men only till and plant and tend. *(Curtain)*

Curtain opens. Autumn on the throne, B. C. Joyous Music. All kinds of Harvest Dances.

AUTUMN: The earth yields to joyous harvesters her burden of gathered and garnered fruits and basks in the peaceful quiet of service done. The harvest sun pours out in vibrant floods of golden glory his inarticulate pæans of praise to the Creator, and the heart of man should rejoice above all in songs of thanksgiving to the Author of all good gifts.

Choir sings an anthem of praise to God and exeunt. Time recites the epilogue, written by William H. Anderson.

There is no rift in the all-perfect lute
Of morn, of noon, of evening, and of night;
The great, grand rhythm of the passing days,
The rhapsody of darkness and of light!

Time, with perfection's fullness flows apace
Between its two extremes, nor aught can stay.
The gamut of the seasons changes not.
Each Spring the sower treads his furrowed way;

Each Summer, earth within her bosom holds
The world-old secret which the ages share;
Each Autumn comes the fruiting time, and then
The Summer's bosom secret is laid bare.

Winter recoups for all; and nature rests,
Gathering her forces for renewed endeavor;
Spring comes again, as other Springs have come,
Repeating yesterdays repeated ever.

And so the music of the spheres sweeps on,
A symphony attuned to all the years,
An endless euphony of changeless song,
Of life, of death, of laughter and of tears.

SOUTHLAND SERVICE LEAGUE

THE need of any community is the chief concern of all its friends. Southern California has been built up by means of this natural fact. Those seekers after adventure, health or homes, who came a half century ago, and found this region a land of heart's desire, still needed friends and companionship. No one can tear up root and branch and move to a new country without a pang for those dear scenes and childhood comrades left behind.

The instinct for sharing good things of life is also a strong factor in the call sent out continuously from Southern California to come on out and see how fine are the waters and the other advantages of the Pacific Shore.

We have reached a point in our development where we are almost too busy enjoying the climate to talk much about it; but we still think of those absent friends and members of the family "back East," and we search the shops and postcard booths for something to send which will share with them our joy of life and at the same time be within the bounds of truth and even accuracy.

The Southland Service Bureau, mentioned for the first time in the publishers' notice on the contents page of this number, is designed to serve the community in this two-edged capacity. For the first two years of its existence, this magazine has been searching out standards and setting forth the work of experts. The publishers now propose to place this source of expert information at the disposal of individual subscribers as well as to continue its use in the make-up of the magazine. Subscribers are urged to use the Bureau. Individual needs are varied; and yet a small act such as the writing of a card to CALIFORNIA SOUTHLAND requesting an illustration of some favorite spot in the next number of the magazine, or giving the name and subscription address of your neglected Easterner, will send a ray of California sunshine in the direction you wish it to go, and help supply accurate information to an unbelieving world.

Building up a better reputation for Southern California will then become a part of your daily effort, and you will help develop a bureau of accurate information for the Southland.

This issue, No. 11, has been made the July-August number instead of June-July, in order that the unusually beautiful Christmas number may be on the newsstands for the two months preceding Christmas and can thus be sent abroad for the holidays. The month of June has been divided between the numbers preceding and following it. Increasing subscriptions will soon warrant the expenditure, and CALIFORNIA SOUTHLAND will be made a monthly.

THE COLOR PLATES

The cover on this number is from a painting by Joseph Duncan Gleason, a member of the California Club of Artists and well known in business circles. Mr. Gleason is leaving soon for the East to compete in the trials for the Olympic games at Antwerp, representing the Los Angeles Athletic Club as national champion on flying rings.

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At the top of the page is a blouse of pongee, silk embroidered in rich colors. Below a two-color panel sports blouse developed from silk georgette. Left, hand-loomed Japanese crepe; and above it the famous peacock sports blouse.

His feeling toward life is shown again in his poem, "A Creed":

"I hold that when a person dies
His soul returns again to earth;
Arrayed in some new flesh-disguise,
Another mother gives him birth.
With sturdier limbs and brighter brain
The old soul takes the road again."

"Biography," one of the most notable of his shorter poems, is like a looking-glass reflection of a remote, mysterious personality, evoking episodes vivid in the writer's memory, tracing lightly currents of influence or development, and closing with what may be taken as Masefield's own *summum bonum*:

"Best trust the happy moments. What they gave
Makes man less fearful of the certain grave,
And gives his work compassion and new eyes—
The days that make us happy, make us wise."

This is a collection not only rich in beautiful poetry, pictures of sea and land, but in interpretations of experience and meditative analysis of life that give the reader material for thought and will reward thought and time spent over them. If not a magazine of high explosive, it is at least a casket of mysterious compound, stirring the brain cells and stimulating soul-perceptions of the beauty and forces of life.

The whole field of contemporary poetry has been gleaned by Mrs. Wilkinson in her interesting volume, "New Voices." It is, as its author calls it, an "introduction to contemporary poetry," combining exposition, commentary and example in presenting a very wide range of work by English and American poets of the present day. How wide this range, is indicated by the fact that 140 different poets are represented in the selections, which include older and more conservative names as well as those representing the latest "radical" expression.

Like most exponents of "new poetry" Mrs. Wilkinson is inclined to take it for granted that poetry was extinct in this country until about ten years ago—though this assumption is capable of refutation. But despite her emphasis upon the present, she has a sympathetic appreciation of all true poetry and a realization of the extremes of some contemporary verse. Her attitude is much fairer than that of Mr. Untermeyer, and her judgment better; and she is less dogmatic than Miss Lowell, though less gifted with literary skill. She deals first with the reader's approach to poetry, and tells of the wide and varied fields in which poetry is appearing today—the magazines, anthologies, and constantly increasing number of individual volumes of verse. In approaching contemporary poetry we must recognize the new currents of aspirations and expression, not only as legitimate, but as inevitable, as necessary to creative activity, for the mind must constantly reach out to new ideals and seek new experiences; and we must also appreciate the high standards and fine workmanship that mark good poetry today. We must have a receptive attitude toward Tomorrow and not remain stuck fact in Yesterday, like "poor Jim Jay," of Walter de la Mare's verses:

"Do diddle di do,
Poor Jim Jay
Got stuck fast
In Yesterday.
Squinting he was
On cross-legs bent,
Never heeding
The wind was spent.
Round veered the weather-cock
The sun drew in—
And stuck was Jim
Like a rusty pin."

If we are not to be like Jim Jay we must pull ourselves out of Yesterday and enjoy the beauty and significance of Today.

The method in which these "new voices" are presented is interesting and effective. Separate chapters are devoted to various phases of subject or of form, such as the pattern of a poem, the diction of contemporary poetry, how poems are made, democracy and the new themes, love in contemporary poetry, personality in contemporary poetry, certain radical poets and other topics. This descriptive text is interspersed with poems that illustrate the special phase or subject treated, and then at the close of each chapter are grouped longer selections, very varied and very interesting. There are some portraits, some critical and biographical comments on the poets treated, and the reader gains from the volume as a whole a stimulating and interesting sense of acquaintance with the broad field of present-day poetry. The selections show discriminating judgment. Many names are represented, some widely familiar, some unfamiliar. English poets are included in generous proportions, from Walter de la Mare's exquisite fairylike "Listeners" to Noyes' rich lyrics, and Chesterton's ringing ballad epic "The Battle of Lepanto." Among the examples of American poetry there is rich variety in theme, power and style, from Amy Lowell's delicate word limning to Masters' harsh, strong strokes. Vachell Lindsay's work stands out, with its distinctive qualities of "jazz" rhythm, grotesque power and imaginative insight. The brief examples should allure many readers to make a more intimate acquaintance with poetry that is remarkable in its originality and force, for there are few present-day contributions to American poetry so notable as Lindsay's "Congo." It gives, underlying the rapid beat of its minstrel tintinnabulations, a penetrating and sympathetic study of the negro race—the spirit of the Congo hovering over their crudities, their terrors and their gaities, and transmuted at last from fierce Voodoo superstition to childlike joy in heavenly visions:

"There where the wild ghost-gods had wailed
A million boats of the angels sailed,
With oars of silver and prows of blue,
And silken pennants that the sun shone through.
"Twas a land transfigured, 'twas a new creation.
Oh, a singing wind swept the negro nation
And on through the backwoods' clearing flew:
'Mumbo Jumbo is dead in the jungle.
Never again will he hoo-doo you,
Never again will he hoo-doo you.'"

* *Part of Book Talk on Poetry, Pasadena Public Library, March 11, 1920.*
† *Kipling, Rudyard. Verse, Inclusive edition. Doubleday, Page & Co. 1919.*
Masefield, John. Collected poems. Macmillan. 1919.
Wilkinson, Marguerite. New voices. Macmillan. 1919.

A NEW BOOK has been added to the list of Kipling's works, published by Doubleday, Page and Company. *Letters of Travel* is just off the press, and lovers of Kipling's virile prose will greet it with pleasure. It is well to get a glimpse of ourselves as others see us, and the pages descriptive of America are, therefore, as interesting as are the master's descriptions of foreign parts.

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Pasadena in the Summertime

PASADENA is not only beautiful for situation and charming as a winter resort, but it is also beautiful in many other ways and charming also as a *summer* resort. Located at the head of the historic San Gabriel Valley, eight hundred to a thousand feet above the sea, it thus occupies a commanding position; and the smiling vale, sloping off to the southward, makes of this regal city truly the "crown of the valley." Cooling breezes blow daily from the Pacific, making the summer climate of the daytime as delightful as one could desire, and the mountain breeze at night makes sleeping under covers a restful and recuperative process. More and more are people being lured here by its delightful summer attractions and are making it their summer resort. With the massive mountains skirting it on the north and the sea on the south, Pasadena has easily accessible opportunities for these two summer variations. Nearly two hundred miles of street trees give shaded walks, and the beautiful nooks in the Arroyo Seco are enjoyed by picnic parties. Superb Brookside Park, with its tennis courts, lighted for evening playing, its cooling outdoor plunge for myriads of swimmers, and its other attractions, is especially attractive in the summer-time. Many golf courses in the vicinity, fine roads leading out to everywhere for automobiling, the Municipal Aero field, from which rides in the sky may be enjoyed, splendid hotels, apartments, bungalow courts, and Pasadena's many other attractions present an alluring summer invitation to people looking for an opportunity to spend the summer time more pleasantly.

A PASADENA DAY

Heigh-ho! date plumes waving in the breeze—
Poppies' golden chalices—droning honey bees;
Butterflies that flutter by, circling in the sun,
Fold their wings—then further fly—vanish one by one.
Shadows on the lupine-fringe and eucalyptus trees
Dance on, glance on—weaving fantasies;
Far off where the foothills thread in sage and russet chain,
"Baldy" rears a hoary head though seasons wax and wane;
"Zoom-m-m-m" hum the honey bees, hunting honey o'er the leas;
"Hush-sh-sh-sh" sigh the gossip trees, whispering of mysteries;
Heigh-ho! down below basks the new-turned hay;
Ah—the pungent scent of it, Citrus-blossom blent of it,
Calm and sweet content of it—This Pasadena day.

—Phyllys Dyrenforth.

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By MAX Mac KINNON

"NEW YORK and home again! The same old skyline with its towering sky-scrapers, the same fog and haze, rising like an enveloping cloud to enfold one to the heart of the best little village in the world, the same dull roar of traffic coming to one like the distant reverberation of great guns, the same smell, the same atmosphere that endears New York to Americans, no matter whence their travels have brought them.

"Paris, the former gay, vivacious, care-free playground of the smart globe-trotter and the fashionable elite, is no longer gay and Bohemian. True, its clothes are just as smart, its women just as chic, its streets just as beautiful as of yore,—but the spirit! Ah, the spirit,—it is no more. Four long years of heart-rending war and two more or less of uncertain neighborly relations have made the once merry city a more somber, serious work-a-day thing, whose whole business is to build up again the exquisite joys of pre-war days.

"All the old fashion-ateliers are working day and night, their number supplemented by many new names and faces and modes of varying smartness and finesse. Jeanne Lanvin, Jenny, Martial et Armand, Poiret, Paquin, Premet—they are all there, and their creations are more modish, more distinctive than ever before.

"Paris realizes, better than anyone else, that four years of warfare has greatly hindered her output of style-pieces, and in that four years, little old New York has been forging right ahead, so it behooves her to take serious thought of her place as the world's foremost Fashion Authority.

"A rather universal return to straight-lines is noticeable in the French capital, and whether it be a Jenny or a Callot, this tendency is shown. Some trotteurs are absolutely tube-like, and are as often worn without any sign of belt, as with. Sleeves still incline to extreme brevity, in many instances being mere armholes, and necklines jump startlingly from extreme decollette to equally extreme height in chokers and collars that button up under the chin.

"The bouffancy of 1919 and early 1920 has utterly disappeared in street frocks and suits, though it is shown with variations in some piquant evening gowns and dance-frocks. Straight lines from neckline to hem, and skirts of medium or narrow tendencies are, so far, supreme for Autumn and Winter, but who can tell what new note may be sounded before the season advances to its height.

"Tailleurs are as slim as trotteurs, and coat lines are much longer than those of last season, in many models, extending below the knees and within three or four inches from the bottom of the skirt. Shoulders remain narrow as do sleeves, and skirts in long-coated costumes are very narrow and short. An effort has been made by some designers, to introduce medium width and even wider styles in short skirts, but their efforts have met with little response—the chic Parisienne evidently remaining true to her old love, the tube-skirt of negligible length.

'A very evident trimming note sounds the call for much embroidering, and in vivid colors as well as the darker tones of the costumes. "La Broderie Ghiords" is one new conceit, while "Persian Carpet-Embroidery" is all that its name implies in both coloring and technique.

"Beadings, so popular in every form last season, are seldom seen on tailleurs or trotteurs, though they still retain popularity on afternoon and evening creations,—and in these forms, pursue intricate patterns and exotic colorings, both opaque and crystalline.

"Tones in street and afternoon apparel are distinctively conservative, and besides the always smart black, cocoa, malay, hindu and like deep shades of brown, are particularly favored. Midnight and navy blue come in for their share of chic, and various dark shades of grey are also considered good.

"Grey is much seen in evening apparel, and when combined with silver, is refreshingly simple and dignified. Many vivid shades are displayed in evening gowns and wraps, and metallic fabrics are again shown in many variations. Straight lines have "arrived" here also, but the young girl and youthful matron wear fluffy, bouffant styles with perfect assurance of their charm and smartness.

"Footwear has taken a decided turn toward elaborate styles—the former plain opera pump having fallen into immediate and decided disgrace. Cross straps, ankle straps, instep straps—all kinds of straps and fancy perforations are appearing, but large bows and instep ties have departed for parts unknown. Satins in black, midnight, browns and greys are being shown with much favor, and suedes in browns and greys fashion both street and sports footwear. Evening models follow the same lines in fancy fabrics.

"Hosiery has followed the trend of footwear, with a resultant array of laces, insets, clocks and designs that vie with the handiwork of the industrious spider, and are almost as sheer as his mystic web. Taupe is exceedingly new and chic, especially when worn with black fancy pumps.

"Millinery favors duvetyne and peach bloom, with soft, unstiffened effects to the fore. Heavy rolls around the face, flat, "squashy" lines usurping the dashing off-the-face models, and colorings following the vivid-tone-vogue of spring and summer.

"Last, but not least, come the fabrics—luxurious, but conservative—duvetynes, peach blooms, duvet de laine, vel de cygne and chiffon velvets for wraps and tailleurs. Tricotines, Poiret twills, velynes and chamoistynes for trotteurs. Evening apparel still chooses velvets, metallic brocades and satins, with various new color-combinations, patterns and weaves to lend verve.

"And now, I must go view the smart maidens and matrons as they promenade on Fifth Avenue. I long for a glimpse of the well-groomed, perfectly attired women of my own country,—and I know I shall see just these things of which I have been telling you, worn by the always smart, ultra-fashionable femininity of little old New York —and in a way that is distinctly different from those dear, chic little Parisiennes whom I have just left."

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CONTENTS

		PAGE
A PAINTING BY EDWARD HENRY POTTHAST	*Cover Design*	
SAN DIEGO MISSION, PHOTOGRAPH BY MAURER	*Contents Design*	
THE LURE OF THE SOUTHLAND	*Elise Hutton*	5
A LABORATORY FOR SCHOOLS		7
CHILDREN HELP THE MISSIONS	*Carroll De Wilton Scott*	7
THE OLD MISSION COMMITTEE	*George W. Marston*	8
SOME NOTES ON THE MONTESSORI METHOD	*Augustus Davies*	9
THE SEA GULL	*Mildred Stewart*	9
SALVAGING THE WARTIME SPIRIT OF SERVICE		10
EXHIBITIONS AND STUDIOS		10
THE FLINTRIDGE COUNTRY CLUB	*Mabel Urmy Seares*	11
SOUTHLAND OPINION		12-13
MAKING OUR OWN PICTURES	*Milton J. Ferguson*	14
CALIFORNIA'S OPPORTUNITY	*Robert A. Millikan*	15
THE COLOR PLATES		16
THE ART OF WIECZOREK	*Florence Pierce*	17
SOUTHLAND CANYONS	*Ernest McGaffey*	18
THE WA-WAN CLUB		19
ADVANCE IN MOVING PICTURE PHOTOGRAPHY	*Cecil de Frietas*	19
PASADENA COMMUNITY WORK		19
NOTES OF THE SCHOOLS		20
CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE		21
SOUTHLAND'S BUSINESS COURSE	*J. W. Hamilton*	21

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CALIFORNIA SOUTHLAND
AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF NATIONAL INTEREST

THE LURE OF CALIFORNIA'S SOUTHLAND

WRITTEN FROM THE STANDPOINT OF THE TOURIST—By ELISE HUTTON

AS in the days of '49 the lure of gold drew thousands to her borders, so now the lure of California's southland calls us summer and winter and we come in ever increasing numbers. When we leave, everyone says confidently, "Oh, you'll come back"; and so we do, at the first opportunity, drawn by the charm that never grows old—the delightful climate and the joyfulness of life.

For California is fast becoming the pleasure-ground of our Nation. Wonderful indeed are her natural beauties, her great resources and her opportunities for still greater things in the future. We spend months within her borders, walking the streets of her cities, climbing her mountain trails, idling at her beaches. We love the brilliant sunshine, the clear blue of the sky, the gay abandon of the flowers that grow and bloom in such luxuriance. The atmosphere is laden with the perfume of orange blossoms, while in the background the mountains rise in solemn, rugged grandeur—their snow-capped peaks seeming sometimes a part of the clouds.

We love it all; why, we neither know nor care. It is just California and we love it! For one thing, even in the rush and hurry of this restless age, we find here a touch of the old world that links us to the past; a world that has lived and passed away leaving behind its sign posts in the chain of old Missions, or their ruins, along El Camino Real that winds in and out along the coast from San Diego to San Francisco de Solano.

These Missions—for the pedestrian a day's journey apart—are a lasting testimony to the zeal and earnestness of the Franciscan padres who first planted the Cross and opened the way for civilization, as they toiled tirelessly over the desert and mountain trails on their ministrations to the Indians.

THE BEAUTY OF THE MISSIONS IS A SUBTLE THING THAT CANNOT BE RESTORED IF LOST—PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1903 BY MR. LAWRENCE MACOMBER

In the shadow of the San Gabriel Mission the wonderful Mission Play gives us this history in its struggles, its hardships, and its beauty, with a vividness that carries us back to those early days, and grips us so that we cannot forget it.

At San Diego we feel that we are treading historic ground. Delightful San Diego, where for two years the exquisite beauty of the Exposition grounds charmed the world. In "Old Town," which lies a sleepy little hamlet on the border of the bustling city, we seem to step backward a hundred years or more.

It was here that Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson gathered the material for her charming story of "Ramona," and gave to the world in 1884 that tale of love and romance which will ever hold the imagination and sympathy of the world. Standing in the "Old Presidio" we picture the lovers wandering through the star-lit night all the long miles from Camulus ranch to San Diego, where they were married by Father Gaspara in the west wing of the old adobe building where he lived, and which was used as chapel for a number of years after the burning of the Mission by the Indians. This building, which has now been restored and protected from falling into decay, is known as "Ramona's Marriage Place," and is one of the most fascinating spots in Southern California. It was built in 1825 by Don Jose Antonio Estudillo, and known for years as the Estudillo house and during three generations of that family was noted for its generous hospitality, and was a favorite gathering place for all the culture and refinement of Southern California. After the family had removed to Los Angeles it was left in charge of a keeper who ruthlessly disposed of many things to the souvenir hunters who flocked to see it. It was in danger of being dismantled, when in 1910 Mr. J. D. Spreckels restored it to its ancient beauty so that now it is one of the most beautiful and interesting places we visit.

The long, low adobe building faces the "Old Town" Plaza, where in 1846 the U. S. flag was first planted in Southern California by General Fremont; and it is built around a patio after the old Spanish style. Its walls, from two to four feet thick, worn and stained by time, stand as firm as when first built. The red tile roof rests on huge timbers, some of them fifty feet long, and all carried by the Indians from the Cuyamaca Mountains forty miles distant; these are bound in place by rawhide thongs, not a nail being used.

The walls of the corridors are hung with curious old relics and the floors are paved with odd-looking oblong red tiles from the old acqueduct built in 1770, and carried here by the Indians on their shoulders.

The dull reds of the tiling blend with the soft tones of the adobe

and make a wonderful background for the gay riot of color that fills the garden. Roses climbing from ground to roof, hollyhocks, dahlias, foxgloves, zinnias, every flower that one can think of, has a place in that garden. It is a dazzling blaze of color, with here and there a palm tree or a fig tree, the yellow of the acacia, or the big tropical looking banana leaf, making a picturesque note. In the center is a fountain pool filled with water-lilies and tall papyrus, and besides this a crystal gazing bowl that reflects it all from every point.

Here, within the safe boundaries of the patio, the first stage and mail coach that ran from San Diego to Yuma, rests from its labors with the many thrilling tales it could tell; and an old cart, two hundred years old testifies to the patience and plodding of the Mexicans. At the end of the long grape-vine covered pergola is the "Wishing Well," where, according to Indian tradition, you drink to the goddess of "Good Luck" and obtain your heart's desire.

We could linger indefinitely under the spell of this living history of the past; but there are still other things to lure us on, and we turn, though with reluctant steps, to the Mission Cliff Gardens, where nature and art have joined hands to make for the loiterer another scene of beauty. Strolling along through a bewildering maze of paths bordered by beds of flowers, all a blaze of color,—heliotrope, fuchsias, ivy-geraniums, and countless others, we come to the edge of the cliff overlooking the valley and at once understand why these beautiful gardens are so named.

Here, resting under a rose-covered pergola, we see far below us the long stretches of the beautiful Mission Valley with its patches of luxuriant green, its fruit and olive trees.

On a hillside far up this valley stands all that is left of the old San Diego Mission, her crumbling walls a mute appeal to her state to preserve from decay this, the most sacred spot in her history—for it was here that history began.

Built more than 150 years ago through the tireless energy and untold privations of devoted men, the Mission stood for God and righteousness and looked down upon the smiling, fruitful vale below. For years within that patio Indians and Mexicans were converted to the Christian faith, and taught in those schools and workshops, and here in this now desolate and grass-grown spot, many of them lie buried.

RAMONA'S MARRIAGE PLACE OLD TOWN

Could this historic building be restored and made more accessible to visitors, many would flock to see it instead of turning sadly away when told that it is six miles or more up the valley, and that there is no way to reach it except by private auto. Fortunately during the past year some effort towards restoration has been made, funds have been raised and the work begun, but for more than a quarter of a century—since Christmas-eve, 1893, when the church and the surrounding buildings were destroyed by an earthquake, it has been a scene of desolation. Where once the busy sounds of life and children's laughter filled the air there is now only the lonely care-taker whose mind dwells lovingly on the past, and whose hope is that these walls, so dear to his heart, will be rebuilt. To his great joy the work has begun, though progressing very slowly. The debris of the ruined walls has been removed and one can see again the old tile-paved floor of the church, and the sacristy where under the tiles lies the dust of four of her devoted priests.

The bricks of the old walls have been carefully collected and piled up, but as they were fire-burned they can be of no use in the rebuilding, which is to be done with sun-dried adobe brick, except perhaps around casings and archways where they give more symmetry (*sic*) to the work. Many Indians have until recently been employed in making these adobe bricks which are arranged in huge piles drying in the sun. They have made 8000 so far, but as it will take eight to make one foot and as the walls are three feet thick, it is but a small beginning. Still, it is a beginning.

The contrast between the past and the present shows very markedly here. For while the Indians who helped Father Serra so freely and gladly in building the first walls were satisfied to receive for their labor a small sack of flour or grain, their great-great-grandchildren who are making the adobes today are paid four dollars a day and grumble that it is not five. However, with growing interest the funds will grow. California does great things quickly all the time, so it may not be many years before the old bell will once more be heard through the valley calling the worshipers to prayer within that hallowed spot.

THE PATIO GARDEN, RAMONA'S HOUSE

Announcement of the Committee for Preservation of San Diego Mission

GEORGE W. MARSTON
Chairman of Committee

SIXTY years ago, before the modern city of San Diego had come into existence, the Mission Church, San Diego de Alcala, was in a ruinous condition. Since then, earthquakes, storms and vandalism have wrought further destruction.

At various times some conservation work has been done, but not until 1919, one hundred and fifty years after the founding of the Mission, has a serious and sustained effort been made to prevent its utter ruin.

A local committee has now undertaken, not the restoration of the old church, but the preservation of the existing ruins and a worthy improvement of the surrounding grounds, which are several acres in extent. Last year several thousand dollars, local contributions, were expended in shoring up the tottering walls of the east side, rebuilding the baptistry on the west side, removing many tons of debris, grading the hill slopes and building a new road.

In the coming autumn and winter the Old Mission Committee will carry on this modest work of preservation. The grounds will be cleared of the rubbish collections of a half century and such planting done as will give the ruins an old-time California landscape setting.

In the Mission Cliff Garden San Diego

Overlooking Mission Valley

Cocos Plumosa Palms

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA A LABORATORY FOR SCHOOLS

VOCATIONAL training, out-door classes, and corridored buildings have formed the striking features of California schools ever since the Indians made adobe brick to build their missions. Living in the same environment as that which surrounded the Spanish padres, we find ourselves working out our ideal schools and buildings along the same lines. Harboring pedagogues from every portion of the United States, we have established, not a melting pot, but an American school laboratory where educational ideas from New England or the Western Reserve, the beautiful home training of the old South, and the eager acquisitiveness of the progressive Middle West may be found side by side in every conceivable combination.

Although most conservatively founded and developed by men from Atlantic universities, even the State University at Berkeley has met and been influenced by the varying conditions of climate and agriculture, the nearness of the Orient, and the vital history of our Spanish past.

Throughout the state, work on the better adaptation of our public school system to conditions in a free republic is slowly proceeding downward. Normal schools are being revised according to the able plan worked out by President Ernest C. Moore of Los Angeles, explained by him in the 1919 School Number of this magazine. The Junior College and the Union High School are receiving the attention of master minds, and in towns like Fullerton in the south and Palo Alto in the north, draw students from other districts because of the excellence of their development.

Unretarded by red-tape or tradition it is, however, the private schools which give unusual opportunity to every new idea. From the adaptation of the Montessori method to the needs of American children of all ages, now so wisely being developed by Mrs. Augustus Davies, through the many other interesting private schools of San Diego, Los Angeles, Pasadena and Santa Barbara, new ideals and wholesome innovations are boldly introduced to prepare the free and independent sons and daughters of California for the work and the joy of life. Eventually these experiments or new turns to old methods prove their worth and, slowly permeating the public schools, give to every future citizen the best education his mentality will take.

THE RUINS OF SAN DIEGO MISSION IN 1920
A SAN DIEGO COMMITTEE HAS NOW UNDERTAKEN THE PRESERVATION OF THE RUINS

SCHOOL CHILDREN HELP RESTORE THE MISSIONS

By Carroll De Wilton Scott

To learn business methods, history, folk-lore, art and music and the large lesson of social co-operation in community work and at the same time help in a vital conservation movement and withal have one of the jolliest times of the year, may seem like an educational dream. But this is a meager way of stating what the children of the Francis W. Parker School of San Diego accomplished during the month of April. The usual Spring Festival took the form this year of a Spanish Festival. This variety of entertainment seemed appropriate because of the interest throughout the state in the restoration of the Old Missions. Also because California schools are continually receiving pupils who are unacquainted with the Spanish inheritance in California history. Lastly, the suggestion held a promise of romance and merriment.

After the scheme of the festival had been accepted by the faculty and the children, interest in the project was aroused by taking a Saturday excursion to Old San Diego. Here, under the shadow of the Serra Cross, the leader pointed out to the children the site of the first presidio built in California, the first palm tree planted in 1769, and still standing, the famous old houses of adobe built during the first quarter of the last century, and other landmarks, "Where Alta California began."

The excursion party followed closely El Camino Real for six miles up Mission Valley to the site of the Old Mission, now in pathetic ruins. On this historic ground we saw the first olive orchard planted in California, the parent of most of the Mission olives in the state today. Patrick Dungan, the faithful guardian of the Mission property, told us Mission lore—the oft-told tale of consecrated labor, the murder of Father Juame, first martyr of

THE METHOD OF RESTORATION

California; the mystery of the well-tunnel, and above all, the hopes he cherished of seeing the Mission church restored. No child who heard and saw the things of this pilgrimage could fail to gain a livelier sense of historical values than he could ever extract from books.

Then came the real preparation for the Festival. The library was stocked with books relating to the period of Spanish occupation, many children bringing books from their own homes. Committees on costumes, dances, music, properties and entertainment were appointed. Old residents of the city came to the school and told of days when water was sold from a wagon and when it was a common thing to hear the Indians in the canyons chanting at night their weird funeral rites for the dead. Booths for the Fair were planned and groups of children assigned to them. Posters advertising the Festival and the products of the various booths were made. The sewing room was busy, after school, making costumes for the whole school.

At last the day of the Festival arrives, a perfect California spring day. The porticos of the school facing the enclosed court are aflame with Mexican and Spanish bunting. Children are still working at the booths, which are gayly decorated—arranging Indian art work, making up bouquets at the flower booth, hustling in cages of Belgian hares donated to the market booth. Excitement, joyous anticipation, are written on every countenance. Unknown señors rush by. Charming señoritas blossom on your sight like brilliant tropical flowers from an old garden of romance. The crowd begins to arrive, fills all the seats and overflows to court and roof. The director summons the actors to the auditorium.

The Festival begins with a pageant of early California history. A group of Indians pass across the court-stage. Cabrillo and his party take possession of San Diego Bay in the name of Charles V of Spain. Then follows Viscaino, who surveys the region, and Serra and party, who dedicate San Diego de Alcala, first Mission of Alta California, and fling the Spanish flag to the breeze. In the midst of a scene of Mission prosperity a Mexican commander enters and orders the Spanish flag lowered and the Mexican flag hoisted. Finally the Mission lands are transferred to Don Arguello by Governor Pio Pico, and later General Fremont raises the stars and stripes. The pageant closes with a poetical appeal for the restoration of the San Diego Mission—

Mother of Missions, wreck of noble hopes,
In sad and lingering decay,
You wait in mute appeal on lonely slopes,
Beside the King's Highway.

With this historical background, the audience is ready to appreciate an old San Diego fiesta. A group of little Indian children skip into the court and begin playing the hoop and stick game. Others come and they dance together and sing the Tecolote Owl song among the shrubbery. Older Indian and Spanish boys stroll in and the Announcer enters and tells everybody in gay manner that Don Bandini invites them all to his house to celebrate the betrothal of his daughter Arcadia to Guadaloupe Maron. This is a signal for fresh gayety. The boys join in a circle-dance with tom-tom. A troubadour enters, playing a violin, followed by a laughing group of Spanish girls. They

MAKING FIESTA POSTERS

beg for dance music, the troubadour plays and they dance a Spanish folk-dance.

The conclusion of this dance marks the enentrance of a large crowd of young people, with the Master of Ceremonies leading. The girls are singing the Estudiantina, and straightway begin dancing to the encouragement of the manager and other señors. Gradually all the merry-makers enter and, with songs and dances, the court becomes a riot of color and musical voices. The Master of Ceremonies is everywhere, welcoming and congratulating, dressed in crimson suit, black satin bolero and silk sash. The fairest señoritas are complimented and led forth for solo dances to "La Paloma" and other favorite tunes. The crowd strolls and applauds while Don Frederico or the orchestra performs.

Suddenly the chapel door opens and the betrothal group, led by the priest, enters the court-yard. The hilarity reaches its climax with shouting and throwing of confetti and breaking of cascarones on prominent heads. The Manager calls for a song, "In Your Garden." A favorite dancer is clapped forward. Then all join in singing the haunting melodies of "La Golindrina." At last, accompanied by the strains of the National Hymn of Mexico, the betrothal party is rushed up to the booths, where another kind of merrymaking begins.

Now the crowd pours along the porticos and through the court, filling every booth. The Spanish restaurant, where tamales, chili con carne and frijoles are served by the fiesta revelers, is crowded for two hours. The candy booth sells thirty-five dollars worth of candy in less than an hour. The Spanish Museum, the work and initiative of one pupil, clears ten dollars. Each booth has its cashier, and when all returns are in and all expenses paid, the president of the student body hands over to Geo. W. Marston, Chairman of the Restoration

THE SPANISH FIESTA AT THE SCHOOL

Fund, a check for one hundred and fifteen dollars.

Some there may be who think all this is not worth the trouble for school children. But what is school time for anyway? School work was seriously interfered with for only four days and the children cleaned up on a holiday. Is it worth while to bring one hundred and fifty people into full co-operative effort in the creating of something beautiful that they will always remember; to melt for a season the difference between pupils and teachers in one great joyous fellowship; to achieve a complete success together, financial, educational, artistic? Maybe a "Spanish Festival" in one form or another can help mould children into American citizens. Try it and see.

SOME NOTES ON THE MONTESSORI METHOD

By AUGUSTUS DAVIES

Mr. Squeers never has been regarded as exactly an ideal educator. To call him a forerunner of Dr. Montessori might seem like a decidedly doubtful compliment to the *Dottoressa*. Nevertheless, he laid down one sound principle of education with which Dr. Montessori would be perfectly in accord.

Nicholas Nickleby was beginning his duties as "usher" at Dotheboy's Hall. Mr. Squeers was hearing the "first class in English spelling and philosophy," and had asked, "Where's the second boy?"

"'Please, sir, he's weeding the garden,' replied a small voice.

"'To be sure,' said Squeers, . . . 'So he is. B-o-t, bot, t-i-n, tin, bottin, n-e-y bottinney, noun, substantive, a knowledge of plants. When he has learned that bottinney means a knowledge of plants, he goes and knows 'em.

"'That's the way we do it, Nickleby,' . . . 'And a very good way it is, too'."

(Continued on Page 15)

Photograph by J. L. Padilla *Courtesy of Newton D. Barry*

SURF NEAR THE GOLDEN GATE, SAN FRANCISCO BAY

THE SEA GULL

By MILDRED STEWART

Detached, against a floating cloud,
He cuts the air
With boastful cry and challenge loud—
Who knows his lair?

Is it the stretch of saffron sands,
Ruffled by foam,
Or terraced rocks whose agate bands
Fashion his home,

Or briny shadows 'neath old piers,
Their limbs moss-laced?
He climbs the heavens, and circling, veers
Like grey smoke chased

Across the welkin by a breath
Unseen, yet felt.
Little he recks of care, of death—
His pinions melt

Against ten thousand miles of sky,
He knows the caves
Of star-swept night, whose caverns lie
Under the waves.

He jumps the rainbow's spectrumed bridge,
Or in the rose
Of sunrise, like a ghostly midge,
Trembles and glows.

I envy one, who roams at will,
His goal a star,
Who, when earth grows too drear and still,
Hastens afar.

I envy one, whose wings can bear
Him o'er the skies,
Up through the silent, sun-washed air
To Paradise!

SALVAGING THE SPIRIT OF WARTIME SERVICE

Photograph by Courtesy of Fir Tree Tea Room
SARATOGA HAS ALREADY ERECTED ITS SOLDIERS' MEMORIAL ARCH IN ITS LITTLE CIVIC CENTER

IN the mareh of civilization, the words *noblesse oblige* have come to interpret a new thing. Their original purpose was to set forth the fact that the noble lord and lady, being edueated above their henchmen and spared all menial work were therefore under obligation to care for and direct the serfs under them. This has had its part in human progress, but now that the nobility—as aecepted under the feudal system—has become submerged by the World War into the mass of humanity risen to engulf it, the application of these two words of truth must be publically changed. To whom then shall we apply a maxim so potent in world progress? The universal spirit of service roused by the World War in opposition to Germany's colossal selfishness seemed the revivification of the old idea of *noblesse oblige* scattered broadcast through all classes and nations. It eropped up everywhere, in the home, the offiee, in little towns on the frontier and to an unexpected extent in large cities. We know that a grain of corn must fall into the ground and die before it can grow and multiply. This generation has witnessed the sowing of the living ideals that formed the kernel in the husks of aristocracy. Epitomized in the splendid voluntary sacrifice of those thousands of the flower of the British nobility thrust first into the sowing, the seed that was cast into the ground must spring up through the heavy soil of human selfishness and bear a harvest of noble deeds in the wide fields of democracy.

It is not lost, that spirit of service that we recognized even here at home during the war. On every side we see it being made manifest in daily life. Here, in a little country town is an arehway, a memorial to remind us of it; and in the very eenter of our eivic life in town and city chambers of eommerce the Ameriean City Bureau is organizing its principles into the vitals of American eommunity and business constitutions.

In a daily San Francisco newspaper clipping we find the following. It was sent to CALIFORNIA SOUTHLAND without signature, but it sounds like John D. Barry:

AN ASTONISHING INSCRIPTION: The Significant Words Found on a Beautiful Arch Among the Trees of an Attraetive Little Park in Saratoga.

(Continued on Page 21)

EXHIBITIONS AND STUDIOS

THE opening of a beautiful studio in Los Angeles is an event, whether the rooms be filled with pictures or objects of art-handicraft. When, therefore, these two interests are combined in a building which is in itself a work of art, the attraction is irresistible.

At the studio of H. H. Whiteley, 520 South Western Avenue, whose eharming front is pictured in colors in this number, there will be an opening exhibition of paintings by European and American artists during the last two weeks of September. Opportunities to add to our collections of European artists' work have been few and far between for several years, and this exhibition of selected eanvases will be well shown in a sympathetic environment. The blue of La Cabana Azul is increasingly delightful as one enters the domed vestibule; and the charming interior court has all the delightful fascination reminiscent of the Alhambra in its Spanish coloring.

CALENDAR OF THE 11th ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE CALIFORNIA ART CLUB, 1920

To Be Shown at the Gallery of Fine and Applied Arts, Museum of History, Science and Art, Exposition Park, Los Angeles, Under the auspiees of the Board of Governors and the Direetor of the Museum

Last day to send Invitation List	Sept. 15th
Last day to return entries to Corresponding Secretary	Sept. 30th
Works received at Gallery until	Oct. 1st
Sessions of Jury—Monday and Tuesday	Oct. 5-6
Hanging accepted work	Oct. 5th
Press View	Oct. 6th
Reception and First View, Thursday (8 to 11 P. M.)	Oct. 7th
Open to publie daily	Oct. 7-Nov. 15

(Sundays, 2 to 5 P. M. Wednesday, 10 to 12 A. M.)

NOTE—Positively no works received at Gallery after October 1st.

THE Los Angeles number of the ARCHITECT AND BUILDER shows many of of the typical examples of architeeture selected for the help of the public taste by the local Chapter of the Institute of American Architeets.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE SOUTHLAND IS NOTABLE
REGINALD D. JOHNSON, ARCHITECT

THE FINE ART OF LIVING IN CALIFORNIA

IN his latest short story, "As It Was in the Beginning," published in *The Saturday Evening Post*, Arthur Train draws a sharp contrast between the rush of American life as it is led, and the leisurely life, half in the country, half in town which the British nation has perfected through the past. Nothing could better drive home to American men the loss they are constantly sustaining than this story of profound wisdom on the fundamentals of living.

When, in England, the hero of this story has time to think of things other than business, his mind turns back to America searching for the half forgotten joys of fishing and riding, time for golf and country life. He determines to change his whole mode of living from that moment, and remembers a place he once saw which would make a good country estate.

Southern California is settled by large groups of people who have taken time to enjoy life; yet how few have developed the art of living.

From a Painting by Benjamin Brown.
NEAR THE FLINTRIDGE CLUB HOUSE OAK-EMBROIDERED HILLS DIP DOWN TO THE ARROYO

It is with an earnest desire to answer adequately these deeper questions, that this magazine presents in a series of articles the remarkable development of Flintridge. Only those who have watched its faithful adherence to carefully sustained ideals can appreciate what is meant by the actual construction of its charming center, the Flintridge Country Club.

It is difficult to convey to minds surfeited with realty jargon, the impression of underlying, intellectual acumen which has grasped a unique opportunity and accomplished the making of this beautiful piece of country into a district of comfortable homes related to each other through a modern, up-to-date country club.

Here are all the attractions provided for the guests of our hotels, but here made adjuncts of the home. Here are great stretches of boulevard; charming bridle paths, seven miles through hill and valley; an eighteen-hole golf course for experts; a barn of horses and a riding ring and teacher—all for the use of members of the club.

You know the country between Flintridge hill-top and the Sierra. Orchards and oak-embroidered hills dip down to the main boulevard. Facing a beautiful range of mountains, the homesites rise above each other and look out toward the changing, shifting scenes of mist and cloud, sunrise and sunset splendor, as though from the dress circle of a great amphitheater.

On a knoll, which everyone who has driven through La Canada valley has chosen sometime for a home site, the club house stands.

The architect is Myron Hunt and the benefit of his experience means much to the beauty, convenience and perfection of detail. The main entrance, on the west, opens into the lobby where beamed ceiling and exposed rafters give height and dignity. On the right is the men's lounging room with two fire places, five feet wide. The service wing adjoins and lunches can be served here or tea after golf. At the left of the lobby is the office of the resident manager and farther north the ladies' lounging room and lockers balancing those of the men.

East, overlooking Pasadena lake, the dining room, half of which is now being built, will serve for the present until its other half and the one hundred foot ball room are insistently in demand . This ball room wing forms a court at the edge of which is the swimming pool.

Already many of the social set, which knows how to live well and wisely, have joined this Los Angeles-Pasadena Club and its growth to the limit of membership is as sure as is the truth that future generations will found homes.

SOUTHLAND

Men to Run the Government

HAVING come to the surface to nominate whom they will, the "two great political parties" have submerged again leaving nothing visible but their periscopes. Through these useful instruments the American people can feel the eye of the politician upon them scanning the horizon for votes. Down below in the cabin we imagine the bosses planning the campaign for power and perquisites, fixing bait in the form of "slogan", conventionalizing the ballot, and counting it *en bloc*. The same fear that the hidden danger of the submarine inspires is noticeable in the expression of opinion wherever the ordinary person talks politics.

Where are our real leaders? Is every one's tongue tied by politics? Who is to run the government after the election, and on what course or onto what rocks will they run it? The program of neither party has so far been one to inspire confidence. The great questions of the day are now familiar to the veriest tyro. The foreign element, once so easily voted, is now alert on both the home policy and the foreign policy of the United States. Every woman's club has had programs on the League of Nations, and wants an answer to the question, "Have we men who are wise enough to handle our foreign relations"?

Since popular opinion has been given no weight in the choice of candidates, what guarantee are the people to have that either party is competent to conduct a government whose most prominent office they have both endeavored to lower to the dead level of mediocrity?

Restoring the Missions

SOME day a graduate student of history in our State University will add to the fine collection of Spanish-California books now published a fascinating but accurate thesis on the architecture of the missions. Sent to Spain by the fellowship fund of the Native Sons of California, he will delve in the archives of Madrid under the Moors, and of Holland during the Inquisition, and find out where the padres got their stepped gables and Saracenic domes. But until that time, perhaps it will be better not to "restore" the missions. Ideals of what restoration consists in differ so widely. Irish priests, unversed in the art of Mexico, have white-washed the interiors and covered the native frieze in some ancient buildings. Modern Mexicans, "working for four dollars a day and striking for five," are not giving full measure of the art of the aborigines. Village plasterers doing a "neat job" on sacred cloisters whose lovely columns once showed the soft undulations of sun-dried brick and the finger prints of the padres, are not the people to restore the missions.

The beauty of these old buildings is a very subtle thing. We all desire to keep what is left of it if possible. Who is best fitted to recognize, guard and preserve it for posterity? Mere money cannot do that. But money wisely placed in the hands of a trained architect steeped in historic styles and possessing sympathetic knowledge of Mexican and Spanish building in the 16th Century could accomplish much. There are several of our best architects who are using the Mediterranean styles and the Spanish Plateresque in their domestic building at present. It should be made possible for one of these men to take up the matter of the restoration of the Spanish mission buildings and see that it is done right. Too often the most competent, because the most successful, are expected to *give* their services to public projects, while some less successful man, offering to do all the missions at job lot prices would be paid a goodly sum collected from those who give freely but in ignorance. Few of our public officials know the difference between a good architect and a good builder. A man may be both or neither, yet if he have the gift o' gab he can get the job and man-handle the subtle work of centuries which even wind and weather have caressed into the most beautiful ruins the western world now owns.

We do not know who is restoring the Mission of San Luis Rey, but the restored part looks like a factory chimney with its squared up corners and smoothly plastered walls. The pseudo-mission architecture surrounding old San Gabriel is an eyesore. And so it goes on.

Restoring the old churches to be used by the Church is one thing; perhaps this money might better be put into new fireproof and earthquake-proof buildings. But preserving the landmarks of California as lovely bits of Spanish architecture is an entirely different matter and should be approached in the spirit of the historian, the archeologist and the lover of beauty transported from the Old World by those who were far from the scenes of their beloved homes.

Something to Do

THE close of the World War left many an American woman with idle hands. Not yet do we find a return of that restlessness which was so conspicuous a characteristic of the leisure class. To the thinking women of the country war work opened many a field of personal endeavor and swept what was then the leisure class into vital community work.

But prosperous times have created a large new group of women of leisure. Brainy enough to spend the increased wages of their husbands in work-saving devices, they find themselves with more time than they need to dress themselves and go to the movies or drive around in "the car." The Red Cross is still with us. It sends out no hurry call for ten thousand bandages. Thank God. But here is work to be done for those who can not forget the trenches as easily as we.

Some months ago the Pasadena Chapter of the American Red Cross received a letter from Mrs. Gertrude Rider of the Library of Congress, requesting that we interest ourselves in organizing a Braille class to train a group of volunteer Braille transcribers, with a view to increasing the literature for the American War-blind.

In the summer of 1919 such a class was formed under the direction of a field teacher from the California State School for the Blind. The course extended over a period of two weeks, and it was my privilege to become a member of this first class. I have seldom had such an interesting experience. We learned the Revised Braille code, which after all is quite simple when approached from the angle of the sighted person. There were not many of us. Most of us could see, but several of us were less fortunate. The teacher (herself blind) was an inspiration, and one had but to see what the raised print meant to her to realize how vitally important it is that reading matter should be available to all who can read it, and how valuable such a reading knowledge is to the blind. Everyone discovered that transcribing is most fascinating work. Revised Braille is quite a simple code based on just six dots.

All of the letters of the alphabet, all punctuation marks, all whole and part-word signs and numbers are expressed by varying numbers and combinations of these dots. There are over sixty possible combinations. The characters may be written by using a Braille writer or by means of a stylus and metal tablet. The Braille writer is a very simple typewriter with but six keys representing the six dots of the code. Thus the character which stands for "n" or "not," if it stands by itself, can be written by striking at one time all of the keys corresponding to its four dots. The stylus and tablet method is a trifle more laborious in that the characters must be written one dot at a time. Moreover, they must be written backwards, from right to left, for a raised dot made with a stylus appears on the under side of the paper, and if one is to read from left to right, the characters must be reversed. This is far less confusing than it sounds, and, in fact, lends interest to the work. It is amazing how quickly one masters the code.

When the first class had completed its course, I found myself in charge of the Braille classes. Since then, besides the regular students, several blind people have come to Headquarters to learn more of the work which is being carried on. At present there are three students, while another is finishing her course and taking the simple tests sent out from Washington, which, when passed, entitle her to a Red Cross Certificate accepting her as an authorized transcriber for the Red Cross Institute for the Blind. The instruction is offered by Pasadena Chapter without charge excepting for materials.

For the time being all manuscripts are sent to Washington for use at Evergreen, the Red Cross Institute for the Blind. Here they are bound and put into circulation. Recent correspondence with Mrs. Rider, who is directing the work, emphasizes the urgent need. The men are becoming so proficient that it is difficult to keep them supplied with reading matter. The scope of possibilities is unlimited. It ranges through short stories and poetry, standard works, fiction, reference and

OPINION

text books of every possible kind. In a very recent letter she says: "It may be difficult for those so far away to realize the good our Red Cross library is doing at Evergreen. Our blinded soldiers have learned to read and are greatly enjoying the little library our hand transcribers have created for them. Many of the men have had very little opportunity to read heretofore, and are now getting their real taste of literature. They represent all classes, and therefore we must have a variety. We are constantly filling orders for special material wanted. In many cases our workers have been able to help the civilian blind in their own locality, thus putting their Braille to a double use."

In a previous letter she states that "calls are coming from many localities for those familiar with Braille to assist in hospitals where there may be men with failing sight. A number of our soldiers (from Evergreen) have entered college or taken up special lines of work, and our transcribers are in many cases copying material for them. So you see the need is as great as ever and will be for some years to come."

No amount of effort is too great if it will add anything to the joy of living for those who have been deprived of vision. It is not impossible to look toward the development of a little center here to serve the blind in our own community. Many sighted persons have blind friends or relatives in other parts of the country. Imagine the joy of being able to communicate with them directly instead of sending a written letter with the personal touch left out because someone, perhaps a stranger to the writer, must read the letter to the recipient. Imagine the delight of the recipient if the letter should be in raised writing which he may read and reread at leisure.

It is a splendid field of endeavor for those who can take up this very interesting work. Washington is counting on Pasadena to develop a corps of helpers who, in serving the American war-blind, will find many ways to be of service to the civilian blind.

ANNA C. STRYKE.

California Southland's Third Year

WITH this number, California Southland ends its second year. Starting as a war magazine, the publication met the coming of peace in its third issue. Since that time it has found its field in the presentation of the best work and activities of the energetic Southland of California. This field is widening every week: the material for such a publication is boundless. With a quiet yet strong appeal to the pride of Californians living in the southwest, the magazine will continue its work of placing on a pedestal our best products in art and industry and in giving to our readers a wholesome and truthful record of our accomplishment in our God-given environment.

Through California With John McGroarty

FROM the top of the census list, Los Angeles may now look out over the state as a whole through John McGroarty's book, *California, Its History and Romance.*

The first chapter of this delightfully written and reliable history of California is called by its author, "The Land of Heart's Desire." In it he introduces the tourist reader to captivating California as a whole seen through the eyes of a discriminating poet.

> If you were to spend a year of happy wanderings between San Diego's Harbor of the Sun and the Valley of the Seven Moons, and then another summer still till you reached the trails that lie under Shasta across the hills of Del Norte, Modoc and Siskiyou, then would you know with what tenderness God has fashioned California. Always from the Wander Trail would your eyes behold the glory of the sea, the soft purple of dreamy isles, sun and shine to light your feet by day and the wonder of the stars to cover you at night. * * *
>
> From Rubidoux the journey lies through citrus groves and bright cities into the Valley of Our Lady, which is set between the great dyke of the Tehachapi and San Diego's Harbor of the Sun, about midway. The mother mountains hem the valley in as though with the shining scimitar of a giant god. Its open boundaries are the sunset sea's white shores of glory. Its capital is the world-famed city of Los Angeles, metropolis of the wide-flung, magical Southwest, reborn to verdant pastures and orchard blooms from desert dust and immemorial wastes.
>
> From Santa Barbara the Wander Trail, ever glowing and ever luring, swings inland again to the Valley of Santa Clara. From any one of a hundred hills the lovely vale stretches beneath the eye in gardens of roses and miles of orchards, making endless pictures of delight that words are weak to describe. No soul could be so dull as ever to forget the matchless scene of valley and hill and winding stream that spreads itself for the beholder from the fascinating hill town of Los Gatos, clasped in a curve of the Santa Cruz Mountains. * * * Above Los Gatos tower the Santa Cruz Mountains, in the innumerable nooks of which are clinging vineyards, gardens and homes that hide under magic trails, surprising the traveler into new delights at every one of a thousand turns. Quaint nooks are these that have each its own vistas of valley and mountain or glimpses of the bright waters of the Bay of San Francisco leagues away in the distance. And, if you will climb the green peaks of the highest mountain, you may see the Sunset Ocean breaking against its white shores.
>
> One time in Sprintime God made a perfect day,
> He woke me in the morning and hid my cares away;
> He woke me with a thrush's song and with the linnet's trills,
> And took me in His hands and set me on the hills.
>
> He set me in the hills, on the topmost hill of all,
> And I heard the morning winds and far sea-breakers call;
> I heard the winds a-singing from land and water met,
> And I live a thousand years, oh, I never can forget!
>
> Once a year in the glory of the California springtime, while yet the world beyond the rims of the Sierras is cold in the death of winter, the people of Santa Clara Valley celebrate at Saratoga the Feast of the Blossoms. The wonder is that half the world is not there when the wondrous vale is one great white sea of living bloom. Neither cherry blossom time in Japan nor blossom time anywhere else can compare with the intoxication of beauty in the Place of the Two Shrines when the prune orchards are arrayed in the splendor of the spring.
>
> He touched my eyes with gladness, with balm of morning dews,
> On the topmost rim He set me, 'mong the Hills of Santa Cruz,
> And I saw the sunlit ocean sweep, I saw the vale below—
> The Vale of Santa Clara in a sea of blossomed snow.
>
> It was springtime and joytime, and God had filled His loom
> With woven plains of poppies and orchards all abloom,
> With web of gold and purple in fields and uplands green,
> And the white roof of blossoms that stretched away between.
>
> * * * *
>
> But the country lying around and about the Golden Gate, to which now you have come is the place where Nature revels in moods of splendor, delighting in vastness that she softens with the magic touches of an affection ever changeful yet never inconstant. Nor is it here that the bright trails end. Still on they lead in sun and shine far beyond the last estuary of the great bay, past San Rafael and Sonoma in the Valley of the Seven Moons where the Franciscans reared the last outpost of the Missions. And farther still they lead amid vast forests, tumbling rivers and gleaming lakes to Shasta's snowy glory, and yet onward for many another league. * * *
>
> So shall you wander, with sunny heart, upon the golden trails of the Land of Heart's Desire. * * *

When a Man Has Been Raised

THERE is a short paragraph of testimony in a back number of the Red Cross Magazine that goes straight to the heart of every mother who reads it. Comforting indeed it must be to those whose sons have gone forth from the home to whatever bourne or business. "Father Francis P. Duffy was the most famous of the combat captains of the A. E. F." Here is his testimony. "If a boy soldier hasn't a religion taught him by his mother to fall back on, in the hour of trial and death, then he hasn't anything. Be sure he uses that which you gave him when his time comes."

The time comes to the mother when she must realize that her son is a man. If she has done her duty day after day to the best of her light, her work will be finished when the man finds himself. Wise indeed is the parent who knows when to let him go. When, however, she bravely faces the fact and accepts it, she finds, often to her surprise, that he is suddenly as near to her heart spiritually as he once was physically. When her lips are sealed to admonition and reproach, her prayers go out with more potency—with the indomitable force of the intangibles they bring him to her across sea or plain. Entering places where her material body may not go, she surrounds her beloved with such spiritual atmosphere of impenetrable love that no harm may approach his soul. Thus, whether he gives his life abroad for the Cause or goes forth to fight the dragons of Selfishness at home, she sits in her tower of ivory a happy mother, master of the spiritual force of love, and sings with Carrie Jacobs Bond her triumphant war son, "I Have My Son."

MAKING OUR OWN PICTURES IN CALIFORNIA

By MILTON J. FERGUSON
State Librarian, Sacramento

CANYON ROAD, SANTA FE—BLOCK PRINT BY HOWELL C. BROWN

OLD WILLOWS, AN ETCHING, BY HOWELL C. BROWN

CALIFORNIA, on the western rim of the continent, is that last land toward which from the beginning of time, art, letters and culture have been moving. And if the theory of poet, historian and philosopher holds true here should be developed the finest expression of life experiences—art. Here, too, nature has been more than generous in the confines of a single state, imperial though it be, has set us the most lavish and magnificent model in landscape and seascape, in desert and oasis, in mountain and plain and sky. Fortunately, also, as I believe, the great galleries and museums of the world are beyond the Sierras, and the invitation to "copy" is spared our workers, who perforce are driven to nature for inspiration.

California has her great literary names; and her history is but a few decades in duration. She has had her artists whose fame has spread far; but the day is at hand, I am sure, when larger numbers of her people will express themselves through pencil, or brush or chisel, and what is equally important, when far vaster numbers will know and appreciate and love the works thus created. An art which is of artists and for artists may satisfy the connoisseur; but the art which influences nations must be understandable by the people.

One bit of evidence which leads me to draw the above conclusions is the work of the Print Makers of Los Angeles. Six years ago a group of artists under the influence of the Browns of Pasadena, Benjamin C. and Howell C., formed this club as a means of mutual assistance and as a method of acquainting the public with the expressions of graphic art which California is now experiencing. It has held annual exhibits in Los Angeles, has sent traveling exhibits up and down the state—thus in an artistic sense actually bringing the mountain to a multitude of Mohamets of our small towns; it has gone beyond our borders and exhibited very creditably as far east as Chicago; and finally, last March, at Exposition Park, Los Angeles, made an international prints exhibition in which was shown the work of the best known artists of France, England, Canada and America. The Print Makers are mere infants yet; but what they will give us in years to come may fairly be guessed at by their splendid accomplishments to date.

Artists, the books tell us, are usually impractical folk, moved by impulse or ideal and more or less lacking in that regularity and dependability on which your hard-headed business man prides himself. I am not saying that the Print Makers have or have not these traditionally artistic qualities; but I do know from experience that the club is by no means devoid of business methods. Though I would be sad to do any member of that body an injustice, I rather suspect that the fair name of the order is saved by its good fortune in having as secretary, Howell C. Brown, an unusual combination of business and art.

I have been favored on many occasions by hearing a cheering and cheerful "come in" when I have used the knocker on the door at 120 North El Molino, Pasadena, back. I have admired—and it is no virtue in me—the wizardry of Benjamin C. Brown who can capture the majesty of a snow-capped mountain range, who can bring in and perpetuate that glory of color and beauty represented by the wild flowers of California in spring time, and who with all his mastery remains modest and likeable and human. But I cannot somehow quite reconcile the traits of this younger man, the secretary of the Print Makers, who is now quite the business man that his secretaryship demands, who has been farmer in Mexico, who is a linguist and student of a high order, and who again can catch on the etched plate, or can pick up from the water colorist's box the delicacy of the desert clouds, the primitive beauty of an Indian village, or the vigor and life of a rugged oak tree. To be a secretary is one thing, to be an artist another; but to be both and to have added thereunto various and sundry other commendable traits and powers and still to be humanly possible—that is a miracle.

ACOMA CHURCH, DRYPOINT
BY HOWELL C. BROWN

A CORNER IN ACOMA
AN ETCHING BY HOWELL C. BROWN

(Continued from Page 9)

However Dr. Montessori might disapprove of Mr. Squeers's methods and motives, she would be in perfect sympathy with his idea of "going and knowing" things as they are studied. The Montessori child does not learn *about* things, he learns the *things*. Indeed, the learning in a Montessori Children's House could be well expressed in the words of another famous character in fiction, the Dodo, in *Alice in Wonderland*, who, when Alice asked, "What is a caucus race?" replied, "The best way to explain it is to do it."

The Montesorri method is a means of general development of the mental and physical being of the child; a means of cultivating all his powers and perceptions; a means of bestowing self-control, concentration, poise, patience, perseverance and industry. But it also enables the pupil, from the very beginning, to acquire, at first hand, a definite, concrete, practical understandiing of what he is doing, and to acquire it free from the slightest nervous or mental strain, and with little or no "bossing" or direction from a teacher. This fact alone would mark the Method as decidedly worth while. The "material," properly presented by a trained and judicious teacher, not only has the power to impart knowledge, but also the power to attract and hold the attention of the pupil, and to arouse in him such an interest in his subject that he develops an ability to study and a love of study for its own sake, apart from any idea of promotion or getting ahead of his neighbor. With liberty to choose what work he will do at practically any time, and to continue it for as long or as short a time as he is inclined, with no recitation periods, practically no classes, and no "grades," he can proceed without being either hurried or retarded, his progress coming from within, rather than from without; his mental structure built upon a solid foundation.

Probably, all the foregoing is open to the mathematician's criticism of the dictionary—that it is "mere assertion." Anybody unfamiliar with the Method could hardly be blamed for asking, "But how is it all done?" In the space which the kindly editor is able to allow an article like this, it would be almost as easy to answer the question, "How is an automobile made and run?" If one really wished to learn all about the workings of motor-cars, obviously the best way to do so would be to visit a factory where they are made. So with Montessori schools: about the only way to find out how they work is to go and see one working. "The best way to explain it is to do it." But to give a little "hint of the shadow of an idea" of some of their ways, I will describe one specific act; the manner of learning multiplication.

To the Montessori child of six years multiplication is anything but vexation. Instead of the customary cart-before-the-horse method of learning the formulae and later applying them to more or less interesting problems from a book, the child takes to his table a cardboard square, having in it one hundred little sockets arranged in a square of ten rows each. The columns of sockets are numbered at the

AN ENTHUSIASTIC STUDENT

top from one to ten. Suppose he is learning the *three* table. Three beads are placed in a vertical row in the sockets of the column under the number one, which shows him that "three times one is three." Having recorded the result on a printed paper provided for the purpose, he places three more beads in the second column. This shows him that "three times two is six." So he proceeds until he has made the whole table for himself. By the time he has made ten each of all ten tables (one hundred in all) the multiplication table means something to him, for he has seen it work out before his eyes. "The best way to explain it is to do it."

This kind of multiplying is so fascinating that it has inspired the following:

SONG OF THE "TIMES"

When our forefathers went to school,
'Twas about their worst vexation
To tackle each perplexing rule
That taught them multiplication.
But in our Children's House today,
It's quite another story,
For we learn in a most entrancing way,
By the Method of Montessori.

Chorus (incredulously).
They learn in a most entrancing way,
By the Method of Montessori!

Our forebears took the teacher's word
Concerning each vagary,
Though the answer might seem quite absurd
And entirely arbitrary.
'Twas the only way they had to fix
And settle such matters weighty
As why six times six should be thirty-six,
Or eight times ten make eighty.

Chorus (sympathetically).
Why six times six, etc.

But we sit here and plant our beads
(Which make a pretty showing)
In formal rows, like garden seeds,
And watch the numbers growing.
And as they grow we find, forsooth,
(And it's neither myth nor fable),
That they've told us the solid, simple truth
Of the Multiplication Table.

Chorus (amazedly).
They've told us the, etc.

We know full well, because we've seen
(And here there's no deceiving)
That seven times two must be fourteen
And seeing is sound believing.
So, whether it's apples, pigs or bricks
That are multiplied in the story,
We can play all old Pythagoras' tricks,
Through the Method of Montessori.

Chorus (enthusiastically).
They can play, etc.

Numbers are such very real things to the Montessori child that it is an easy matter for him gradually to discard the "material" and to work out by any ordinary, every-day method. His mind has been prepared for the tussle with abstract problems.

Knowing what the Method can accomplish, when properly used, the Montessori teachers continue to "carry on," confident that the little leaven of the Montessori idea will eventually leaven the whole lump of the world of education.

CALIFORNIA'S OPPORTUNITIES IN ENGINEERING

Assembly address delivered January 6, 1920, before the students of California Institute of Technology. (Formerly Throop College)

By PROFESSOR ROBERT A. MILLIKAN

IT is now three years since I stood before an audience in this place. At that time I expected to be back within twelve months, but within a month and a half of the time of my visit to you, the United States had, thank God, awakened to a sense of its world duty and had projected itself into the great war. Many of you were instant to respond to the call of duty, as your President in an address which I heard him make to you in February, 1917, had appealed to you to be, as soon as that call came; for he well knew, as did all of us, that it was coming. Many of you went to France ready to sacrifice your lives to save a threatened civilization, and nearly all of us, whether we had the opportunity to go to France or not, were thrown completely out of our accustomed orbits and were projected into entirely new activities in which we did what we could to assist in the great cause to which America was called.

And now after three years we are back again, trying to pick up the threads which we then laid down. But the threads which we pick up now will not be precisely those which we laid down then, for we have today an opportunity to weave a finer fabric than it was possible to weave three years ago. The war has taught us something. It has forced us into closest contact with our sister nations in Europe. It has broadened our perspective and given us an opportunity to see ourselves in better lights than we had in 1916. It has forced us to realize our weaknesses and our failures as some of us, at least, had not realized them before. It is to one of those failures that I wish to call attention in considering Throop's opportunity.

I think those of us who are not blinded by our conceits are a unit in recognizing the fact that we are not now developing in the United States the number of outstanding men in science, or, for that

matter, in art or literature, which is proportionate to our population. I do not think I need to amplify that statement. It is only necessary to begin to count up on your fingers the world's leaders, either in science or in art or literature and see where they come from. In proportion to her population I think it is safe to say that England supplies a much larger proportion of those leaders than do we.

If we grant the fact, where are we to look for the cause? I do not thing it is to be found in a lower quality of American endowment. I think it is to be found primarily in the fact that England has developed an educational system which, in spite of all its weaknesses (and no one recognizes those weaknesses more fully than the English themselves) is better adapted than is ours to the task of *selecting men* of the highest capacity, and of thoroughly training and developing those men after their selection.

At any rate it has *produced* the leaders. And after all *the progress of civilization is determined by the very few men of vision and capacity which each age develops.* Without, then, sacrificing any of the immense values which there are in the public educational system of the United States, it is not only possible but it is imperatively essential that we add something to it which it now lacks.

With this situation as an introduction, I wish to congratulate this institution upon the tremendous opportunity which it seems to me to possess, and I wish to give an air of sacredness to my congratulations by associating them with a sacred number, and stating them under *seven* heads.

I wish to congratulate you first upon a particularly favored location, for it is a tremendous asset, even though an accidental one, that is possessed by any instiution which stands, for whatever reason, in the public eye. A great success made here can make itself felt throughout the land more easily than in any other place in the United States, except perhaps in the region about New York and Boston, and *the chance of starting something worth while here is vastly greater than it is there.*

I wish to congratulate you, in the second place, upon the fact that you have already taken the heroic step of ruthlessly cutting down numbers and aiming at *quality* rather than *quantity.* We must have some institutions in the United States which do with pre-eminent success what the British universities have done so successfully in the past, but which we have done less well. I would not in any way depreciate the values of the public educational system of the United States. I would not deplore the establishment of the great state university and the extension of the opportunities of education to all classes in American life, but we need in this country something in addition to that, something which the public educational system is not well adapted to supply.

I congratulate you, then, in the third place, upon the fact that you are a private institution and therefore are in position to do something which the state university is not and cannot by its very nature be well qualified to do. Its obligations to the taxpayer force it, and properly force it, to do the best it can with all the material which comes to it. It is precluded by its very nature from ruthlessly eliminating students. It *must* deal with quantity. It cannot bar out national fraternities for example, even if it should wish to, and control in other ways its own internal life without dictation from outside as you can. The country needs both types of institutions, and the type for which the need is now the greater is the type which you have the opportunity to become.

In the fourth place, I wish to congratulate you upon the fact that you have already avowed the intention of throwing a much larger emphasis upon thorough training in the fundamentals than the technical schools of the United States have been doing during the past twenty years. I think I am not making a statement in any way questionable when I say that the leaders of our industries and the keenest students of American engineering education are well-nigh a unit in feeling that the technical schools of the country have made a blunder during the past two decades in sacrificing fundamentals in the endeavor to so train men in the details of industrial processes that they are ready to be producers the moment they leave school. Prominent engineers have told me repeatedly that in attempting to do this we are not only attempting the impossible but we are turning out a superficially educated product. If a man does not learn his physics, chemistry and mathematics in college he never learns them. On the other hand, the attempt to learn the details of an industry in college is futile. The industry itself not only can but it must teach these. The closest students of our American life are today deploring the fact that our whole American educational system from the high school up is tending to too large an extent to load up the student with *detached fragments of knowledge.* In the engineering field the results have already been that the industries are seeking their most constructive engineers not from engineering schools, but from the graduate departments of our universities. In the oil industry, the telephone industry, and in the field of thermal and electrical engineering, Ph.D.'s in physics and chemistry from Chicago, from Johns Hopkins, men who have had no engineering training at all as such, are today occupying many of the most responsible positions. More than half of our Ph.D.'s from Chicago, and we have no engineering school there at all, go into the industries and are labeled engineers as soon as they do so. The demand of the industries for men who have had this sort of fundamental training is large. This institution has the incomparable opportunity to set a new standard, to show what can be done in the development by an engineering school of men of this type, and it has the opportunity in particularly large degree because of a situation which I shall make the fifth ground of my congratulations.

I congratulate you, gentlemen, in the fifth place, upon the fact that you have no traditions and none of the influences of lotus land which go with them. What can be done by an institution which is untrammeled by the inertia of tradition, which is free to select the good from the developments of the past and to discard the useless, was never better illustrated than in the history of the University of Chicago during the past thirty years. I suspect that it will be generally agreed that no institution in the country has during that period exerted such an influence upon higher American education. Unfortunately, an institution, like an individual, cannot always remain young. It must make mistakes and those mistakes must, in many cases, become crystallized and remain forever a drag upon its program. But *now* at least you are young, with all the infinite possibilities of youth before you, and I congratulate you upon it.

My sixth ground for congratulation is closely allied with the last. It is that you have your form of departmental organization still to work out, and are not hopelessly hampered in the process by departmental vested interests. I know of no institutions in the country which have been so under the blanket of over departmentalization as have some of our engineering schools. The relations of the pure to the applied sciences and of the pure and applied sciences among themselves have been determined not by considerations of the good of the whole but solely by what I think I may fairly call the German method. I could name you technical schools in the United States in which, guided only by selfish departmental interests and the German desire of the head to build up under himself a big department, all logical and natural and effective interdepartmental relations have been utterly ignored, and the normal work of one department has been completely usurped by another, to the great detriment of the work itself and to the large financial loss of the institution. You have the opportunity here to teach the whole country a lesson in the big problem of logical and effective interdepartmental co-operation and organization. The thing can be put through here as it could not be in many places, and that for the reason that the institution is new and small, unimpeded by traditions and unhampered by vested departmental interests. If you can only catch the spirit of Lowell's lines—

New occasions teach new duties; time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly, through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.

—if this institution can catch that vision and act upon it in sanity and in confidence it has untold possibilities before it.

My seventh and last ground of congratulation is the most important of all. An educational institution is not buildings, it is not a curriculum, it is not a type of interdepartmental organization, it is today just what it was in the days of the first Greek universities, namely—a group of teachers and their pupils. It is great men, not great facilities, nor great wealth, nor effective organization which make any institution great and effective. But really great men are the last men in the world to concern themselves much with their own prerogatives and positions. The greatest thing upon which I can congratulate you today is the fact that a great scientist and a great educator, and, what is more important, a great and broad-minded man like Dr. Noyes has just given himself and his life completely to this institution.

THE cover of this number of CALIFORNIA SOUTHLAND shows a painting by one of America's best figure painters, Edward Henry Potthast—popular in both the Middle West and in New York.

Jules Pages said of this little canvas when he saw it in the Los Angeles Gallery of Cannell and Chaffin, "The figure of that tallest girl is enough to make Sorolla take notice." It is with great pleasure that we share this beautiful reproduction with our readers.

MY OLDEST DAUGHTER *By Max Wieczorek*

THE ART OF MAX WIECZOREK

THIS picture belongs to a collection of portraits at present exhibited at the Cannell & Chaffin Galleries, 720 West Seventh Street, Los Angeles. The fact that Dudley Crafts Watson, Director of the Milwaukee Art Institute, has lectured on this collection of pictures to the classes of the Institute is in itself proof of the high quality of the work and a guarantee of its merit. This display has been a great pleasure to all lovers of good art, as it shows the unusual power and beauty of Wieczorek's wonderful work. The numerous commissions already obtained since the opening of the exhibition give evidence of the keen appreciation of Los Angeles connoiseurs.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA CANYONS

News Articles Department
Automobile Club
of Southern
California

ERNEST McGAFFEY

ONE of the principal magnets which attracts lovers of nature everywhere is the presence of the unusual and the individualistic in out-door-land. Visitors to Southern California take away with them no keener or more vivid recollections than those which cluster around days spent in the canyons. The experiences which they have had at the Pacific sea-shore may have been duplicated at Far Rockaway, Atlantic City or along the coast of Maine. Pine forests are more or less alike on the western coast and in the Southern and Northern States. Mountain lakes and streams bear a decided similarity to one another, whether in New Hampshire or California, but a canyon is one of those manifestations of primitive rearranging and shifting in the earth's early history which has produced something entirely unlike any other form of scenery known to man.

To begin with, no canyon ever loses its identity by being blended with the encircling country. Whether carved ruggedly into abrupt and menacing mountain-sides, or creeping unobtrusively into the mazes of ponderous foot-hills, it always preserves its own peculiar individuality. And no two canyons are duplicates, when carefully studied and analyzed. Certain attributes common to all are apparent, it is true, but they are all essentially different on a minute comparison.

Here in Southern California, even within a half hour's motoring from the heart of her largest cities, may be found canyons as remote, as isolated from the outer universe, as a coral reef in unsailed tropic seas. Perhaps only a narrow foot-path is the sole evidence of its ever being trodden by the steps of men. Such gateways to the unknown are usually deep, contracted, and tortuous gaps in the foot-hills; and in five minutes' walk from paved and shining boulevards in some localities, within almost a stone's throw from palatial residences, these cloisters of eternity brood, windless and serene. Sometimes they are steeped in glowing sunlight, and again, they are sombre with enveloping shadows that float across as dusky as a buzzard's wing.

Usually the bottoms of these gorges have little streams of water trickling through them. Sometimes the rivulet is a mere thread of liquid languor, yet continuous, and at other times the flow is broken into small and shallow pools where the noon-day light glimmers like an opal, and where the dark-blue wings of the California jay flirt glittering drops of spangled crystal as he drinks and bathes in these tiny basins. In some seasons these same dawdling currents are brimmed and furious torrents, fed by melting snows from the mountain summits, and occasionally reaching up to the edges of the wayside path.

Always, somewhere, there is color and fragrance in the canyons. The blossoms of the sage, hovered over by innumerable bees, smell pungently along the paths, and myriad wild-flowers dot the hillsides and the edges of the meandering streams. Blue, red, yellow, white, pink, purple and other hues peep out above the sage-brush on shelves of over-hanging rock and in the lower levels of the canyons. Here and there the splotched trunks and graceful forms of scattered sycamores lend a picturesque effect to the ensemble, and a shaggy growth of vines and bush stretches upward to the higher points. Ferns, deep-green and vigorous, cling to stony ledges, and the white lances of towering yucca spring up by scores on the upper slopes. Higher up still the wild lupin, exquisite in its fragile beauty, is found. In the early days of May, especially, the canyons are ablaze with varied and brilliant coloring.

Nowhere, not even in the depths of primeval forests, is there such a sense of solitude as will be found in canyons. In heavy timber the sunlight is often obliterated, or filtered through the enveloping foliage, and only the shadows seem to reign supreme. But in Southland canyons the sun pours down in cataract-like splendor,

and emphasizes the stillness, and the feeling of intense seclusion. To sit beside a path in one of these hollows of the hills, with the sun-rays on one side and the shadows on the other, with not a leaf stirring or a bird-song quavering, is to reach, at one step, the realm of dreams. Nothing moves, unless it be a stray lizard, darting from one patch of grey-green sage-brush to another, itself a grey-green phantom, across the winding pathway. Rarely does a hawk's wing etch a curve on the almost cloudless skies above. Serenity, and a sense of mystery seems dominant.

There are hundreds of such canyons within easy reach of everyone here in Southern California. Some of them are distinguished by the old Spanish nomenclature, and scores of them bear only local names or no names at all. They are all fascinating to those who love an occasional dip into solitude and communion with the hermit side of nature's intimate moods. Many of the better known canyons are equipped with modern paved boulevards, signposted with the directing and warning signals of the Automobile Club of Southern California, and many others can be reached by a thirty minutes' drive in a dozen different directions from the principal cities, with an additional walk of a few minutes after parking and locking the car.

It is a curious commentary on modern conditions that so few, comparatively, of the residents of the State know or appear to care particularly for these sanctuaries literally at their back-doors. One may journey for many days without finding anything in the outdoor world with such a variety of unusual attractions. Occasionally a devoted pilgrim will be found strolling by the paths, or basking in the sunshine, but for the most part the smaller canyons, those inaccessible to motor cars, rest secure from the intrusion of the sons of men.

Follow the trails to the hills; lose yourself in the intricacies of the little canyons that lead in every direction to the silences and the sunlight. In them you will find a pearl of great price. It is the sense of peace, of utter repose, that makes them so alluring, for in the quiet and the restfulness the soul and body relax, and from a dome of far-off skies the benediction of contentment falls earthward from distant and enchanted heights.

THE WA-WAN CLUB—THE COMMUNITY PLAYERS

THE Wa-Wan Club has been chosen for the first of a series of articles on Southland clubs because of its vital relation to the community. It has undertaken the very necessary work of maintaining high standards and deserves the active co-operation of every one who has the future of our music and the drama at heart. With directness, the Wa-Wan Club turns its attention to the youth of the community and offers encouragement to real talent wherever found.

Its Music Settlement Committee has charge of music among the Russian and Italian settlements; its Altruistic Committee gives programs at certain hospitals and thus brings the best music to those who are shut in. Through this well organized musical and dramatic effort the art of the whole community finds expression; the untrained find their eager love of the beautiful expressed by these professional members, and the trained artist finds inspiration in companionship.

At a delightful luncheon given by the president, Mrs. William E. Mabee, at the City Club, in June, the work of the different sections was announced by the newly appointed chairmen. Rich and full is the program planned for the year, and bountiful the pleasure it will give to members and friends of the club.

Under the chairman of the Dramatic section, six evenings will be devoted to the presentation of one-act plays written by members of the club and with parts filled by other members.

In the Manuscript and Resident Composers' section, creative work is encouraged. All compositions, both vocal and instrumental, solo and concerted form, sacred and secular, are considered and worthy compositions given a hearing. A choral section calls out the work of many members and gives excellent training.

Oscar Maurer

MRS. WILLIAM E. MABEE, PRESIDENT OF THE WA-WAN CLUB

THE Pasadena Community Orchestra will continue its activities through the coming year, giving four concerts. Mr. Will Rounds will direct and Mr. Reginald Bland will be an inspiring concert master.

OWING to the limited seating capacity of the Pasadena Community Playhouse, located at 85 North Fair Oaks Avenue, it is impossible to take in through the box-office the amount of money that is required to conduct the organization on the enlarged scale adopted for the season of 1920-21. Accordingly, the Governing Board has decided to create a sustaining membership. Invitation is herewith extended to friends of this movement to become members, the fee being $25 for the current year. It is hoped that not less than 300 will join on this basis, as approximately $7500 will be needed.

Those interested are urged to address Mr. Lewis H. Turner, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. Co-operating with Chairman Turner, are Dr. John Willis Baer, R. D. Davis, C. J. Hall, S. Hazard Halsted, Mrs. Paul Honberger, Mrs. L. L. Krebs, Frederick W. Lyman, Dr. J. H. McBride and Mrs. A. J. Neimeyer.

The newly elected Governing Board has organized as follows: Clinton Churchill Clarke, president; J. W. Morin, vice-president; Sybil Eliza Jones, secretary; Mrs. Paul Honberger, treasurer; Samuel S. Hinds, Mrs. Myron Hunt, Frank M. Hunter, G. A. Mortimer, Paul Perigord, Mrs. John Perrin, L. H. Turner, directors. Gilmor Brown will continue in charge of the dramatic productions. The children's director is Miss Jones. F. M. Hunter presides over the musical activities; while the Pasadena Drama League will handle the educational work. H. O. Stechhan is manager of the Association.

The September production of the Community Players will be a revival of "Rip Van Winkle." This will be directed by Garnet Holme, as Mr. Brown will be away on his vacation. Mr. Holme is one of the best known producers in America.

THE NEXT ADVANCE

A Motion Picture Forecast

By Cecil De Freitas

JUST at present the heretofore steady march of motion picture photography has come to a halt. There is a pause in chemical and mechanical development, both of which have reached a very high pitch of perfection. It is this pause, this halt, which warrants the speculation of experts as to the next line of improvement in photographic art for the screen.

Theatre managers are adding large and excellent orchestras, elaborate and artistic prologues, and even fashion revues and vaudeville acts to their screen exhibitions. Producing companies are winnowing casts, offering rewards for types, unearthing new stars, to be polished for a place in the stage heavens, and taxing architects and costumers to supply the novelty and effectiveness which spell success to a production. There is no criticism to be made against any of these efforts; they all make for excellent entertainment, which is what the people want and will pay for.

There is, however, one other way in which the films themselves can be made better, more artistic and effective in translating plot, pantomime and personality of any production to the public; and the way has already been indicated, in my estimation, by an acknowledged master of screen productions. "Prunella," the most complete and marvelously artistic of Maurice Tourneur's many masterpieces, really marked an era in photography. The photography of that exquisite production was not only beautiful—it was keyed in tone to the sentiment of the scenes portrayed, and guided the minds of the spectators, through their eyes, along the paths of feeling leading up to the satisfying climax.

Motion picture photography has developed along so many lines that the real artist-photographer can make pictures better; and sometimes he will do this by making them less beautiful and more effective and real. There are gray, flat, lusterless scenes in use in both. Photography should be suited to the scene and the mood and serve the purpose of the story.

The two pictures accompanying this article illustrate the different handling of two poses by

Ruth Renick. Each might be called "Meditation." But in one the seriousness is from "the fear and wonder" of a "greater joy" dawning upon her. Her eyes are lifted toward the future. To accentuate this I have crowned her hair with an aureole of hope and pictured her emerging from the shadows that still lie about her feet.

In picture number two the Fates have cut the thread of her happiness. The trusting, upward look has gone from her eyes and the world seems full of pain. In this picture I have taken away her crown and distributed the light more evenly over the whole figure, taking away the stimulating effect of contrast and giving full effect to the slight droop of head and body. There is a slight concentration of light upon the vase of flowers, which have withered since her brief yesterday of hope and promise.

All this is eminently practical—so practical that it forms a necessary part of the knowledge of every successful painter, every successful dramatist, the world has ever known.

In motion pictures the photographer stands between the directing mind of the production and the public, and he can make or mar success, according to just how much or how little he is master of real camera art.

The man who photographed "Prunella" for Tourneur is drowned. But Tourneur, who gave him his opportunity, is alive and a great, vital force in motion pictures today.

His work is too excellent to escape emulation, which should make demand for the artist-photographer inevitable.

BEAUTY

I saw it in a westering flame
Burning beyond the sea,
And in the evening star it came
To keep me company.

It darkly gloomed where storm-clouds brake
And drenched the thirsty clods,
While rolleying thunder peals bespoke
The laughter of the gods.

A statue by a fluted porch
Held all its semblance fair,
As though some sculptor's chiselling torch
Had lit the marble there.

I found it in a nocturne's grace;
In violets, azure-dyed,
And last I knew it in a face
Which death had glorified.

ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

NOTES OF THE SCHOOLS

A RECENT writer in the American City Magazine argues most wisely that the village school and the village bank should be the means of uniting orchardists and villagers into a community whose center is the village, governed by all. This form of country community is most easily originated in California where orchards demand policing, union schools abound, and "growers" are the monied men.

WITH the opening of the new term early in September, the Los Angeles Y. M. C. A. schools will have enrolled 700 ex-service men in educational courses of various kinds at half-rates. The plan of aiding in the education of returned enlisted men was begun by the association immediately following the armistice. The number of men who served in both army and navy who have thus far taken advantage of this offer was 669 on August 26. The saving in tuition to the men themselves is said to be as much as $18,000.

The Y. M. C. A. schools for the coming season announces the addition of a commercial aviation or flying course for young men, which is to be given in co-operation with the Chaplin Flying Corporation. The curriculum will again include such subjects as Stenography, Bookkeping, Accountancy, Engineering, Automobile, Advertising, Spanish, Salesmanship and Mining.

BESIDES the energetic and growing University of Southern California, in Los Angeles, the Southland has several good colleges. Pomona College, at Claremont, has long been in high repute with the faculty of the State University at Berkeley. Occidental, now beautifully situated at Eagle Rock, will announce its new president before opening, September 20. Throop College, now to be known as California Institute of Technology, is taking its place as one of the leading engineering schools of the country.

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THE addition of a full year's work has given the curriculum of Cumnock School of Expression new interest for the coming school term, opening on October 5, especially among young ladies who desire to enter the teaching profession. It will now be possible, it is announced by Miss Helen A. Brooks, director, for graduates of the school to secure a state teacher's certificate without taking the usual examination. During the past, scores of students and graduates from Cumnock have gone into professional lines upon completion of their courses at this Los Angeles institution. Recently there has been a revival in story-telling for children in hotels and business houses, and Cumnock students have taken many of these fine positions. Similar opportunities are now opening, it is said, for women in many other studies—such as dramatic art, esthetic dancing, journalistic work and kindred courses offered by the school.

For those who desire a small, select school for their children, the closing of the West Side Select School is learned with real regret. For two generations this school was conducted by the family of Mrs. J. E. Place. The many friends of Miss Collamer can, however, be glad that after her marriage to Mr. J. F. Barnes, she is still to live near her aunt's home, where her gentle influence will potentially remain.

SALVAGING THE SPIRIT OF WAR-TIME SERVICE

(Continued from Page 10)

The other day as I was coming up from Los Gatos I stopped at the Saratoga station of the street railway to change cars. I found that I had a few minutes to wait and I wandered over to the little park near the station. There, surrounded with trees, I saw a beautiful arch with this astonishing inscription: "Saratoga dedicates this park to the honor of that citizenship which serves without reward the common good."

"Who in the world can be responsible?" I said to myself, and I presently discovered that the arch and the sentiment and the design of the park came from our own broad-minded and public-spirited citizen, Bruce Porter.

* * *

That sentiment, so clearly and beautifully inscribed on the Saratoga arch, must have started many a mind speculating on "that citizenship which serves without reward the common good."

And so we place it here in connection with the service now rendered by our California Chambers of Commerce; for this is the spirit in which these organizations are being vivified by the business men of our communities, the spirit of *noblesse oblige*. That the American City Bureau has salvaged this spirit of wartime and directed it into organized and reorganized Chambers of Commerce throughout the country is undeniable. The method and basic idea of this splendid group of citizen-soldiers may be stated in one sentence: Study the common good of any community, draw together in some organized form all the men and women who are ready to work for the common good, let them decide at once what *is* the particular common good of their community and go to work at it without hesitation. Eastern cities were found to have each its own problems. California cities differ from each other. San Jose, the first pueblo founded in California, is uniting with Santa Clara county, of which it is the heart, to make a thorough survey of its water possibilities. San Pedro is concentrating on harbor problems, Pasadena is looking at things in a broader way—extending her limits with the Pacific Electric, now acknowledged to be the best electric R. R. system in the world. But best of all, the cities of the Southland are uniting to work for their own harbor at San Pedro—the front door of the whole orchard, manufacturing and commercial community between the mountains and the sea.

Sacramento, our capitol as much as that of all the rest of California, devotes its energies to governmental questions and sends the following letter as its contribution:

CONSOLIDATED CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, Inc.
CITY AND COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO

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A. S. DUDLEY, Second Vice-President and General Secretary
IRVIN ENGLER, Assistant Secretary

Mrs. Frederick H. Seares,

Editor, California Southland, Pasadena.

Dear Madam:

Mr. Dudley has requested me to answer your inquiry of August 11, relative to the success of Sacramento's combination of the duties of the Board of Education with those of the City Commission.

Under the present charter the members of the City Commission are ex-officio members of the City Board of Education. However, because of the fact that this arrangement conflicts to a certain extent with the duties of certain county officials, it has been the cause of considerable criticism.

The Sacramento school district is under the jurisdiction of the county authorities and while serving on the Board of Education the City Commissioners become county rather than city officials. Their advisor, for example, is the district attorney of the county instead of the city attorney. The funds are distributed from the county treasury instead of from the city treasury.

On numerous occasions legal questions and technicalities have arisen because of this arrangement, and there has been confusion as to the scope and powers of the commission while acting as members of what is virtually a county board.

A new charter is now being drafted for Sacramento, and it is the intention of the freeholders to remedy this defect. The freeholders have not determined definitely as yet how to provide for the Board of Education under the new charter. As soon as the charter is drafted, we will be glad to send you a copy.

Yours very truly, IRVIN ENGLER,

Oscar Maurer

FRANK WIGGINS, SECRETARY OF THE LOS ANGELES CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

IT SEEMS FITTING THAT THE EXECUTIVE SECRETARY OF THE LARGEST COMMERCIAL ORGANIZATION IN THE WESTERN PART OF THE UNITED STATES SHOULD BE THE DEAN OF COMMERCIAL EXECUTIVES. THE AVERAGE TENURE OF OFFICE OF COMMERCIAL SECRETARIES IS THREE YEARS. MR. WIGGINS HAS BEEN WITH THE LOS ANGELES BODY FOR 30 YEARS. HE HAS SEEN LOS ANGELES DEVELOP FROM A TOWN INTO A CITY OF NEARLY 600,000. HE HAS DEVELOPED WITH HIS ORGANIZATION, AND ALTHOUGH HE HAS REACHED THE BIBLICAL ALLOTMENT OF THREE SCORE AND TEN, HE IS AS VIRILE, ACTIVE AND AMBITIOUS FOR CALIFORNIA AS THE YOUNGEST AND MOST ENTHUSIASTIC MEMBER OF HIS ORGANIZATION. MR. WIGGINS HAS CARRIED THE STORY OF CALIFORNIA IN EXHIBIT FORM TO EVERY WORLD EXPOSITION FOR THE PAST QUARTER OF A CENTURY

CALIFORNIA SOUTHLAND'S BUSINESS COURSE FOR HOMEKEEPERS

By JOHN W. HAMILTON, Y. M. C. A. Instructor in Expert Salesmanship

THERE is no reason why women should not be as intelligent on modern business as they are on any other subject. In fact, the old idea that a wife should be sweetly ignorant of her husband's business has passed away with the coming of suffrage for women. War work has brought a great number of women into positions where they need to use good business methods.

The course herewith begun is intended to acquaint the layman and lay-woman with the campaign of the business world. Most courses are designed for men or for business women who do the work of men. This series will begin from the home-keeper's standpoint, and, in the language of the pedagogue, "will proceed from the known to the unknown."

Woman's chief interest in the business world is that of buying. Excepting for those actually in business, few know what lies on the other side of the counter. Little does the ordinary customer discern of the intensive training given the salesman or sales woman whom she faces. The psychology of selling is better developed than the psychology of buying. Modern economic courses in the high school give but a glimpse of what one should know in order to buy intelligently; and yet modern business is continually seeking more thorough training in salesmanship.

In woman's main work of keeping the house from deteriorating and providing food and clothing for the family, experts are now needed. To be such an expert in home conservation, as well as an intelligent member of the family-firm, she must know how money comes and how it goes. More and more as women take their true place in affairs are they being made real partners in family affairs.

Why should not a woman know the rules and play her part in a game which for finesse and judgment, scope, and effect on civilization is unsurpassed by even the joys of pure science or the lure of literary effort?

Looked on as a necessity rather than a sport, business has been of poor repute. But the American man, much to the surprise of his European friends, has long looked on business as a big game, and the American woman easily assumes that attitude toward it. This turn-about-face gives her understanding of her fellow man's absorption in something she has long ignored as beyond her.

Sixty-eight per cent of all men who have gone into business have become bankrupt. Who shall say what these men might have been saved in loss and worry if they had taken trained wives into partnership? Credit has been so large a factor in all our business that success attends only those who can use other people's money to advantage. But the future holds success for those who, seeing the hand-writing on the wall, use their own brains and hands to accumulate their own funds before they launch out on the sea of credit. Woman's very lack of knowledge in business makes her conservative. She need not, however, be an obstructionist. Often, to hesitate at a critical moment is disastrous to a long-cherished plan.

To become a business expert by experience takes a lifetime. To work up to the present state of aviation has taken many lives and much thought; yet no one who wished to make a aeroplane would begin where Wright began and work through all the experience of others. So, in acquiring a working knowledge of modern business, one must read and study what modern experts in production, transportation, marketing and salesmanship have put into scientific shape for general consumption. Experience based on this knowledge will lead to immediate results. Even if the whole amount of fact learned is not used in the world of business, it can be turned to account at home by first studying one's own talents and then developing natural ability by applied study. There are many new lines of work which women may enter. Each woman should have what the French call her *metier* some little thing in which she is so thoroughly trained and so clever that in that one line she may be called an expert.

To capitalize this talent, she must study business methods, even though she may not enter wholly into the field of business.

Since the place where most women meet the world of business is at the counter, let us see what training our friends, the salesmen and saleswomen receive. Any day we may desire to change places with them: every day we may buy more intelligently if we understand the psychology of salesmanship.

The first thing a salesman is taught in a course such as this, is how to wield an influence over the mind of the customer. Would it not be wise for the customer to know what is being done to her and be trained to meet this effort half way to the mutual satisfaction of the sale?

A salesman is trained to understand his goods, to know his territory and general conditions of the trade, but his chief skill lies in understanding the workings of the human mind. So thoroughly are the great deparment stores and mercantile houses training every person connected with their establishments that the buyer on the other side of the counter is forced to put her mind upon her needs and think out very carefully what she wants before she ventures into the presence of these expert salesmen. Salesmanship is an art. Today it is a greater art and science than it was yesterday. Business and its relation to the people are better understood. Competition is keener. Efficiency standards are rising. It requires more grit, more talent, more training, to sell goods today than it did ten years ago.

There are three distinct methods of selling, namely: Personal selling, by correspondence, by advertising.

In every sale there are three prime elements to be considered: The salesman, the commodity, the customer.

The qualities of each salesman may be classified under three heads: Intellectual, spiritual, physical.

Goods may be classified as: Necessities, utilities, luxuries.

There are six types of customers, as: Overcautious, clever, argumentative, conceited, irritable, flighty.

This classification will give a general idea of the field the course will cover and the order under which the chapters will fall. We shall also discuss business efficiency and then the broader laws of trade.

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:: The City of Pasadena ::

WHY WE DECIDED TO LIVE IN PASADENA WHEN WE CAME TO CALIFORNIA

LIKE every one else who can manage to do so, we had taken several trips to California. Pasadena we had known as a tourist city from our visits there, first at one of the excellent hotels, and later in a bungalow. But when we decided to become Californians, we took a look about the whole Southland and decided finally on Pasadena as the best place in which to live.

Pasadena, as all the world knows, is superbly situated, lying near the far-famed Sierra Madres. It has the advantages of mountain scenery, mountain water, refreshing breezes and recreational opportunities. Interest in the mountains is accentuated by the great plant of the Mt. Wilson Observatory with its conspicuous tower telescopes and many domes; by the electric funicular up Mt. Lowe, where a telescope is placed for the use of the public; and by the U. S. Army Balloon School's observation post on Mt. Harvard. From eight hundred to twelve hundred feet above sea level. The present population is between forty-five and fifty thousand. Churches number more than fifty. Theaters, clubs and hotels are of a high grade. The fine Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., the public library, the schools and the community work of citizens are all important influences. Pasadena's modest and beautiful bungalow homes are as great an attraction as are its magnificent residences. Living expenses are not higher here than they are elsewhere.

The new road up the Arroyo Seco leads through Pasadena's wonderful natural park and playground, past the great flood control dam and lake by a splendid road of easy grade, built by the city to open up the mountains to touring parties, while horsemen and hikers still have their secluded paths. Nearness to the beaches and the old missions, as well as close connection with Southern California's great boulevard system afford the finest of motoring.

But it is the actual city itself that furnishes the reason for our final decision. Pasadena gives more in return for its taxes than any other incorporated city we had seen. Nowhere else is there a better-kept city, or one which through its administration, tries harder to make the humble citizen happy and comfortable. Seldom do inhabitants get the consideration they receive in Pasadena.

Electric light and water plants are municipally owned—the price for both light and water is reasonable, and the service is satisfactory. The fire department is entirely equipped with motor-driven apparatus, and, with its six completely outfitted fire stations in various parts of the city, gives ample protection in case of fire. The city covers more than fourteen square miles and is

Six parks furnish athletic fields, tennis courts, an open air plunge, picnic grounds, amphitheater and other recreational facilities. A well-supplied automobile parking place is furnished.

The city is governed by a commission of five members, who apportion its various activities and administer its affairs. It is now in its eighth year under this form of government. It has experienced a most successful administration—much money has been expended for permanent improvements, tax values are reasonable and the tax levy for nearly all that time has been below the limit. Until this year, no bonds have been issued since 1912—when the water system was acquired—and the bonds just issued to increase the light system will be carried from the light plant income. Few cities can show a more successful government.

Pasadena is noted for its clean and well-kept streets, its miles of trees in parkings and its efficiency.

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THE Pasadena advertisements on the pages of this magazine give an idea of what Pasadena has to offer the shopper, but other information is necessary to acquaint the non-resident with the community work which should be shared by the ranchers and orchardists in the vicinity. The Community Orchestra, for instance, is a musical group of volunteers who practice under the direction of professional leaders and give concerts throughout the season. Starting, as have so many of our community affairs, in the home of Miss Sybil Jones, the orchestra grew by force of the devoted work of Mr. Reginald Bland and Mr. Ernest Wright until it rose to the dignity of a director from the ranks of professional orchestra work. Mr. Will Rounds, unusually talented in power of leadership, has inspired such enthusiasm that a most successful concert was given last year and a whole season's program is being prepared for this winter.

(Continued on Page 22)

On the right is a house being built for Mr. Hanson at Flintridge.

Harwood Hewitt, Los Angeles, Architect

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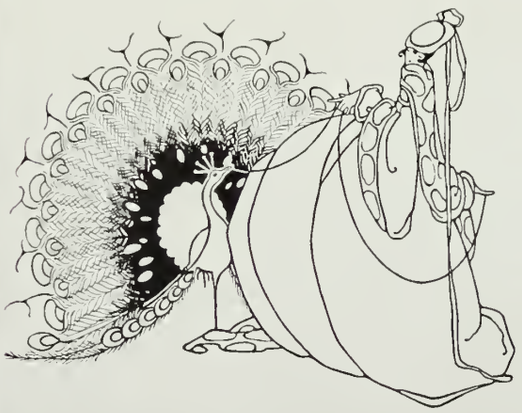

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No. 13 NOVEMBER, 1920

CONTENTS

		PAGE
SUNSET ACROSS THE ARROYO	*Cover Design*	
Painting by Jean Mannheim		
A FORMAL GARDEN	*Harwood Hewitt, Architect—Contents Design*	
LOS ANGELES HARBOR	*George B. Carpenter*	5
SHIPPING THROUGH THE PORT	*S. L. Kreider*	6
THE PORT COMMUNITIES	*William Dunkerley*	7
THE PORT-METROPOLIS	*Mabel Urmy Seares*	7
STATE-WIDE IRRIGATION	*Col. Robert B. Marshall*	8
A NEW YORK AND CALIFORNIA WEDDING		9
A RED CHRYSANTHEMUM	*Julia B. Green*	9
THE DRAMA LEAGUE	*Eleanor Bissell*	9
THE PROPER USE OF GARDENS	*Mary Dickinson*	10
A PAINTING BY WILLIAM RITSCHEL		10
AN ART CENTER FOR LOS ANGELES		11
SOUTHLAND OPINION		12 and 13
THE BISHOP COADJUTOR		12
SOME MUSICAL LEADERS	*E. M. Ryan*	14
A LOS ANGELES SCHOOL OF MUSIC	*E. M. Ryan*	15
TWO NOTABLE FIGURES IN LOS ANGELES MUSIC CIRCLES		16
CLOTHES	*Ethel Rose*	17
THE BEAUTY OF A GOOD INTERIOR		19
THE VALLEY OF CALIFORNIA	*Col. R. B. Marshall*	20
COURSE IN SALESMANSHIP	*John W. Hamilton*	21

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LOS ANGELES HARBOR—A NATIONAL ASSET

By GEORGE B. CARPENTER, *Foreign Trade Adviser Merchants National Bank*

MOST great cities are the direct result of some inherent facility or qualification indigenous to their territory; and to this rule Los Angeles is no exception. Her position at the southwestern corner of the United States gives her first of all a greater climatic similarity to most of the lands with which we are trading than that possessed by most of our more northern ports; her invitation is, therefore, as irresistible to the foreigner as it is to our own nationals, thus supplying an advantageous trade center for all international trade exchange.

Foremost among the facilities which Los Angeles offers to world commerce is the Harbor itself, offering, as it does, every modern advantage for the dispatch of cargoes at the lowest rates obtainable on the coast. Three transcontinental lines supply direct connection with all eastern trade centers, meeting here a network of ocean lanes followed by the various companies diverging to trans-Pacific, Southern and Eastern destinations.

Both Federal and Municipal governments have united in their appropriations to equip this Harbor as a great naval and merchant-fleet center, and the progress which has already taken place is well evidenced by the enormous increase in the tonnage moved last year.

In becoming the largest single city on the Pacific coast, as well as the tenth largest individual city, we have attained also a position in international relations and trade which involves a responsibility of land and ocean service to the whole world. No port is sufficient to itself. Three thousand miles of productive lands reaching back to the Atlantic are finding the Los Angeles docks a happy outlet for their agricultural and manufactured wealth. Millions of people surrounding the world's greatest ocean are sending a wide variety of products to Los Angeles as a logical gateway to the consumers and manufacturers of North America. Los Angeles Harbor is rapidly becoming an international asset, and with experience will come the perfection which the intricacies of foreign commerce demand of every crossroad in international trade.

THE MUNICIPAL PIER, LENT TO THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT DURING THE WAR AS A SUBMARINE BASE. A SMALL SECTION OF THE PORT. PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE AIR BY WILLIAM L. CROSS.

THE TRUTH OF SHIPPING THROUGH LOS ANGELES HARBOR

By S. L. KREIDER, *Shipping Agent*

Oscar Maurer

THE EXPOSITION HARBOR, SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

SAN FRANCISCO has been known to the world for nearly three-quarters of a century. Seattle has been working strong for, say, twenty years, with the additional impetus occasioned by the world war, and the energy of her people. The City of Portland has set such a terrific pace in the matter of harbor development, overseas trade, international representatives and a monumental advertising campaign that all Pacific Coast cities now developing must wake up if they would approach her wonderful civic purpose and concentration in matters of foreign trade.

During the war period Los Angeles Harbor remained quiet. It is authoritatively stated that this port of embarcation was not permitted a commercial growth, but was to be held open for the concentration and shipping of troops and supplies to the far East. This occasion did not arise.

The harbor itself, man-made, is said by the Admiral of the Pacific Fleet to be one of the finest in the world, and one in which ships can come and go 365 days in the year, any hour of the day, and not knock a dock down. It is controlled by an honorable Harbor Commission, and the foundation has been laid for this port to participate in large measure in the coming Pacific prosperity.

The great and small steamship companies are now arranging to call so frequently that docking space is rather inadequate, but the well known co-operation of all interests of Los Angeles and inland cities will overcome this situation. Even now five million dollars are being expended for widening and developing the harbor to the end that it be placed abreast of other harbors of the world. Recent developments include one of the largest cotton compresses known, and one of the most important Japanese lines en route from New York to the Orient avails itself of the coaling facilities.

Late in 1918 almost all of our foreign shipments moved via northern ports or New York. There was no Canal Service, incomplete South American service; no Oriental service; in fact, not much of anything. It is of interest to everyone in the world at all associated with shipping and foreign trade to know that the shipper and manufacturer of practically the whole United States can now move goods, through the Port at San Pedro to Spain, with two steamship companies competing; to England, with two competing lines; to Mexico, Central America and South America over seven different steamship lines operating as many steamers; to the East Coast of the United States, Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, with seven lines calling; to Havre, Antwerp, Rotterdam, Hamburg, with constantly increasing service; to New Zealand (Auckland and Wellington); to Australia (Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide); to Hong Kong, Shanghai, North China ports, Manila, Straits Settlement, India; to Japan (Yokohama, Kobe and Osaka), and an around-the-world-freight-service, which includes some of the above mentioned, but also makes the Mediterranean Ports, Alexandria, Egypt and Marseilles.

This gives an idea of the ports reached by steamers calling at Los Angeles.

To minds that have conceived Southern California as being but a tourist resort the figures that make Los Angeles the tenth city in the United States are not necessarily convincing, but the fact that it is the tenth city in industry should be noted. Two of the largest and most efficient ship-yards, employing thousands, even with the war over, are still going strong. A dry dock is in operation, capable of lifting twelve thousand tons, a possibility unthought of a short three years ago. One of the greatest rubber tire manufactories in the world has discovered the Southwest, and carries thousands on its payroll. The fish-canning industry at the harbor, with twenty canneries, is another important commercial factor. The dry goods industry, with over 66 manufacturing plants in full working order, motor truck plants, the great petroleum products, and on top of all these our

E. M. Pratt

THE OUTER HARBOR, PORT OF SAN PEDRO.

well known California products, such as grain, fruits, nuts and beans, are using this harbor in connection with our coastwise trade.

Transcontinental rates on export and import traffic are the same as those to all other Pacific ports. There is no possibility of freight congestion. Three transcontinental lines serve the port, wharfage and dockage charges are the lowest on the Pacific Coast, pilotage is optional for vessels if navigating officers are properly licensed in American ports.

There is but one conclusion that we, who are familiar with the situation, can reach—this harbor, in the not far distant future, will become one of the important export and import harbors of the United States.

THE COMMUNITIES BACK OF THE PORT

By WM. DUNKERLEY, *Secretary, Pasadena Chamber of Commerce*

REPRESENTATIVES of sixteen communities, covering twenty separate organizations, met in conference in the City of Pasadena on the evening of August 19th, starting a new departure in Southern California in the way of co-operation for a common good.

The Port of Los Angeles has been developed by the City of Los Angeles to a point where it is now recognized as an asset of the whole community. The Harbor is as important to the inland agricultural, commercial and industrial centers tributary to it as it is to the City of Los Angeles itself. It was for the purpose of bringing about a greater realization of this fact that the Conference was called. The Pasadena Chamber of Commerce and Civic Association was merely a means to an end. That it was the inland community to inaugurate co-operation along these lines merely indicates that it first gave public expression to an idea which was unquestionably in the minds of many other communities.

Pasadena may not be an industrial community, nor one with national commercial aspirations, but it does realize to the fullest extent the importance of being a thriving community in close proximity to the vast growing metropolis of the Southwest; and it unselfishly holds that the growth of that metropolis depends largely upon the co-operation and progressive spirit of itself in union with other communities also tributary to the metropolis port.

Transportation is one of the greatest factors in community building, but when the transportation takes the form of both ocean and rail communication with the outside world, development may be spelled with capital letters. Not only is industry benefited but the very necessities of the people are made available at less cost. Surplus production, both agricultural and industrial, are easily marketed in foreign countries, and as population increases the necessity for industry also increases. Already the merchants of our inland communities are receiving vast quantities of their supplies by water transportation through the Port of Los Angeles. As the Port develops, and additional steamship facilities are supplied, water transportation will be used as a matter of course by all of our inland communities.

E. M. Pratt

STUDY OF FISHING BOATS, SAN PEDRO.

With the advent of direct passenger service from the Port of Los Angeles to the leading ports of the world, we will find a large influx of travelers who will visit all parts of Southern California. They will find their greatest pleasures and make their longest sojourns in the inland communities.

It is gratifying indeed to know that the work of the Conference called at Pasadena will be continued, and that it will hold its meetings in other inland communities, later on to be followed by conferences at the Port. When I say "Port," this includes San Pedro, Wilmington, and Long Beach. They are, to my mind, all one common water front, and through the co-operation of all the people of all the territory tributary thereto should become the ocean gateway of the Southwest.

ONE WATER FRONT, ONE PORT-METROPOLIS—*By* MABEL URMY SEARES

NEWPORT HARBOR, at the eastern end of the common waterfront, was at one time the only harbor inland communities had. Lumber boats and fishing fleets centered there, and pleasure boats have always been numerous. But so great has been the growth of the communities back of this natural port, and so pressing the demand of Orange County's tremendous production, that the engineering problem of improving this useful harbor has been taken up in a fundamental way and is now being solved by the Orange County Harbor District. Complete and accurate information as to the present use and future possibilities of the estuary of the Santa Ana river has been compiled and will be put to use in the work of reclamation. A jetty which provides a safe entrance for all smaller pleasure and fishing craft has been constructed by Newport Beach, and the channel has been dredged along the inner bay shore as well as at the entrance to the harbor.

Orange County is the garden, the thickset orchard, the produce farm of the waterfront communities. Santa Ana, its capital, is an enterprising, prosperous town near enough to this natural harbor at Newport to grow in continuous settlement until it covers the stretch of rolling country between. A new harbor city is here in embryo; its functions differ from those of San Pedro but its value in building up a coastwise trade is inestimable, and coastwise trade is the vital feeder for a world seaport.

A report has been made by the Orange County Harbor Commission and its interesting feature will be given in the next number.

CALIFORNIA, now the realization of all dreams come true, was once but a name fashioned by a Spanish writer of romance to hold his tale of fairyland. If then, from out our fascinating past, we pluck a name to represent a certain portion of the state, we are but drawing on our birthright of Spanish history. Coining names and bestowing them on headland, valley, villa, port, has long been a California custom.

Three hundred and seventy-eight years ago last month Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo made his voyage of discovery up the coast of California. His log, as recounted in Charles Frederick Holder's book, *The Channel Islands*, says, "Sunday, the eighth of October [1542] they came near the mainland in a great bay which they named La Bahia de los Fumos on account of the numerous smokes which they saw. This bay is a good port, and the country is good, with many valleys and plains and trees."

It is this good country, filled with many smokes of fumigated orchards, factories and homes which we now name, for the purposes of this article, Cabrillo, Port-metropolis. For did not Juan Rodriguez discover the Southland of California more than two hundred years before Los Angeles was born, and is there another great community needing a comprehensive name with prior right to thus appropriate the surname of his mother and do honor to the doughty admiral?

Lying along that portion of the California coast which complements the shore's long line of beauty by reversing curvature at Point

(Continued on Page 18)

STATE-WIDE IRRIGATION FOR CALIFORNIA

By COL. ROBERT BRADFORD MARSHALL, *Chief Geographer of the U. S. Geological Survey*

I DESIRE to set before you some facts regarding the development of the resources of California that to me seem to need immediate attention. The power and wealth of California lie in its agricultural lands. These lands are the foundation on which everything else must stand, and California possesses a richer stock of this fundamental resource than any other State or similar area in the United States, if not the world, and yet a large part of the resource lies dormant. We know it lies there unused, yet we calmly look on and do nothing to bring it into use. California's potential wealth in land reaches into billions of dollars; 12,000,000 acres lie all around us bristling with invitations to help ourselves, yet there they remain practically untouched.

For some twenty-five years I have surveyed and topographically mapped areas in California. During most of that time I have had administrative charge of the State Co-operative Survey and in this connection have traveled all over the State, with the ever-present thought of the wonderful possibilities involved in the reclamation of its millions of unused acres. The unusual opportunities thus afforded me for observing the field conditions throughout the entire State, together with my familiarity with existing maps and their interpretation, now enables me to assemble in graphic and concrete form the results of twenty-five years' study; without the detailed map of the Valley of California made by the United States Geological Survey in co-operation with the State, the study could not be made. The plan is a large one, larger by many times than the entire program of the United States Reclamation Service for the sixteen public-land States, but it is in keeping with the State, for small ideas have no place in California.

THE WATERS OF NORTHERN STREAMS GO TO WASTE

There are approximately 12,000,000 acres of level land in the Sacramento, San Joaquin, Santa Clara, Livermore, and Concord Valleys, and more than enough water annually passes through the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers into the sea, lost forever, to put water three feet deep on each of these 12,000,000 acres.

Los Angeles, San Francisco and the Bay Cities need water, and no doubt would be glad to spend their proportionate share of the cost of State-wide development when shown that they will participate in the benefits.

The engineering plans for such a project must be comprehensive, for their execution must not only assure the complete reclamation of 12,000,000 acres of valley lands but must also effectively and forever control the river floods and insure safe and continuous river navigation throughout the year. The hydro-electric current generated along most of the streams would furnish all the power necessary for construction as well as supply more power than would be needed for use on electric railroads, in municipal lighting, for manufacturing, and for domestic use in the new homes as they will be established, and the sale of this power at fair rates would be a big revenue producer as noted below.

My solution of the whole problem is to turn the Sacramento River into the San Joaquin Valley, a feat which is now shown to be practicable as an engineering enterprise that is possible of execution within ten years and that would justify a cost, if necessary, of $750,000,000, be safe for the investor, present no legal obstructions, and provide for the present as well as the prospective land owner the most attractive proposition ever offered in the State. Remember, however, that the plan is a big, State-wide plan and also remember that success, as California measures success, is assured only when the enterprise is planned and carried out in its entirety.

From a high dam to be built across the Sacramento River near Red Bluff water will be carried in large canals down each side of the Sacramento Valley and thence up each side of the San Joaquin Valley. These main canals will operate by gravity, siphons, or pumps, or through tunnels, as may be necessary or expedient. On the main west side canal opposite San Francisco a large supply will be diverted for the use of the "San Francisco and Bay Cities unit," as briefly outlined under that heading below. The main east side canal will be twice dropped and twice again started at new and higher levels on the east side of the San Joaquin Valley as shown on Map A. Separate in construction and operation from the two Valley of California systems as above referred to, but necessarily co-operative in a State-wide sense, is a third system, outlined under the heading "Los Angeles unit." This system must always be dependent upon the Kern River, which will be diverted through a long tunnel for use in Southern California. To offset the diversion of the Kern River waters from the San Joaquin Valley, the Klamath River will be diverted below Klamath Falls and carried into the upper Sacramento River near Shasta Springs. Above all these grand canals the tributary streams will be drawn upon through reservoirs, to be built along their courses, and further flexibility of the total flow will be provided by additional storage below the canals.

The United States Geological Survey, in co-operation with the State of California, has now topographically surveyed and mapped (primarily for study and use in reclaiming the Valley of California) the entire Sacramento Valley and the San Joaquin Valley as far south as Merced; it has also, co-operatively, gaged streams, made profiles, and surveyed the larger reservoir sites along the principal streams in the State. Prior to this co-operative survey the United States Geological Survey had mapped practically all the area draining into the Valley of California and the San Francisco and Bay Cities section, as well as Southern California. Thus we have all the field data necessary to begin this work, and could start construction tomorrow. A study of these complete maps now available will convince the layman, the farmer, the land owner, and, I hope, any progressive engineer, that the proposed plan of reclamation presents no serious obstable, for it is only a Big Job.

Although the control of the Sacramento River for navigation is vested in the War Department, and Congress has appropriated money for its improvement, the State has already expended nearly an equal amount for the single purpose of maintaining it as a navigable stream. But the withdrawal of water for irrigation already almost pre-empts the supply necessary for summer navigation, and the further the land development proceeds the greater the need will become for more water upon which to transport the rapidly growing commerce of the valley.

I do not know how many millions of dollars have been spent in trying to control the flood waters of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers, and I doubt if anyone knows how much damage to property these river floods have caused. I do know, however, that as long as the present piecemeal attempts to control the river floods by the foolish levee policy continue, the damage to property, the waste of millions of dollars' worth of water, and the failure to profit by the vast quantity of products that could be obtained from the lands now unused will also continue.

We used to think in thousands of dollars, then in millions, but now we can think and are thinking in billions. Thirty years ago the cost of the Panama Canal would have frightened the entire United States.

(Continued on Page 19)

ON THE afternoon of Saturday, November twenty-seventh, at All Saints Church, Pasadena, there will be solemnized the marriage of Miss Catherine Jardine to Mr. Andrew Jackson Post, Jr., of New York City.

Miss Jardine is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Earle Jardine of Oak Knoll, Pasadena.

Among the New York people who early chose Pasadena for their home, Mr. and Mrs. Jardine have helped to make the community a pleasant one to live in. Their lovely garden, on its own oak-embroidered knoll, has been the scene of many a happy festival and delightful reunion of their multiude of friends.

Mr. Post, son of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew J. Post of New York, is a graduate of Princeton University, having also taken a course in engineering in Stevens Institute of Tech nology. During the war he saw active service in France as a lieutenant in the Signal Corps. He is associated in business with the firm of Post and McCord, structural engineers.

Mr. Post will arrive in Pasadena about November twenty-second, as will also Mr. and Mrs. Post, Mr. Albert Post, a brother, and several other members of the family. They are expected to remain several weeks in southern California.

As there is to be no reception at the residence following the church service, the young couple will leave immediately for an extended motor trip through California. Returning to Pasadena for a few days in December, they will go to their future home in Flushing, Long Island.

Autumn coloring, autumn flowers will be used at the wedding, the rich tones of our gorgeous chrysanthemums forming a background for the more delicate colorings of the bridesmaids' gowns.

A RED CHRYSANTHEMUM
("Gold Flower")

Here is no "flower of gold"! the name affronts
This splendid sunset color. Haply onee,
Shapely and sweet, in robes like this, Isolde
Glowed like a flame, and made her lover bold.
Perehanee long since in some such dazzling dress
Nile's sumptuous siren elad her queenliness;
O'er the rieh garment of this royal shade
Rose the proud head wreathen with midnight braid,
On the smooth brow the immemorial elasp,—
A sphere with outspread pinions, and the asp.—
This is the autumn's latest, loveliest boon.
A knot of velvet fringes, deep maroon,
A living gem, a core of sombre fire,
The fervid embers of the summer's pyre.

—JULIA BOYNTON GREEN.

Bowman
MISS CATHERINE JARDINE, WHO IS TO BE MARRIED IN NOVEMBER.

THE DRAMA LEAGUE AND COMMUNITY DANCING

By ELEANOR BISSELL

MANY of us know, I am sure, how there came to be a Drama League. We know that a group of women in Evanston, Illinois, met to read and study plays and derived so much enjoyment and benefit from these meetings that they decided to try to spread their ideas of the advantages of Drama as a study. From this very small beginning sprang the Drama League of America, which has branches all over the country, and which has devoted its constantly increasing energies to acquiring knowledge of what is really worth while. It supports good plays and discourages poor ones. It encourages the writing of original plays through its play contest, and establishes local companies of amateur players.

The Pasadena Centre was started several years ago under the leadership of Miss Sybil Jones and held a number of interesting meetings and conducted several play contests. Its most notable activity, however, was the assistance it rendered in forming the "Community Players," an outgrowth of the Savoy Company already conducted by Mr. Gilmor Brown which was having to struggle to get its start. The Drama League sponsored the movement, helped it financially and has stood by it through thick and thin. The players have weathered the lean years of the war and have become one of the most active agencies for Community Work in Pasadena. The Pasadena Centre of the Drama League has no claim upon them except the sentimental one of being largely responsible for their existence, and there is no direct connection between the two organizations. However, there is the most cordial sympathy and co-operation between the two organizations and several people serve upon both Boards.

Many Drama League Centres throughout the country were more or less dormant during the war, Pasadena among them, but this Spring it took its active existence again. Its first undertaking was a course of lectures on Dramatic subjects by Dr. Richard Burton, held at the Playhouse and given jointly with the Players. A reception was tendered to Dr. Burton at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Sidney Torrance to which Drama League members only were invited, and at the annual meeting a most interesting program of readings by Lieutenant Lee Nicholls was given. The League expects to offer a number of fine lectures during the winter, as well as to hold some social affairs.

When the National Drama League resumed its activities after the war it laid special emphasis on community recreation. We in Pasadena formed a committee; then arose the question of what to do first. To Dr. James S. McBride, who has for many years stood so loyally for any movement for civic or community improvement, belongs the credit of suggesting the out of door dances. Others of us have visited the Recreation Centre at Santa Barbara—so nearly what Pasadena needs—and had learned of the dances there. The idea fired our imagination and we promptly laid our plans before the City Commission. From then on all was easy sailing. Without the co-operation of the City officials we should have had many more problems to solve, but with their help, particularly that of Mr. J. J. Hamilton, Park Commissioner, and Mr. Albrecht, of the Park Department, all has gone easily. Public spirited men and women have been ready and willing to act as supervisors of the dances, and the spirit in which the opportunity has been met by the young people of the city, and the older people, too, has seemed to prove that the dances fill a real need for wholesome enjoyment and that those in attendance are ready to co-operate with the committee in the matter of conduct. No hard and fast rules were drawn up, the committee thinking that these could be made as they seemed to be needed, but it is understood that no girls under sixteen can come without chaperones, that no undesirable form of dancing will be allowed, and that only Pasadena people will attend. From one thousand to twelve hundred and fifty people have been in attendance at each dance. A nominal charge of ten cents for the evening has been set to cover the expense of the music. The musicians and music houses of the city have

(Continued on Page 22)

THE PROPER USE OF GARDENS

AN ASSISTANCE LEAGUE CHILD. DON'T FORGET YOUR KIDDIES IN FRANCE.

MRS. HANCOCK BANNING has made a contribution to the thought of the community by putting into effective use the beauty of our California gardens and houses. Organizing in her effective way a Location Bureau, where the moving picture concerns can study photographs and lists, she makes the Assistance League of Southern California not only an effective mother of charities, but also infuses into the film all the art and good taste of the best interiors and gardens of the state. Mrs. Banning has this summer organized a branch of the Assistance League in San Francisco.

It behooves Southern California, therefore, to continue to set the pace in fine gardens and beautiful architecture.

Landscape gardening, like beautiful building, is drawing into the the profession many college women. All owners of a parcel of this continuous territory should let these experts lead in the development of the unity of beautiful landscape.

The most necessary gift of the landscape architect is imagination. Through it he must be able to see in a barren plot of ground, a sloping hillside and in a vast tract of woodland the finished garden, the succession of planted terraces, and the natural park—the park made natural by his art.

With the necessary imagination, sufficient training in the technical arts which form the basis of landscape architecture, and an instinct for design it is logical to expect that women should be successful in combining their instinctive good taste with efficient use of material to make home surroundngs and public beauty spots attractive.

The pioneer firm of women landscape architects in the West is that of Florence Yoch and Lucia Fox, whose offices in Pasadena are full of interesting sketches and photographs.

Several years of local experience has given these young women the understanding of conditions and peculiar knowledge of horticulture necessary to this climate. Among the many Pasadena gardens they have planned is that of F. E. Weyerhauser, on South Orange Grove Avenue, and several others in the Oak Knoll district and on the older South Orange Grove Avenue.

At present the firm is doing landscape work at the new Wilshire Country Club. They are also working on several parks, including the development of a recreation park for Orange County in the magnificent oak grove of Santiago Canyon. One of the gardens they have in process of construction is the charming little home garden of Miss Eleanor Hague, on Hillside Terrace.

Some months ago, Miss Yoch was chosen from a large number of landscape architects to go to Shoshone Falls, Idaho, the second largest falls in the world, to act as consulting landscape architect for the huge park which will be laid out there.

THE GARDEN OF MRS. FREEMAN, OAK KNOLL. FLORENCE YOCH AND LUCIA FOX, ARCHITECTS.

Miss Florence Yoch, the senior member of the firm, is a graduate in landscape architecture of the University of Illinois. She also studied at Cornell University and has done special plant work at the University of California.

Miss Lucia Fox graduated from the University of Wisconsin and afterwards from the professional course at the University of Illinois. She spent a year in Europe studying gardening and visiting the beautiful garden sites of the older countries. Returning to this country, Miss Fox took a special course in California plant work at the University of California, at Berkeley, before locating in Pasadena.

We cannot ask people to plan their gardens to suit the emergencies of the film makers, but we can ask that the designer have their needs in mind and make in each piece of property what Bob Wagner calls a "love lot," where the principles in the play can stage the happy ending. Then placing our offering in the hands of the Location Bureau at the Tajo Building we gain easily our contribution to children's charities.

A POWERFUL MARINE, BY WM. RITSCHEL, N.A., IN THE CANNELL AND CHAFFIN GALLERIES.

AN ART CENTER FOR LOS ANGELES

IT is as a real contribution to the art atmosphere of Los Angeles that we review the exhibition of paintings by California artists now hung in the Cannell and Chaffin Galleries, and even go a little behind the scenes to tell how it happens that so unusually well-selected a group is hung in a down-town store.

The California Art Club of Los Angeles has been choosing and judging the pictures hung in its exhibitions more severely every year. The present show at the Museum is far and away the best ever given by the club. But the ultimate decision as to what will stand the test and make good in the markets of the world lies in the hands of a conscientious and capable dealer who, buying in New York studios for California the best that those studios create, applies the same identical standard to his selection of local work for the same clientele. This is the help which Los Angeles collectors as well as the artists now have in Mr. Cannell who does the discriminating selection for the local galleries of Cannell and Chaffin. Here on the quiet walls of well-lighted rooms are the canvases of men and women we know and others well known in the East but new to us. All are confidently presented, as confidently as a great

impresario offers us the best musicians of the land.

Uniting New York and California in his own work and position, William Ritschel, presented by Cannel and Chaffin to Los Angeles in a powerful and splendid marine, greets the visitor at the door of the gallery. No better illustration of what this art firm is doing for the whole community could be cited. Mr. Ritschel has brought the knowledge and technique gained on both sides of the Atlantic, to the painting of the Pacific. I doubt if anyone in the country surpasses him as a marine painter, and I know that as a paintable subject the Pacific shore cannot be surpassed. Here then we have something better than New York alone could offer us.

Confirming this opinion of our marine painters is the superb canvas by Jack Smith facing the Ritschel on the north wall. Calm and serene, infinite in its power to solace by the beauty of its presence, this great ocean speaks to us of peace.

No one who knows the history of California art can remain in the presence of this picture without feeling an overwhelming sense of gratitude. Gratitude first to the young painter for perseverance against obstacles that only the American spirit—whether exemplified at the French front in war, or at the critical point in an art career could overcome. Gratitude in the second place for all the good work that has been brought to the Coast. For Jack Wilkinson Smith has taken advantage of every opportunity this community has afforded a talented artist and has "arrived" as a notable American painter right under our very eyes. Our gratitude is deepest when we enjoy this one of Mr. Cannell's selections because it interprets for us that intangible love which Californians have for their own bright, golden shore.

CALM AND SERENE, INFINITE IN ITS POWER TO SOLACE, THIS PICTURE SPEAKS TO US OF PEACE
Painting by Jack Wilkinson Smith, in the Cannell & Chaffin Galleries

A PAINTING OF SYCAMORES BY ORRIN WHITE

Edgar Payne, whose marines everyone on the Atlantic coast knows and appreciates, has been at Laguna. His dashing seascapes here shown are a joy to the beholder, and his influence on the work of young Californians is far-reaching and impossible to estimate.

Guy Rose, a native of southern California, trained in Paris and bringing back the subtle atmosphere of that art center to students in his Pasadena atelier, is represented by his dancing blue waters of "Carmel-by-the-Sea." Mr. Cannell has set before us unusual variety at this feast of marines, and his selection of landscapes supports them admirably. Here, too, we have the best painters in the field of Los Angeles art. Mrs. Wachtel's watercolors of California scenes have won their fame throughout the country by conscientious application to the study of possibilities in her chosen medium. This medium she has mastered as a leader should. Seldom does one find a technique which in itself gives delight aside from the color and beauty of line in the scene.

Benjamin C. Brown has kept abreast of the times by remaining here while still reaching out to other art centers through every avenue open to us, and has reflected for the benefit of students and collectors in the community all the recent developments of the graphic arts. A student of light, he has made actual contribution to the art knowledge of Los Angeles through his own remarkable growth in the representation of California sunshine.

Orrin White, therefore, although he inherits Philadelphia traditions and a unique sense of color combinations, is explainable as a purely California contribution to painting in America. He needed the broadening view which his experience in the Camouflage Corps gave him, but he is a California artist in the strongest sense of the word. The delightful pattern of his beloved sycamores against purple mountains is not lost in the broader brush work. Space forbids more than mention of Dana Bartlett's exquisite Park Scene, Maurice Braun's dainty "Eucalyptus," and the lovely "Misty Morning" of Charles L. A. Smith. Mention should be made, however, of De Witt Parshall, N. A., whose fundamental and scientific scheme for the teaching of tonal development is illustrated in "Oak and Mountain," as well as in the remarkable painting by his young son Douglas Parshall.

CALIFORNIA LANDSCAPE, PAINTING BY MARION KAVANAGH WACHTEL.

SOUTHLAND

Statecraft or Politics

THE war is over, and the election is over. Both leave us with much constructive work to do. Already each individual and each community has stopped thinking world-wide thoughts and has centered on self.

What woman will accomplish in political life is still largely undecided. Both the war and the election would have ended without her efforts, yet she was there in both, working and observing. In both her work ran true to form. In war women worked through the Red Cross, the Y. W. C. A., the Salvation Army, caring for the wounded, feeding and clothing the men who did the job; always she tried to save by care.

But, the election was not an end but a decision. It was something to have gotten over in order that women may go to work for the community, the state, the federal government. New men will be in the familiar places, but they will still be men, amenable to reason let us hope; to be persuaded by women, we know.

That the trend of this persuasion will be toward constructive legislation there can be no question. In their relations with society, women are craftsmen; they build but they seldom knock down.

Statescraft means getting something done for the community, for the race; politics is a means, but has in it always the basic element of selfishness. Already the influence of woman in political affairs is shown in the reaction on candidates for office, who disclaimed selfish interest if seeking women's votes. In order to get what they want men in politics will have to live up to what they think women think of them, and that is always something a little better than they think of themselves.

Influences Working for Art in Los Angeles

THERE are two distinct ideals striving for mastery in the minds of people interested in art. One would take that which has been done in the past and place it on a pedestal; the other offers every encouragement to local talent and sings always the praises of something new. There is danger of loss to the community in both these extreme positions; the strength of neither should be ignored. The great periods of richest attainment in painting, for instance, have occurred not only when art was reborn and genius encouraged, but when there was presented to the men of genius, as well as to the public, all the best art of the past from which to chose material for growth. The life of any art comes from Nature and the present; the building materials, the sustenance, comes from knowledge of what has been done in the immediate past.

Any community, therefore, which has no definite knowledge of what art is cannot be expected to appreciate correctly the efforts of its local talent. Only by an almost unconscious comparison of new work with what we have seen and studied in the past can we appraise any art or progress in it.

Los Angeles enjoys a unique position in the field of graphic art. Every year scores of people, both connoisseurs and artists, come to the Southland, forming a critical audience for local art. This gives to the painters of the coast unusual inspiration and a welcome knowledge of what is new. It also makes it imperative that our local exhibitions be judged by the standards pertaining to the art centers of the world. During the last decade this condition has been realized. Like shuttles going back and forth among the bright threads of local color, the people and the artists themselves have brought from the Atlantic, from Europe, and from the Orient all the ideas extant and all that the past has to offer. The only persons not awake to this opportunity are those patrons of art who are so ossified in their position on the pedestal of past art, that they cannot see the beauty scintillating all about them.

To such, the exhibitors of California paintings now on in Los Angeles must be a revelation as startling as it is delightful. They have but to tear away the veil of prejudice with which they have enveloped themselves and let in the light and color of California as depicted on canvas by painters fully versed in what the highest standard of world-art now demands.

California Southland has never ceased to sing the high praises of those who hold aloft a world standard of art in Los Angeles. For ten years the editor of this journal has pleaded with dealers and devotees of art to ignore the banal and commonplace and present only the best until it had time to force its message home. Unable to trust themselves, collectors of fine arts have gone to New York to buy. Antony Anderson, our only art critic, acknowledges in his review of the California Art Club exhibition now on at the museum. that local artists have time and again begged him for the severe criticism they would get if they exhibited in New York. The standards of our collectors are those of New York and Paris; how to apply those standards to native effort is the vital thing still to be worked out.

Let Georgiana Do It

NOW that we are about to settle down to our own personal affairs we need to glance over the general work the late emergency imposed upon us and see that whatever needs to be continued has the wherewithal to carry on.

The Red Cross, the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A., and the Salvation Army have, even before the war, done our work in these lines with dispatch and satisfaction. We may stop but a moment before we go to our day's work and putting our hand in pocket give, as individuals, our contribution to the work knowing that others will attend to the details.

The second Red Cross roll call will be on between November 11 and 25. The organization is going to do the following work:

Continue work for America's veterans of the World War, particularly the disabled.

Serve our peacetime army and navy.

Develop stouter national resistance to disease through health centers.

Increase the country's nursing resources and co-operate with official health centers.

Continue preparedness for disaster relief.

Continue home service and community work.

Complete relief work among the war-exhausted and disease ridden people of Europe.

In this, as in the nation-wide campaign for our church work, the motto for us is "Let None Refuse."

The Church at Work

CARRY On! that is the message I bring to you today.

Last year, the Church inaugurated a Nation-wide Campaign for Missions, Religious Education, and Social Service. We are now called upon to "carry on" the work.

The Church's general program this year is four-fold. *First*, to bring the whole spiritual power of the Church to bear upon the Church's whole task; *second*, to secure an increased number of persons, clerical and lay, for Christian leadership and work; *third*, to care for the financial needs of the General Church, working through the Presiding Bishop and Council, especially in Missions, Religious Education, and Social Service; *fourth*, to care for the needs of our own rapidly growing Diocese, along these same lines.

The campaign as outlined, has been carefully and painstakingly planned by experts. It is not local in its application, but *nation-wide*.

Your duty is two-fold. *First*, read the literature that comes to your door. As is customary, during the campaign, distributors will deliver informative literature to your home, weekly. *Second*, *"Let None Refuse."*

CHARLES W. CLAY
Warden St. James Parish, South Pasadena

OPINION

The New Bishop Coadjutor of Los Angeles

THE Consecration of the Right Reverend William Bertrand Stevens, Ph.D., as Bishop Coadjutor of the Episcopal Diocese of Los Angeles, which occurred at St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, Los Angeles, on October 11th, was an event never to be forgotten by the great congregation privileged to be present. Never before had this impressive service been witnessed in the city of Los Angeles; never before had there been such an assemblage of Episcopal dignitaries in Southern California; never before had the attention of the Episcopal Church in Southern California been so centered on one great event.

Stately and impressive was the long procession which moved slowly up the main aisle of the Pro-Cathedral, headed by a priest crucifer. Following him, and on either side of the flag of our country, marched the choir and the lay readers of the diocese. In a second section, also headed by a priest crucifer, marched a hundred or more priests, each wearing the white festival stole and the academic hood of his degree. The uniformity of the vestments of the clergy was strikingly broken by the colorful variety of these academic insignia. At the head were young priests, fresh from the seminary; at the close those veterans long since retired.

In the final section, led by a third priest crucifer, came the bishop coadjutor elect, accompanied by his two attending priests, each of whom had traveled far from eastern parishes to rejoice in the honors of their friend. Then there followed ten Bishops, mostly hailing from the great West, those taking an active part in the service being each attended by two priests as chaplains. At the very end, thankful no doubt that at last an ever-increasing burden of twenty-five years was about to be largely removed from his shoulders, walked the beloved Bishop of Los Angeles, the Right Reverend Joseph Horsfall Johnson.

The rite itself is the most important to be found in the Book of Common Prayer, and has all the elaboration of prayer and praise that befits an outstanding religious event. The entire service, however, was marked by that simple dignity of ritual which characterizes the American Episcopal Church. There was a heartiness of response and fervor of singing which indicated that each person present was eager to join in the service to the full.

Southern Californians have seldom witnessed at any religious occasion the tremendous dignity of that moment when the great congregation stood at the hushed attention of the Church Militant while the ten Bishops united in solemn imposition of hands upon the head of the bishop coadjutor elect as he knelt before them. For those who witnessed it at least, it removed the Apostolic Succession from any realm of theory to that of present fact.

Worshippers who had not seen the new Bishop before were anxious to find out what the youngest Bishop of the American Episcopal Church looked like. They watched with interest to gain an impression of this man of only thirty-six, who had been called from far by the largest diocese on the Pacific Coast to a position of eventual supreme leadership. And they were not disappointed. They saw in Bishop Stevens one who seemed to combine humility and force, real dignity and genuine humanness. They thought they could realize why he had made a national reputation for the war work of his large parish set in the midst of the training camps of western Texas.

For a quarter of a century the title of Bishop Johnson has been, and will continue to be, Bishop of Los Angeles. He has carried the name of the see city, but he has been truly the Bishop of all Southern California. From Catalina to the Colorado, and from the Tehachipi to the border, his people have not only followed him but loved him. More than that, people of all creeds, and no creeds, have done the same thing. They simply would not let his own church monopolize him. They admired him, they loved him, they helped him.

Therefore it is not merely to an ecclesiastical office that Bishop Stevens comes, but to a living tradition. It will call for all the best that is in him of gifts of administration, of leadership, of inspiration, of breadth of vision. But first glimpses indicate to us that he will wear well. So *California Southland*, whose immediate field of influence is the same as his, wishes him God-speed in his new venture for God and for humanity.

C. RANKIN BARNES
Rector, St. James Parish, South Pasadena

Books on California

THE demand for interesting books giving the romantic history of California in pleasing but accurate form is growing with the population. Superficial writers, exploiting the Missions and the traveler's desire for information have flooded the market with inaccurate literature, calculated to discourage the careful reader; but there is, nevertheless, a constant increase in worth-while books.

The firm of John Newbegin in San Francisco has bought from the estate of the author the rights in Zoette S. Eldredge's charming history on *The Beginnings of San Francisco*. This book is more delightful in style and more full of a sly sense of humor than many books in its historical class. The author, knowing the country he is writing of, takes great apparent pleasure in drawing contrasts, implied though they may be, between the primeval country through which the conquestadores rode, and the present intensively occupied territory about the Bay. Graphic pictures are drawn of the efforts of Portola's men to reach Drake's Bay by going up the San Francisco peninsula. In a previous work, *The March of Portola and the Discovery of the Bay of San Francisco*, Mr. Eldredge stated that Ortega, pathfinder of Portola's expedition, was the discoverer of the Golden Gate, but the discovery of the whole Bay is accredited to Portola as the first leader of an expedition sighting its bright waters from the summit of the Montara Mountains. The efforts of his scouts, sent forward to go around the bay and thus reach Marine County are fascinating to those who know Carquines Straits and the great estuary of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers.

The whole book, in two volumes, gives the new-comer to California a broad idea of the pioneer and romantic side of our history and makes for the foundation of a better understanding between different portions of this state.

ST. FRANCIS' ODE TO NATURE

St. Francis of Assissi was accustomed to address the animals and birds about him as brothers and sisters, and at times he spoke of them in the familiar way that he did of personal friends. It was that fact that led to the writing of the following lines:

In man and speechless things, I see my God;
Alike in each, he's pressing toward his goal,
Each is his offspring, each his precious bairn.
Within the lacey frond of every fern,
In massive, stately pines and spreading palms,
Within the mottled fish that nimbly brave
The dashing rapids of the foaming brook,
Within the body of the leaping fawn,
And through the agile limbs of prancing steed;
In each, God's life is craving for a form,
With which to fitly vest its mighty powers;
And so in every living thing I see
Its Maker, and as well my Deity.

Each thing that lives is part of one great whole,
Each bud and shrub, each bird, as every soul,
Is sacred in the eyes of Him who called
Each one to give expression to the Life
It richly shares with every living thing.
And life creates a kinship twixt the men
Who think and toil, and gnarled and twisted oak,
And blossoming flowers, and bounding hounds,
And flectly flying birds, that sweetly sing.
All, all, are kith and kin to me and mine,
Since all alike with me are sharers in the Life Divine.

Sencx.

WALTER HENRY ROTHWELL, CONDUCTOR, PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA, LOS ANGELES

L. E. BEHYMER, IMPRESARIO

RICHARD BUHLIG, MASTER PIANIST, FIRST SOLOIST, NOV. 19, 1920, WHO WILL GIVE THE INTERPRETATIVE LECTURES

LOS ANGELES AS A COMING MUSIC CENTER OF THE COUNTRY

By E. M. RYAN

LOS ANGELES may share honors some day with New York as the music center of the United States. The impetus music has already received, together with the moving picture industry which is enlisting foremost talent, and the climate—an argument in itself—make this prediction probable. Except for permanent opera, with her symphony orchestras, innumerable quartets which are nationally known, trios, variety of organizations, individual artists and a group of world renowned composers including Charles Wakefield Cadman, Leopold Godowsky and Carrie Jacobs Bond, Los Angeles, musically, is developing more rapidly than any other city in the country.

A striking illustration of whirl-wind effort, was the organization of the Philharmonic Orchestra, Walter Henry Rothwell, director. The orchestra, which celebrated its first birthday October 25, was assembled by L. E. Behymer, its manager, last year in three months' time following a conference with W. A. Clark, Jr., the orchestra's founder and patron, who said, "Get together the best orchestra in the country." Mr. Behymer "got" the orchestra. With its ninety-six picked men, the aggregation is the equal of any symphony in the land. The 'cello section is the best in the country, for eight out of a group of ten are solo masters. The wood wind personnel was gathered in Europe and America and carefully graded as to positions. Emile Ferir, greatest viola player in America came from the Boston Symphony, as did Sylvain Noack, second concert meister of that orchestra, and first with the Philharmonics. The tuba player has no superior. Brasses and strings throughout are of the highest order. Mr. Rothwell, leader of the forces, has had unusual opportunities as conductor; for years he was director of the Royal Opera house in Amsterdam. Henry W. Savage in 1904 engaged him to conduct -Parsifal in America, the opera being given 114 times with the stage in darkness, its presentation occurring after fifty rehearsals when each and every player knew the score by heart—a remarkable feat. Mr. Rothwell was also director of the St. Paul Symphony.

The Philharmonic Orchestra closed its first season with forty-nine concerts, at which 129 compositions were played and heard by 120,000 people. The soloists for 1920-1921 include such artists as the folowing: pianists, Olga Steeb, Richard Buhlig, Lester Donahue and Mischa Levitzki; vocalists, Elizabeth Rothwell, May Peterson, Margaret Matzenauer, Ottilie Schilling and Emilio De Gogorza; violinists, Max Rosen and Sylvain Noack. Mr. Buhlig, the first soloist, will give a series of interpretative lectures on the programs of the orchestra. Another plan includes a five weeks' spring tour of the organization.

A notable addition to the publicity department is Harry W. Bell who assumed charge September 1 after completing his bookings for the American tour of the Toscanini La Scala orchestra of Milan, Italy.

L. E. Behymer, impresario of southern California and Arizona and one of the ablest musical managers in the country, according to universal opinion, has been connected with the musical life of Los Angeles for thirty three years and has done more than any other person or organization to elevate the musical standards and to bring to the city the best talent in the world. Responsible for the remarkable personnel of the Philharmonic Orchestra and the bookings for the Philharmonic courses, Mr. Behymer began his untiring efforts thirty-two years ago to make Los Angeles what it is today, artistically, when he brought the National Opera Company here, followed by the Lombardi and the Del Conti (all three the best in their day) and later, the Chicago Opera company. This season will be heard the Gallo Grand Opera company, the San Carlos in its annual visit, the Chicago Grand Opera company in April, while this fall, the week's season of the Scotti Opera company was a brilliant success. Other important events will be the return of Anna Pavlowa and company for a five days' festival, the Bolm Quartet and the Little Symphony of George Barrere and Lada, all the greatest dancers in the country.

There are four Philharmonic Artist Courses; the Evening Course on Tuesday, embracing appearances of Josef Lhevinne, pianist; Charles Hackett, tenor; Salzado Harp Ensemble with Povla Frijsh, soprano; Emma Destinn, Mary Jordan, contralto; Samuel Gardner, violinist; Josef Hofmann, pianist; Frances Alda, New York Philharmonic Orchestra with Stransky, the Bolm Ballet and Little Symphony.

The Matinee Course on Saturday includes Benno Moiseiwitsch, Pasquale Amato, Anna Case, Jan Kubelik, Frances Alda and the Bolm Ballet.

The Philharmonic Vocal Course includes Amato, Hackett, Salzedo Ensemble and Povla Frijsh, Destinn, Mary Jordan, Samuel Gardner, Anna Case, Frances Alda, Myrna Sharlow, Theo Karle, Lada and the Bolm Ballet.

The Special Instrumental Course includes Moiseiwitsch, Lhevinne, Hofmann, New York Philharmonic Orchestra, Jan Kubelik, Salzedo Harp Ensemble, the Bolm Ballet and the Little Symphony which furnishes its excellent music.

In addition, Mr. Behymer is offering thirty-three Philharmonic courses for southern California and Arizona which total an expenditure of $100,000.

The momentum of a musical idea in Los Angeles is again exampled by the Grauman Symphony Orchestra organized June 6, 1920, with a personnel of fifty musicians. The closing of the concert season of the Philharmonic and Los Angeles Symphony Orchestras which meant a dearth of summer music, gave rise to Sid Grauman's decision that Sunday concerts at his largest theatre would fill a need in the community and would take music to the masses, for in his generosity he so planned that concert attenders could stay for the feature picture and the rest of the bill. So successful have the concerts been, for each Sunday witnessed the phenomenon of crowds turned away for lack of seating capacity even in the immense theater, that Mr. Grauman will not only continue the concerts but will augment the orchestra from the best material available. Most ambitious is his plan that awaits the completion of the Metropolitan Theater at Sixth and Hill—a plan to combine the Million Dollar Theater Orchestra with the Metropolitan Orchestra of seventy-five pieces and give every Saturday morning a big symphony concert. Thus what was begun as a diversion for the summer months is destined to become one of the most significant organizations in the city and the greatest educator. Mr. Grauman gives the orchestra his personal supervision, studying it in all its aspects, while he is keenly analyzing the desires of Sunday concert crowds, his object being to give Los Angeles the best. The concerts have not only stimulated the interest of leading local musicians, but have aroused commendation throughout the country.

Misha Guterson, the new director, has had wide experience, as he toured the country for fourteen years with his own organization, "The Russian Symphony Orchestra," while prior to that he conducted the orchestra for "Florodora" with the original cast. A notable association was with Dinogratsky, one of the most famed conductors of Europe, under whom Mr. Guterson played first violin. His plan is to give plenty of variety to the audience at the Sunday concerts and to play nothing but the best music, selecting, however, the lighter moods of the composers. When he feels that the demand for the greater classics is insistent, he will give them in the fullest measure. The soloists who have appeared at the concerts are

MISHA GUTERSON, DIRECTOR GRAUMAN ORCHESTRA

SID GRAUMAN, WHO HAS ORIGINATED POPULAR SUNDAY ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS

WILL ROUNDS, DIRECTOR PASADENA COMMUNITY ORCHESTRA

a notable list and include such artists as Charles Wakefield Cadman, Olga Steeb, pianist; John Smallman, baritone; Vladimir Graffman, Russian violinist; Mme. Nadine Platinoff, Russian soprano; Ilya Bronson, 'cellist; Lucia Laraia, harpist; Henry Svredofsky, violinist; Povl Bjornsjkeld, Danish tenor; Christian Timner, violinist; Claire Forbes, pianist; Ettore Campana, baritone; Maybelle Burch, coloratura soprano, while Basil Ruysdael, Metropolitan basso, is a coming attraction.

Important is the work along progressive lines of the College of Music, University of Southern California, which offers full courses in all branches of theoretical and applied music leading to a diploma. Especially strong is the department of public school music in which the graduates are granted the special certificate of secondary grades. Normal training prepares the student for problems he has to face as instructor. Interesting, too, is the childrens' department which offers the best instruction to juveniles as young as six years. Supplementing the studies, are the advantages the school extends to the pupils by giving them, free of charge, tickets to twelve concerts of the Philharmonic Orchestra; while through the courtesy of L. E. Behymer, a rate is extended for the piano and vocal series of the Philharmonic concert courses. Student recitals form another phase of activity. It is the plan of the department of school music to put on a light opera using the glee club as the nucleus of the material. The teaching force is especially strong and includes among others, Olga Steeb, head of the piano department; Arnold H. Wagner, voice and public school music and Adelaide Trowbridge, piano and normal teaching.

Among the big artists of Los Angeles promoting the best in music, is John Smallman, who is making great success as conductor of the Los Angeles Oratorio Society. When he assumed conductorship, the organization numbered eighty members, now it has been increased to 300, with only the third season begun. Mr. Smallman's plans for the society include the presentation late in February of Hadley's "Ode to Music" and in April, Parker's "Hora Vovissima" at which the Philharmonic Orchestra will assist. During Christmas week he will conduct the Messiah.

This Los Angeles artist is eminently fitted for leadership of the big organization as he has had wide experience in choral work. During the past summer he gained further points in conducting from Emil Mollenhauer, director of the Handel and Hayden society, Boston—a society founded 100 years ago and the oldest in the country. In addition he studied French repertoire from Frank E. Doyle, for Mr. Smallman has arranged an extensive concert tour in which French modern songs will be a feature of his programs. Another plan outside of his teaching, includes choral work in conjunction with Grauman's Symphony Orchestra for which he will prepare a chorus of thirty female voices. During the Pilgrimage play, the octette of women's voices was recruited from Mr. Smallman's studios, as all were his pupils.

Foremost Los Angeles composer is Frieda Peycke whose work is the most unique and original in the field of art. Her musical settings are the frame for four distinct groups of compositions including fables and legends in prose, charms of nature and their lessons, humor and philosophy and whimseys of boys and girls. In all of her songs there is heart appeal and an individual message. Her work might be classified as melodious story telling, for she declaims poem or story, at the same time putting it in musical expression at the piano. Possessing a radiant personality, an appealing soprano voice and splendid piano schooling, her programs are unrivaled in the sheer joy they give to listeners. Especially interesting are her musical delineations of childhood.

Miss Peycke is in great demand as entertainer at clubs and in private homes, in addition to other public appearances which last season numbered forty-seven engagements while this year she already has seventy-five bookings. Her Pasadena recitals included appearances at the Shakespeare and Valley Hunt Clubs, Y. M. C. A. courses and affairs at the Huntington and Raymond hotels.

Chief among those who are doing big things in Los Angeles musically and who have always stood for the highest standards are the Thilo Beckers whose charming home is a center of the artistic life. Here in monthly recitals appear their distinguished artist pupils whose work it is a pleasure and a benefit to hear. The first of these brilliant affairs will be given soon in honor of Richard Buhlig, pianist, who is lecturer for the Philharmonic Orchestra and who will be its first soloist. The Beckers are Mr. Buhlig's oldest Los Angeles friends, the friendship dating back from concert days in Europe. Among their plans for the coming season is an appearance in Los Angeles in December, after which they will give concerts in the East, two of which are scheduled for Aeolian Hall, New York, the first to be Feb. 25. Concerts in London and other foreign cities are under consideration.

Thilo Becker has sent forth many famous piano pupils, among whom is Olga Steeb, he having been her only teacher for twelve years. Lester Donahue is another student who gained his fine technic under Mr. Becker's instruction. Together with Miss Steeb, he will also be soloist this season with the Philharmonics. Josef Riccard, soloist last season with the Los Angeles Symphony, and Mildred Jamison, who returned to Mr. Becker after her studies with Harold Bauer, are still others, while among the many who owe their artistic violin playing to Mrs. Becker is Mrs. Purcell Mayer, who is doing extensive concertizing this year.

Maude Fenlon Bollman is a newcomer to Los Angeles from Chicago, and has accomplished significant things in the year she has been here. In one church alone six of her pupils are singing, which is a unique record. As head of the vocal department of the extension division of the State University, Mrs. Bollman has been unusually successful in voice development, so that her pupils are coming to the front in various phases of music activity. Adequately to equip students for public appearances, Mrs. Bollman has planned a series of morning recitals, the first to be given in December, when Nellie Coburn Walker, mezzo soprano, assisted by her husband, Carlyle Walker, cellist, will be the attraction. These recitals will doubtless be given at the Wellington apartments, Los Angeles. Mrs. Bollman herself will give a number of recitals in which English programs and the compositions of California composers will be presented. The first of these will be given in November at the Altadena Woman's club.

Mrs. Bollman is now grading her pupils for quartet, trio and duet work, the instruction and practice to fit them for appearances at clubs, hotels and private homes. Mrs. G. F. Holbert, one of her pupils, was most enthusiastically received at the Pasadena club recently, the occasion being her song recital there Oct. 20.

Mrs. Bollman pursued her musical education entirely in the United States, her instructors being the most eminent and efficient in Chicago and New York, her studies including general voice work and solid foundation, tone production, opera, the art of singing, interpretation and coaching. A coloratura soprano of beautiful quality, with a wide repertoire, which includes knowledge of all the operas, Mrs. Bollman has appeared before the leading organizations of the country.

Will Rounds, who has a violin studio in Los Angeles, has been intimately associated with its musical life, as he was assistant concertmeister of the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra in 1918-19, and following that, played first violin with the Philharmonics. He is planning to organize an amateur orchestra in Los Angeles, for he believes that such an aggregation could be the recruiting school for a symphony orchestra as the members gain a wonderful knowledge of musical literature and fine experience.

Mr. Rounds is most concerned in upbuilding the music life of Pasadena, and as director of the Community Orchestra is furthering the community spirit by co-ordinating the music

(Continued on Page 18)

A PROSPECTIVE SCHOOL OF MUSIC FOR LOS ANGELES

By EDITH MILLICENT RYAN

A SCHOOL of music for Los Angeles similar to the Witherspoon School, New York, is a plan for the near future of Louise Gude. Miss Gude, who is having signal success as vocal teacher, feels the time is ripe for broader development of voice through every accessory a school, founded on high ideals, can give. Such an institution would mean the education of the voice through repertoire, opera, language study, piano department, so first class musicians would be launched in whatsoever field their ambitions would take them. Miss Gude, held in highest esteem by Herbert Witherspoon, foremost teacher in America, upon whose instruction and guidance artists of the Metropolitan Opera Company constantly rely, will have Mr. Witherspoon's co-operation in the enterprise. Elevation of the musical standards of students, so the masses will be affected by them, is the inspiration of the plan, which developed, will be one of the most important things constructively in the musical history of the West.

Miss Gude is a born teacher. She considers voice a natural, growing musical medium, unfolding in its development like a rose. She studies personality and voice quality of each pupil. She recognizes the positive correspondence between personality and vocal instrument; that a beautiful voice is susceptible to the mental and spiritual life of the singer, and if the singer gives something to the world, he must be so submerged in his offering that the voice becomes a channel of expression. A beautiful song must be intelligently lived by the singer.

Proper breathing is neglected by most vocal teachers. To Miss Gude, proper breathing is the foundation of the voice, without which there is no singing. She localizes the deep seat of the breath at the bottom of the diaphragm, the singing column being from there to the top of the head, and of such controlled elasticity, that the tones are produced without tightness—free as a bird. She makes the whole body form elastic resonance centers, so the tone is like a string of pearls. Diction is formed on the singing breath outside of the mouth, so it is easy, clean cut, lovely.

LOUISE GUDE

Another tendency of teachers is to torture the voice into something against its inherent qualities. Miss Gude's great success as teacher lies in protecting the quality of a voice so it can expand in a natural way.

Miss Gude's plans this season include more trio, duet, quartet practice, preparing students for recitals and club programs, coaching pupils in the professional field, as church and concert singers, and the high school assembly work. The latter is a phase, already in operation, of the plan to take art to the masses, for the pupils who appear at the assemblies, give the choicest songs, and in three languages.

Miss Gude, the bulk of whose work was with Herbert Witherspoon, preceded by study in Europe and opera repertoire with William Wade Hinshaw, head of the American Opera Association, at the Park Theater, New York, is possessed of a dramatic lyric voice, three octaves in range. In her tour throughout the East and South, the fine texture of her voice, its resonance, coloring, beauty, exquisite shading and skilful manipulation were featured by all the press comments. Teaching, however, is the chosen field of Miss Gude, as her ambitions are centered on broader service as shown in this article.

A VIOLINIST AND A COMPOSER IN THE SOUTHLAND

ROBERT MARTIN STAPLES

Robert Martin Staples is a notable figure in the field of violin teaching. Mr. Staples' claim rests upon his remarkable ability to develop in his students, such organization of the elements of technic through repeated formulæ that they attain a sense of rhythm, pitch and tone, and so are able, under his tutelage, to arrive at independent expression—the goal of the virtuoso. A Staples' pupil is a synonym for well grounded technic, intelligent understanding and brilliant playing.

Mr. Staples' plans this season include a wide survey of violin literature arranged in duet, trio and quartet form which will be played by his more advanced pupils in class. Open discussion of visiting violinists in the concert courses will be continued.

Coming to California from Chicago, Mr. Staples for eleven years has been an important part of the music world of Los Angeles. During that time, when head of the violin department at Pomona College, he had his class in Los Angeles, was a member of the Los Angeles Symphony and now plays first violin in the Philharmonic Orchestra. Another feature of his activity is coaching pianists in chamber music.

A pupil of Auer, Petrograd; Sevcik, teacher of Kubelik, Vienna and Prague; Eberhardt, famous for his physio-psychologic method, Berlin, Mr. Staples with his fine musicianship, is sending forth disciples with the highest ideals. Four of his pupils have been members of the Symphony, others are on the concert stage.

Mr. Staples himself is arranging to appear in several recitals this season throughout California.

Oscar Maurer

MISS FRIEDA PEYCKE

CALIFORNIA SOUTHLAND'S BUSINESS COURSE FOR HOMEKEEPERS

By JOHN W. HAMILTON, Y. M. C. A. Instructor in Expert Salesmanship

BUSINESS and Salesmanship are closely allied. Every sale is a business transaction; whether one sells his time and ability to do things or the products of his hands or brain, the elements of the business transaction will be found to be fundamentally similar. A thorough knowledge of the intricacies of salesmanship is therefore a necessary part of the training of every business man and woman, of every professional aspirant, of every artist, whether craftsman, musician or painter, and certainly of every buyer. In placing a knowledge of business methods on this high plane, we do not lower our ideals of art, science or letters. We merely state the modern requirements of success.

There are four mental steps necessary to the making of every sale: Attention, interest, desire, decision. To take a person through these mental states so that he will first listen to you, and be interestd, then destire to buy, and decide to do so; all this leadership demands a knowledge of the way the human mind works.

If without first getting the attention and interest of a prospective buyer, one talks on and on about that which he has to sell, he arouses that antagonistic feeling so prevalent in regard to salesmen. The mind of the buyer must be led through these steps in order that time may not be wasted and patience exhausted.

So expert have many men buyers become in the methods of the salesman that they give their attention at once to a newcomer's opening talk, and then say politely but firmly, "Your product does not interest me, I do not use it." This method saves time for both the merchant and the lady of the house when she finds a salesmen at her door. But it does not sell goods. The business of the salesman is to sell his goods, so he devises some way to create desire in the mind of the prospect during his first few sentences.

To do this requires not only a knowledge of the product for sale but also power to convey that knowledge to others quickly.

The mind must necessarily be led through these mental steps, whether you are selling a ten-cent seat in a theater, a five-cent package of chewing gum, or a threshing machine. While walking down the street you pass a theater. You see the flashy posters, or perhaps hear the crier calling attention to the show that is going on inside. He gets your attention. The sensational pictures, the representation of characters, the title of the play, all interest you. You stop, and while looking them over there comes a desire to see the play. If you happen to have an extra ten cents your mind acts and you pass in.

It wasn't the ticket seller who led your mind through the mental steps, and caused you to resolve to see the show. But the men who worked out those posters, who arranged the headlines, knew what would lead the mind of the average man successfully through the four mental steps.

Newspaper men, as well as advertising men, have learned the secret of leading the mind. You look at an advertisement on the back page of the Saturday Evening Post. There is a picture of a healthy child and the words, "I eat Cream of Wheat."

The picture attracts attention. The suggestion, which may be made either through the characters portrayed or by the words in the advertisement, interests you, arouses a desire, and ulimately persuades you to purchase that particular brand of goods. You see an automobile "ad" covering a double page in a leading magazine. It is arranged in colors and paints a picture of pleasure. Its attractiveness secures the attention. It pictures the machine with its occupants on a beautiful country road. There are flowers, forests and hills. You long for the country; for the leisure that goes with a tour in the country. You are interested; furthermore, you desire the machine. It gives a few facts regarding it, and how it is possible for you to possess one—why you ought to possess one, and if these arguments are sufficiently convincing they induce resolve. These illustrations serve to show the necessity of creating mental pictures in your sales talk. A man will look at a picture and get the point of view when he will not read dry facts. But you can't sell goods with pictures alone. There must be a combination of the two. A vocabulary filled with descriptive adjectives is necessary to create favorable mental images. One word inappropriately used might destroy the power of your talk.

It is also true that one word, at times, used by the salesman in his talk will cause unfavorable reflection or arouse in the mind of the prospect a serious objection. Let us assume that a salesman enters the office to sell a filing cabinet. He discusses with the office manager the facilities with which the correspondence can be handled, efficiency in keeping records, vouchers, etc., the time and labor saved, correspondence instantly available, card system for reports, prices, and records.

The office manager is enthusiastic, because he has been led to believe that the addition of filing equipment to his office means a saving in time and money; also means satisfaction and efficiency. They have been dealing with the positive side of the subject only.

The salesman, however, in his enthusiasm mentions that the expense in adding additional equipment from time to time will be but small, and that additional equipment will be necessary as the papers accumulate.

This arouses a new line of thought in the mind of the prospect. The fact that there is an expense in connection with the up-keep of the system, or that additional help will be necessary to take care of the filing, adds a new phase to the subject.

If the salesman is clever, he will have anticipated that such an objection is sure to arise in the mind of the prospect. One word such as "expense," "cost," "trouble," or "dissatisfaction" which some other prospect has had may cause a line of unfavorable thinking. Words of this type must be eliminated from the sales talk, or if it is necessary to use them, the salesman must be sure to come back strong and

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overcome any prejudice that might arise in the mind of the prospect due to their use.

There are many things desired by a probable purchaser which he does not get. Many salesmen can lead the mind of a prospect through the first three steps, but find it impossible to get a favorable decision. Although, let me assure you, if your proposition is properly presented—if you understand human nature—if you have carefully analyzed your sales talk, it is possible many times to sell a man that which he does not want, and for which he has no need. This is a practice that must be avoided. Such extreme cleverness in salesmanship reacts against itself, and against the whole profession of scientific study of the human mind and its workings.

LOS ANGELES AS A COMING MUSIC CENTER

(Continued from Page 15)

with the production of the Community Playhouse. To that end he is conducting classes in ensemble professional playing, and has arranged appearances from time to time with the Community Playhouse productions. The orchestra was organized last season, and will make four appearances at the Hotel Haryland and the same number at the High School. Mr. Rounds is the right one for the big work he has undertaken, for he is thoroughly grounded in musical literature. He had also the good fortune to study conducting under Arthur Nikisch, the greatest conductor in Europe. Other efforts include organization of and work with school orchestras and the direction of music for the winter season at the Hotel Raymond. Mr. Rounds is an exceptional solo violinist, his talent being enlisted in a trio including Paul Cartwright, cello, and Clarence Kellogg, piano. The plan this season is to make an extensive tour of the coast states.

THE PORT METROPOLIS

(Continued from Page 7)

Conception, there is a stretch of country facing south and occupied by a unique and rapidly coalescing cluster of communities. "South of Tehachapi" it has been called, for at this high and isolated pass the two great mountain ranges of the state curve like the coast and meet. Below are broken ranges set at all sorts of angles, leaving many a pass and pleasant vale between. Through these side doors the new community has reached directly north behind the high Nevadas for more water, and far south and east behind her neighbor, San Diego and its tumble of Sierras, for the watermelon and the cotton of the Colorado's ever fructifying fields.

This comprehensive, homogeneous community faces its front door on the south Pacific. That portal reaches from the federal reservation at Point Firmin. Sharply turning north so that the long breakwater below the port town of San Pedro stretches out protecting arms to east and west, the commercial water front curves east and southeast twenty miles or more. San Pedro is the deep sea harbor; and Long Beach, now that the basins are united, shares the advantages of water transportation for her shipbuilding plants, her canneries, iron works and factories. At the center of the crescent water front this growing city of Long Beach dangles its pleasure piers in the bright waters, and thus reserves a bit of beach for bathers, fishing fans and picnics. But time will fill the space between Los Angeles proper and the wide water front of our port metropolis with thick set industrial towns. Already pleasant homes are grouping themselves near industrial plants in this district near the transportation facilities and the metropolis. It is a rolling country, traversed by trolley lines and motor roads. Bungalows here are built by the owners themselves or bought from some building company. Every modern facility for modern home life is here put into every day practice by the educated, up-to-date people living down the Long Beach boulevard and in the bungalow towns for many miles on each side of it. Alamitos Bay, the estuary of the Santa Ana river, and Newport harbor are part and parcel of the water front of our port-metropolis. Sailing vessels, lumber sloops and all boats able to carry fruit and vegetable products or coastwise trade, can find even now facilities for transporting all they can carry. Here, too, are the yacht clubs and seaside resorts for those who must summer near the city; fair Laguna, the artist colony of the Southland, leading in that exclusiveness and isolation from trolley traffic which the artist's work demands.

(Continued in December Number)

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Olga Steeb

Talented Daughter of Los Angeles

Whose Playing with the Knabe-Ampico Carries Best Music to Thousands

OLGA STEEB, Los Angeles born, is acclaimed on all sides as "foremost woman pianist of the world." Paderewski said to her several years ago, "Go to Europe for observation and experience and you can teach us all how to play!" Miss Steeb's musical career is a phenomenon difficult to comprehend for since her nineteenth year when she electrified Europe by her playing, she has worked out alone her immense repertoire consisting of 1,200 pieces, including twenty-five concertos which exceeds, it is claimed, that of any other artist, while she can give at a week's notice seven distinct programs. Her advent in Berlin when she appeared with the Philharmonic Orchestra playing nine different concertos in three weeks, one of which was the Scharwenka concerto, Scharwenka himself conducting, is still recalled by critics who were amazed at her virtuosity. She knows the classics thoroughly and has memorized everything Bach ever wrote in addition to her vast knowledge of the modern school.

An interesting phase of her concert work which has taken her all over this country and into Mexico, is the Knabe-Ampico recital, twenty-seven of these marvelous demonstrations having been given this season throughout California and attended by 30,000 people. One of her greatest successes with the Knabe-Ampico is Liszt's "Etude de Concert, D Flat," in which Miss Steeb plays the melody and the Ampico the accompaniment, then as the Ampico gives the melody, the pianist takes the accompaniment, a procedure never followed before in any concert. Also the Ampico, during a portion of this number plays a complete reproduction of Miss Steeb's art. Sylvain Noack, concertmeister of the Philharmonic Orchestra, who heard the Knabe-Ampico concert at Trinity Auditorium, commented as follows: "It was the most wonderful thing I ever heard."

Miss Steeb will leave shortly for a tour of the East and Middle West, returning about the middle of February when she will play throughout California and other coast states.

THE MASQUE OF THE SEASONS

By JESSIE ISOBEL CALHOUN ANDERSON

Price 50 cents

A PAGEANT MASQUE in four scenes, for sylvan or indoor production. It can be expanded by elaboration of detail into great gorgeousness, but is extremely beautiful and effective with the simplest settings and costumes. There are acting, dancing and singing parts, with incidental orchestra music.

Princess Lazarovich Hrebelianovich (formerly Eleanor Calhoun, famous for distinguished acting as leading lady, star, producer, and as author, in London, and for success in great roles with the French National Theater companies in Paris, L'Odeon and La Comedie Francaise, and with M. Coquelin in tour of France), author of "Pleasure and Palaces," etc., wrote of it: "I cannot refrain from saying how much I think of the pageant, "The Masque of the Seasons," which you sent me in the charming magazine (The California Southland). Your pageant is superior to most of the best pageants—to any I know of. It is very Greek—of the classic period—so pure in regard to nature values, human truth, right philosophy, simplicity of form and expression, yet larger, well-poised force. I can't, in a few words, tell you how beautiful and really noble I find it! With the songs and dances as I see it in my mind's eye, it must have been a thing of very great delight and beauty—a true Californian creation, full of the spirit of our native country, for all its high Greek perfection!"

If given out-of-doors, any garden spot is suitable; if on a stage, a curtain for background. The characters in the spoken parts may be five men and five women, three men and seven women, or all women and girls. The dances may be all girls, or boys where suitable, as in the March scene.

The music should be the best available. Costumes may be of simplest stuff in proper colors, or of as rich materials as possible.

Very full directions are printed in the Book of the Masque.

Now we have it, and no doubt it is worth to us and the world many times more than the $500,000,000 it cost. Twenty years ago a bond issue in California for $18,000,000 for good roads would have staggered the people and been voted down, 20 to 1. Now we see the absolute necessity for State highways and will continue to build them at any cost up to a hundred million or more. Therefore, why haggle at an expense of even $1,000,000,000 when we know that the reclaimed land will within 20 years produce, with the use of the water provided, many times more than the cost.

The amount estimated as possibly necessary for the reclamation work will, it is proposed, be raised through a State-authorized bond issue. The interest on these bonds will be more than met by the revenue produced by the sale of the hydro-electric current to be generated as construction proceeds and sold as fast as available, and a surplus will be created for maintenance, depreciation, etc., leaving the users of water to pay by the purchase of water from the State the cost of construction over a period of say fifty years.

Therefore, this scheme of reclaiming California does not call for the expenditure of one penny from the State or National treasury. All the general public will be called on to do is to give their endorsement to the bonds, which will be secured by the land, thus placing on the market bonds as good and as safe as Government bonds. The water users, whether land owners or municipalities, will pay the entire cost of the construction. Everything done under the plan would be an affair of community interest; all rates for water, electric railroad rates, navigation routes and rates would be controlled by a board of directors to be elected by the water users' association. Under this plan the bonds would be much sought after by the land-owning water users, and this would inspire them to expedite the creation of the district and the completion of the work.

At a cost of $25,000,000 Los Angeles has recently constructed a splendid 225-mile aqueduct from the Owens River Valley, but this supply will not meet the phenomenal growth of Los Angeles for more than fifty years, even for the city and county alone, whereas there are now elsewhere in Southern California fast-growing towns that need relief and much acreage that needs water to put it under fullest development. The only ample supply of water is the Kern River, which at a cost of $50,000,000 would provide all the water Southern California can reasonably get and perhaps will need for 150 years. Does Southern California want approximately four times more water than is now carried in the present Los Angeles aqueduct? If Southern California does not join the large scheme at the beginning and Kern River water is once used in the Grand Canal system, then Southern California cannot get Kern River water in the future.

MAP A

This article will be continued in the next number, and will treat of the Electric Power now taken from the Kern River near Kernville to Southern California as well as suggesting additional sources of power. The recommendations made by Col. Marshall to the people will also be published.

CLOTHES AT BOADWAYS

By ETHEL ROSE

IF IT is true, as the Star-News asserts, that the Southland is the Mecca for the sports contingent this winter, Boadway's will be a second little Mecca for it, once it has arrived; for Boadway's has just opened its balcony floor, entirely re fitted and decorated, as a smart shop in itself for women's sports clothes.

Several years ago when jade green was as rare a color for clothes ar real jade was for jewelry, Broadway's showed in their window a jade green hat of soft furry felt. To see that hat was to long for it, and a friend of mine fell before the temptation. Contrary to what happens in most moral tales, she never once regretted the deed, but rejoiced in the hat until it became absolutely impossible.

Boadway's has not changed its habit of carrying charming things, and though it has become more of a popular store, with a wider selection for all pocket books, it still has first class and unusual things, as anyone may quickly discover.

There are, for instance, three different types of the ever useful sweater and skirt that are very good indeed. One has a brown and tan pleated wool skirt in almost inch square checks, with which is worn a brown wool sweater with brown and tan check revers. Then there is a smooth black skirt, plain at the top but slashed half way up at intervals to show pleated insets of black and white. A black sweater of heavy silk in a fancy weave was shown with this, the revers of white silk and the little black buttons on the cuffs rimmed with white. The golf suits of Shetland wool are light weight, very good quality, and most reasonable in price. They come in different colors, the prettiest, I though, white with black borders and tan with brown.

To wear with these there is a full line of Rawak and Vogue hats, including the very smart little duvytn ones.

Boadway's has, of course, all the other kinds of clothes, even a high, very high, necked black velvet street dress with a draped hip sash of black and gold metal tissue.

Next to sport things, though something that can be worn in the evening is most needed here, and one for a young girl was a useful anything-sort-of dress of white Georgette with narrow belt and folds of the thinnest, most pliable black patent leather headed by lines of black worsted darned in and out.

Photographs Taken at Boadway's Pasadena by Mabel Watson

Strictly for golf, and more youthful, are the knitted suits of Shetland wool. These have slip over sweaters with narrow sash belts and narrow skirts with fine pressed pleats, this pleat effect being also carried out on the cuffs and sweater edge.

Then, really for evening this time, were two dresses entirely dissimilar but equally attractive: one of orange crepe de chine, the loose blouse and sleeves cut in one and joined to the finely plissée skirt by an inch wide silver ribbon belt. The distinction of this was in its color, for it had an all-over design in tiny crystal beads and was made over a gold tissue slip that was amusingly ravelled out for half an inch or so at the edge.

The second was more formal, and also more notable for charming color. This was a solid design in mother of pearl and silver paillettes on a silver foundation with inch wide shoulder straps of the same. The sleeves were mere caps of gray tulle, which was also used for a big rosette at the left of the waist in the back, and from this hung a long tulle end to be worn either as a train or a scarf.

Lastly, I was shown a coat of the kind that can be worn both in the daytime and the evening. It was of Evora in dark green (a popular Scotch note), and had a big mole collar and sleeves of the same fur that were cut in one with narrow inserted side panels. The lining of soft mauve silk had an iridescent effect and bright figures.

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TAKING the beauty of California's out-door color into our homes is a subtle and difficult thing. We want seclusion, rest and shade without a loss of that cheerful air so characteristic of our climate.

To the mind of the Eastern furniture maker this subtlety of color adapted to environment can never be compassed. The artist who conceives a California interior successfully must have been to the manor born—only a life time spent in a country of two seasons can fit a man or a woman for the task.

Autumn coloring we have all through our dry season. Not with the burst of splendor that accompanies the Eastern frosts—but in quiet tones and dusky yellows. Spring brings us soft misty grays and brilliant greens; and, through it all, the year round, the bonny blue of the sea and sky dominates.

It is the understanding of these background uses of California's color that has made La Cabana Azul, the little blue studio set in the midst of our present building activities, so vital a factor in the home-making of today. The exterior, with its blue plastered walls, its red tiled roof and gay Spanish awnings is a familiar delight for all who catch a glimpse of it on Western avenue. But the calm beauty of its interior is more attractive still. It ministers to one's desire for pure beauty: it satisfies that desire we all feel for a beautiful shady spot, as lovely as the landscape we see every day.

Oscar Maurer
THE CLASSIC ENTRANCE TO LA CABANA AZUL

Under the gabled tiled roof there greets one on entering, a domed hall, octagon in shape, and opening directly or by an arched hallway into all of the studio departments and offices.

The ceiling is blue, like the deep blue of Tahoe, fathomless and serene, cool yet colorful.

Opposite the entrance is the little court open to the sky; its pink walls and blue casements, its pool of yellow and blue water lilies, and the greens of grass and shrubbery make it a place of pure joy for those who care when things are well done.

To right and left of the court are drafting rooms, and an office with a large table where can be spread out the plans for building the homes of Los Angeles.

To right and left of the entrance are the two rooms pictured, Mr. Whiteley's study and office, and the large living room set as a part of the studio for exhibition purposes, but also typical of all that dignified art can give to the interpretation of a handsome home.

The walls are mahogany color panelling rubbed with gold dust. The colors are brilliant, yet livable, and the sparkle of California sunshine seems to be entering through some fairy crevice, leaving out door its glare and heat. This is a most comfortable interior, giving us the blue and gold, purple and orange, green of the sunset sky and violet of the mountains all subtly woven into our surroundings like a happy memory of sunny days gone by. Seldom does one see so much variety made harmonious in a room.

The beauty expressed through this studio is so distinctively and originally Californian that it satisfies the true Californian as no eastern architecture can. California materials are used—Batchelder tiles, paintings by local artists, and the plant-life indigenous to this climate as well as to the Mediterranean shores.

THE COURT IS OPEN TO THE SKY

THE EXHIBITION ROOM IS COLORFUL

A BEAUTIFUL CEILING CROWNS THE OFFICE

PASADENA DRAMA LEAGUE

Continued from Page 9

been most interested and generous in their co-operation.

Meanwhile the Drama League should have a very large membership. Everyone who has approved of our dances and realizes what we have been trying to do in holding them, everyone who is interested in helping us afford Pasadena an opportunity to hear some of the fine speakers who come to our Coast, or who is in any way interested in strengthening and purifying the stage, not only locally but nationally, should become a member of the Pasadena Centre of the Drama League of America. A membership costs two dollars a year, including a very valuable magazine on Dramatic subjects, or one dollar without the magazine. Any one of the membership committee, which consists of Dr. James S. McBride, Mrs. Katherine Watson, Mr. George Judd, Miss Marjorie Sinclair and Miss Sybil Jones, will be glad to receive names and money, or the fee may be given direct to Mr. Henry Thayer at the Union National Bank of Pasadena.

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DELIGHTFUL as our climate may be the truth compels us to say that it is hard on the hair and skin. Great care must, therefore, be taken to treat these delicate substances with all the aids to a clean and unencumbered existence. It is practically impossible for everyone to study deeply all the branches of knowledge open to the human mind.

It is well, therefore, to select a careful, well informed person recommended by a conservative and long established dry goods house, and put oneself in the hands of such an expert when at a loss about one's hair an dskin.

Such an expert Pasadena has in Mrs. Josephine G. Nicholas at Mather's Hair Shop. Under her direction the effects of dry climate are smoothed away. Her corps of assistants is also carefully selected and one may rest form the stress of a day's shopping under the gentle ministrations of modern facial massage.

INTERIOR DECORATION

Pasadena is glad that Mr. Cheesewright has so developed the work of the beautiful studios in Tudor House that he has already bought out the corporation and will carry on the work of giving expert advice in interior decoration under his own firm name.

PEGGY ANNE SHOP

MRS. A. M. LUCKEY, so well known for her philanthropic work in Pasadena, has developed in *The Peggy Anne Shop* a place where fine needlework may be ordered or bought ready made. Children's clothes, designed by Mrs. Claire Greene, Mrs. Luckey's daughter, are charmingly executed and supply that desire on the part of careful mothers who would dress children in beauty but also in good taste.

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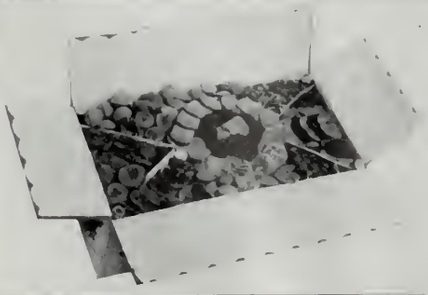

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State of California, County of Los Angeles.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Mabel Urmy Seares, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the editor and manager of California Southland, and that the following is a true statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., of the aforesaid publication, for the date shown in the above caption; that the name and address of the publisher, editor and manager is Mabel Urmy Seares; that the owner of said publication is Mabel Urmy Seares; that there are no mortgages, bondholders, or other security holders, owning or holding one per cent of the bonds, mortgages or other securities of California Southland.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this first day of October, 1920.

My commission expires January 14, 1924.

S. MARJORIE WILLIAMS, Notary Public.

:: The City of Pasadena ::

WHY WE DECIDED TO LIVE IN PASADENA WHEN WE CAME TO CALIFORNIA

LIKE every one else who can manage to do so, we had taken several trips to California. Pasadena we had known as a tourist city from our visits there, first at one of the excellent hotels, and later in a bungalow. But when we decided to become Californians, we took a look about the whole Southland and decided finally on Pasadena as the best place in which to live.

Pasadena, as all the world knows, is superbly situated, lying near the far-famed Sierra Madres. from eight hundred to twelve hundred feet above sea level. The present population is between forty-five and fifty thousand. Churches number more than fifty. Theaters, clubs and hotels are of a high grade. The fine Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., the public library, the schools and the community work of citizens are all important influences. Pasadena's modest and beautiful bungalow homes are as great an attraction as are its magnificent residences. Living expenses are not higher here than they are elsewhere.

It has the advantages of mountain scenery, mountain water, refreshing breezes and recreational opportunities. Interest in the mountains is accentuated by the great plant of the Mt. Wilson Observatory with its conspicuous tower telescopes and many domes; by the electric funicular up Mt. Lowe, where a telescope is placed for the use of the public; and by the U. S. Army Balloon School's observation post on Mt. Harvard.

The new road up the Arroyo Seco leads through Pasadena's wonderful natural park and playground, past the great flood control dam and lake by a splendid road of easy grade, built by the city to open up the mountains to touring parties, while horsemen and hikers still have their secluded paths. Nearness to the beaches and the old missions, as well as close connection with Southern California's great boulevard system afford the finest of motoring.

But it is the actual city itself that furnishes the reason for our final decision. Pasadena gives more in return for its taxes than any other incorporated city we had seen. Nowhere else is there a better-kept city, or one which through its administration, tries harder to make the humble citizen happy and comfortable. Seldom do inhabitants get the consideration they receive in Pasadena.

Electric light and water plants are municipally owned—the price for both light and water is reasonable, and the service is satisfactory. The fire department is entirely equipped with motor-driven apparatus, and, with its six completely outfitted fire stations in various parts of the city, gives ample protection in case of fire. The city covers more than fourteen square miles and is

Six parks furnish athletic fields, tennis courts, an open air plunge, picnic grounds, amphitheater and other recreational facilities. A well-supplied automobile parking place is furnished.

The city is governed by a commission of five members, who apportion its various activities and administer its affairs. It is now in its eighth year under this form of government. It has experienced a most successful administration—much money has been expended for permanent improvements, tax values are reasonable and the tax levy for nearly all that time has been below the limit. Until this year, no bonds have been issued since 1912—when the water system was acquired—and the bonds just issued to increase the light system will be carried from the light plant income. Few cities can show a more successful government.

Pasadena is noted for its clean and well-kept streets, its miles of trees in parkings and its efficiency.

On Orange Grove Avenue, the street sweepings are removed from covered, concrete pits by the pick-up truck.

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No. 14. DECEMBER, 1920

CONTENTS

PAGE

MADONNA AND CHILD.....*Cover Design*
Painting by Nicolo Barabino (1832-1891)
Tiles for frame by Ernest Batchelder
IN NEWPORT HARBOR.....*Contents Design*
CALIFORNIA'S CHRISTMAS CLIMATE.....*Lillian Graessle Gantz* 5
A CHRISTMAS SERMON.....*Rev. C. Rankin Barnes* 6
MARY AND HER BOY.....*Clarence Urmy* 6
THE JOYOUS CLOUD.....*Mary Halsey Jarboe* 7
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA MOUNTAINS.....*Ernest McGaffey* 8
THE NATIONAL RED CROSS SHOP.....*Mabel Urmy Soares* 9
STATE-WIDE IRRIGATION.....*Col. Robert B. Marshall* 10
GARDENS AND GROVES.....*Orange County Chamber of Commerce* 11
THE HARBOR FOR COASTWISE TRADE.....*Capt. Charles T. Leeds* 11
SOUTHLAND OPINION.....12-13
BUILDING IN ADOBE.....*John O. Barnwell* 14
A NOTABLE PORTRAIT BY WIECZOREK..... 15
THE HOUSE OF HOLLOW TILE..... 16
SPORTS CLOTHES FOR WINTER.....*Ethel Rose* 19
THE PASADENA CIVIC LEAGUE.....*Mrs. Theodore Coleman* 20
THE COMMUNITY PLAY HOUSE.....*Helen Grahame* 20

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CALIFORNIA'S CLIMATE AT CHRISTMAS TIDE

FROM THE VIEWPOINT OF AN EASTERNER---*By Lillian Graessle Gantz*

ATOP the little calendar on my desk, atop the big calendar on the wall, and atop all the well-regulated calendars in household and office these days reads the little legend, "December."

But *can* this be December—the month of snow-storms and blizzards? At dawn a delicious shower—not a dull monotonous down-pour, but a patter of April-like drops falling on glossy green foliage and running in little laughing rills down the mountain-side! Then in less than an hour the cloud-bank, like a somber curtain, lifts higher and higher, at length to hover and rest about the mountain-tops. Suddenly the wind sends the clouds scurrying toward the land of the East. The sun, with a face bathed and brightened by the morning shower, beams forth in regal glory. Across the sky, from the west even unto the east, stretches God's beautiful water-promise—a gorgeous double rainbow, reflected in myriads of raindrops twinkling on rose-petal and lily-cup. The clouds drift farther and farther away and there, revealed, stand the snow-capped mountains. So calm, so still, and so majestic they stand, their snow-crowned heights glistening in the sunlight. And at their feet valleys of summer sunshine in December! For it is December, but in California!

Takagi
A SHOWER IN DECEMBER—LOS ANGELES

The Heavens are arched by the blue of an Indian summer sky, the earth is clothed in spring-time verdure. The trees are garbed in green. The long swaying fingers of the peppers seem interlacing in mute thanksgiving for the beauty of the day, their scarlet berries the little tongues of flame from the incense they would offer.

A mocking-bird, perched on a chimney-top is whistling the April song of the robin, interspersed with notes from the redbird's Christmas carol, and the little mimic is fairly atiptoe with delight at his own music. In yonder field at intervals a meadow-lark sends forth a spiral thrill of rarest melody. Even a little gray gopher ventures forth from his forbidden burrowing among the roots of some orange tree and joins his raucous tones with the morning chorus. The silvery trickle of thousands of tiny irrigating rivulets echoes the soft gurgle of the mountain stream.

AFTER THE RAIN—A PAINTING BY BENJAMIN BROWN.

Butterflies are flitting over beds of ever-blooming flowers — bright-hued petunias and scarlet geraniums. The vagrant bee is droning over broad fields of alfalfa. Are these creatures of the air gathering winter stores at this late date? Ah, no. For there comes no winter in this land of sunshine, this land of the sunny skies. Father Time seems loath to reap in the beautiful valleys of Southern California. His scythe is forever meshed in sunbeams and flowers.

Roses are blooming in dainty profusion. Down in the shady nooks the sweet violet exhales its exquisite perfume. The air is filled with the fragrance of the snowy "off-bloom" orange blossoms that come to deck the fair January bride. The greensward is sprinkled o'er with the pink and white petals of the oleander and loquat trees.

And into these days of golden sunshine, into these nights of summer softness, travel thousands of people from the wintry East, the North and, yea, even the South, to join hands with the native Californian and make merry, to golf and play tennis, to bathe and angle, motor and promenade! The lure of the wild calls to some and they hie themselves into wooded canyons of the snow-capped mountains, to hunt and spend long evenings around smoldering campfires, to intermingle with the pungent odor of pines and to awaken to keen frosty mornings that send the life-blood leaping.

Light-hearted crowds wander by the sea-side, enjoy a dip in the waters of the Pacific, or rest in the warm sands. Other crowds in gay summer attire take tea on the porches of country clubs, or seek the checkered shade of vine-covered pergola.

It is holidays time in California. Old Dobbin and the sleigh, with its merry jingle of bells, does not carry the family "over the river and through the wood to grandmother's house"; but with well-filled baskets in the family car, many a Californian takes the road out into the open country to celebrate the holidays by a picnic on the beach, or up in some canyon. While the elders make ready the feast, the children, hatless and sandal-footed, will paddle in the ocean waves or play among the tall pines, under the sunny California skies.

THE BETHLEHEM STAR---A CHRISTMAS SERMON

By THE REVEREND C. RANKIN BARNES
Rector of St. James Episcopal Church, South Pasadena

"We have seen His star."—Matthew ii:2.

THERE is abundant evidence that the century before the Birth of Christ was marked by a widespread expectation of a coming Deliverer or Universal King. Pious Jews were looking for their promised Messiah. Thoughtful Greeks were spiritually restless. Eastern astrologers searched the heavens for signs of the approaching event. That some of these were successful was shown by the appearance of a group of professional wise-men at Jerusalem, inquiring for the one who was born King of the Jews. Their number is unknown to us, and the three names that have been associated with them are mere suppositions. Into the New Testament narrative they silently come, and from it they as silently pass. But they leave behind them the gleam of Oriental gold, the scent of fragrant incense, the richness of precious myrrh.

The question of the Bethlehem Star has long attracted the serious attention of astronomers, and as far back as 1604 the famous Kepler ascertained that there had been a conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn in B. C. 7. More recently Pritchard showed that three such conjunctions took place between May and December that year. But despite many calculations, past and present, it is doubtful whether an exact astronomical explanation has ever been reached. Nor is this surprising when the number of astronomical possibilities is considered. For there is nothing in the language of St. Matthew to imply that the star was not completely subject to natural laws. The story told by the Magi was simply adopted without comment by the Evangelist. They were earnest men from the East, whose religious aspirations had at last been rewarded with realization. They followed their star. It led them to Christ.

That's why it makes precious little difference to us moderns just what particular star it was. The incident as a whole had far greater importance than the identity of the star. What star it was I do not know. But this I do know, that the great and ever-gracious God was speaking to those men in their own language, that He set them on their own ground. They were astrologers. God treated them as astrologers. For even error and superstition cannot always thwart God's guidance. Regardless of its particular appearances, that star has been shining from the beginning in the sky of the divine providence.

Even through the previous ages one sees the shining of the star, sign of a great hope and expectation. It is no brilliant beacon burning in the far-off spaces of the sky, but travelling with increasing light into the ken of the spiritually alert, illuminating the minds of holy men and pointing with unerring beams to the Child of Bethlehem. Back of those wise-men was one named David, a thousand years before Christ. He wrote: "The Kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents. The kings of Arabia and Saba shall bring gifts. To Him shall be given of the gold of Arabia and daily shall He be praised."

Listen also to Socrates. "We must wait," he says, "until someone comes from God to instruct us how to behave toward divinity and men." And there was another Athenian who, though dead these two thousand years, still lords it over the world of thought. Aristotle said; "It is necessary that the lawgiver descend from heaven to instruct us. Oh, how gladly I desire to see that Man and who He is."

Look beyond Greece—the star is still shining and leading. Zoroaster, contemporary of Solomon, declared that "a virgin should conceive and so soon as the child was born a star should appear in the sky; you my sons, will perceive it arise. As soon as you see the star, follow where it leads you, adore the mysterious Child, offer your gifts to Him with profoundest humility. He is the almighty Word that created the heavens."

Look further East, and in the Orient listen to Confucius. "A new religion will come from the West; it will pierce to the uttermost parts of China. In the West the true saint is to be looked for and found."

In all these prophecies we sense the guiding of the eternal star, gleaming in the wide heavens of human consciousness. But the Bethlehem Star is not merely a past event. Still shines the star! We can repeat with the wise-men, "We have seen His star," for we have witnessed God's brilliant signs leading to Christ. The event to which the Magi were led was none other than the taking of flesh by Almighty God, the Incarnation of His Son. And to this we likewise are constantly and recurrently led, not only on Christmas Day, but every day!

I have said that the real point of the visit of the wise men was not the identity of the star, but the fact that the good God spoke to these men in their own language. And the Incarnation itself, central fact of the Christian religion as it is, is the supreme proof of God's accommodation of divine revelation to the dim understanding of men. God revealed Himself personally, in terms of a human life, with birth, struggles, suffering, death, for the very reason that humans could not fully understand anything else. If it could give men a complete revelation of his character, then God was willing to humble Himself, take upon Him the form of a servant, and be born in the likeness of men.

In the Incarnation, then, Christ exemplified God's eternal willingness to meet men on their own ground. He does not leave them there; but starts with them from there. Not only that, but Christ allowed for the very diversity of human nature by being born the typical man. All ages and classes have been attracted to Him. Even in our modern complacency we look back upon that figure in its antique and foreign setting and glimpse an incomparable virility. We feel instinctively that if Jesus should suddenly appear before us He would speak the English tongue, would appreciate our present needs, would understand our contemporary problems. Just as we say in the Nicene Creed, "He was Incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made Man." He was made MAN, not a man. It was no individual He united to Himself, but all humanity.

Now the Incarnation of God in the person of Jesus Christ affords the supreme and final manifestation of God's character. A partial manifestation of a man to a distant friend can be accomplished by letters, perhaps, by gifts, or by friendly telegrams. But no adequate manifestation of any man to his fellows can be accomplished until it becomes a personal affair, a matter of meeting face to face. Even so with the Incarnation. It is the final revelation of God because it is His personal manifestation in terms of humanity. In the person of Jesus Christ God came as close to humanity as He conceivably could come, because it was a meeting face to face. When men looked at Jesus, whether the Babe of Bethlehem or the triumphant leader of Jerusalem, they were looking at God Himself.

Still shines the star! Yes, even today the beacon is blazing in the heavens of the world's life, leading men to Christ. And God has planned it that this leading should be given to men of all manner of temperaments. He is still ready to take men as they are. Even though God is eternally and essentially unchangeable He manifests Himself in divers ways to different individuals. God speaks to each man in his own language, even as He did to the wise men.

Compare for a moment the characters found in the Apostolic group. There was St. Peter, the impulsive leader; St. John, the ardent dreamer; St. Thomas, the cautious thinker; St. Matthew, the converted toll-collector; St. Andrew, the devoted brother. Varying, differing, disagreeing though they were, they were all led to Christ by the eternal star. Not because of their differences, but in spite of them, the members of that diverse dozen were drawn to their Master. And differences of temperament affect lives just as much in Southern California in the twentieth century as in Northern Palestine in the first. Two of us look at a sunset. One sees tones of beauty; the other sees signs of rain! But God, in the Christian religion, has a message for both of us.

Probably few people realize the multitudinous ways in which human souls are led to Christ. One man will go to Him in a fervor of compelling faith; another falls at His feet in humble adoration. One approaches the Christ through intellectual assent to His claims; another rushes to Him in an ardent passion to serve God and humanity. One reports to Christ for instruction out of a soldierly sense of duty; another goes quietly to Him asking to be admitted to His circle as a priceless privilege. And every single one has been led to Him by God.

Still shines the star! It blazes yet upon the sky of the world, no mere flaming planet of unusual brilliance, but an enduring sign serving one purpose, to lead men to Christ. Men of today, dreamers and performers, thinkers and doers, still echo the words of the Magi. "'We have seen His star.' That's why we've come to worship Him!" They come to worship the eternal Son of eternal God, the gracious, loving, personal God who is willing to meet men on their own ground, the ground of their humanity which He Himself has sanctified. "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God."

Mary and Her Boy

She the sapphire lamp in lowly shrine—
He the glow with radiance divine.

She the azure vase with gems impearled—
He the rose whose fragrance fills the world.

She the tower with turquoise banner hung—
He the bell with matchless, golden tongue.

She the book with clasp of amethyst—
He the word and its evangelist.

She the purple dawn where dim stars dwell—
He the day of days—
Emmanuel.

☆☆☆

Clarence Urmy

THE JOYOUS CLOUD---A TALE OF TRUE GIVING

By MARY HALSEY JARBOE

Up sprang the Sun, with glad empress,
Through rosy skies of laughing morn.
A wave leaped high to his caress,
And of its joy this Cloud was born.

One moment drifting o'er the sea,
As loath to leave its mother's breast;
Anon it upward mounts with glee,
And sails away with youthful zest.

'Twas joy so fast and far to fly,
Delight to mark each sight and sound,
To float between the earth and sky,
To see its shadow on the ground.

Its pathway to the mountain led,
Unseen the power, but not withstood,
That drew it to that noble head
And wreathed it there, a fitting hood.

"This is my home, here will I dwell;
On this side smiles my Mother-Sea;
Below, by mountain guarded well,
A lovely land dreams happily."

So mused the cloud, in sweet content.
A soft voice on the silence broke;
And, to his guest, in grave accent,
The Spirit-of-the-Mountain spoke:

"Look out upon that thirsty land,
Oh joyous child of Sun and Sea;
Mark how its furroughs empty stand,
Its buried seeds are calling thee.

Answer them now. This is thine hour.
Go! Lose thyself on that dry sod,
And Thou shalt rise in fruit and flower,
And shalt be blest, Thou Work of God."

THE JOYOUS CLOUD AND THE WISE OLD MOUNTAIN.
PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON MOUNT WILSON IN WINTER.

"LOOK OUT UPON THAT THIRSTY LAND. ITS BURIED SEEDS ARE CALLING THEE."
EVENING SHADOWS IN THE SAN FERNANDO VALLEY, BY OSCAR MAURER.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA MOUNTAINS

By ERNEST McGAFFEY
News Articles Department Automobile Club of Southern California

FLANKING the sea, winding into the interior, rising to great heights in some Counties, and couched like sleeping bison in herds of scattered foot-hills through other sections, the mountains of Southern California hold an inexhaustible charm for those who follow the lure of the high places. South of the Tehachepi the continuations of the Coast Range extend, the Santa Monica mountains, the San Gabriel mountains, the San Bernardino and the San Jacinto ranges. East from the San Jacinto mountains, in Riverside and Imperial Counties, are found the short desert ranges of the Chuckawalla mountains, the Chocolate mountains, and the Sand Hill range, the latter extending from south of Niland, in Imperial County, on to the Mexican line and beyond. East and north of the San Bernardino range in San Bernardino County there are scores of smaller ranges, including the Turtle mountains, the Providence, Mojave, Whipple, Sheep Hole, Bullion, Old Dad, Cady, Sacramento and other mountains, with dozens of single peaks scattered here and there between.

With rare exceptions, these Imperial County mountains, and those in the desert regions of San Bernardino County, are mere barren mounds of rock, embedded in the sands, and inhabited by coyotes and a sprinkling of wild-cats, and only serve to accentuate the dreary panorama of the arid belts. There may be, however, great mineral possibilities in some of them, but they are practically locked, barred, and bolted from exploration, on account of their torrid and menacing surroundings. Denuded of timber, and with the sparsest possible growth of mangy grease-wood and sage-brush, they are conspicuously stony and forbidding stretches of desolation where the feet of men have seldom trodden. Burned to a crisp by countless centuries of fiery sunlight, they are little more than holocausts of the past, wrapped in impenetrable mystery.

But along the Coast, in the Santa Monica, San Gabriel, San Bernardino, Santa Ana and San Jacinto ranges there is a unique ness of beauty which carries an irresistible appeal to all who love the mountains. There is an infinite variety and picturesqueness to be found in any one of these mountain ranges alone. The peaks of Greyback, 11,484 feet high; San Jacinto, 10,805 feet in height; San Gorgonio, 10,630 feet, and Old Baldy, 10,080 feet in height, will give an idea of what towering Titans are situated in these mountains. Other peaks, of from six to eight thousand feet in height, are so common as not to attract any particular comment. Mountain lakes and streams, water-falls and valleys, give these heights an added distinction from a scenic standpoint, while stately forests, heavily

AMONG THE ROOTS OF AN OLD CONIFER, SIERRA MADRE MOUNTAINS.

timbered with pine, oak, Douglas fir, sycamore and other trees clothe the mountains with an almost solid mass of living green.

In a number of these ranges forest preserves have been established, and this assures to future generations the preservation of thousands of acres of superb timber. Moreover, such reserves are a sanctuary for game and birds, and this lends an interesting touch to traveling through them. At times a lordly buck will be seen in the very roadway, attended by his family, as careless of intrusion on the part of man as though he were aware of his immunity from danger. Or perhaps a bevy of mountain quail may spring from some pathway in the woods, clearing with swift wings the space between them and a higher elevation. Fishing, camping, "hiking," and motoring among the mountain ranges afford a wide scope for present enjoyment, as well as health-giving days and nights which build up the system and restore frazzled nerves to their pristine vigor.

The accessibility of these art-galleries of nature's masterpieces, thanks to Southern California's universal system of highways, has been made well-nigh perfect. Hundreds of miles of boulevarded road-

MOUNT SAN BERNARDINO FROM THE ROAD TO FOREST HOME.

ways leading to the mountain districts, and innumerable roads rising into the very heart of the various ranges, combine to bring the possibilities of these places to the door-way of all of Southern California. Some of these mountain roads, such as the Rim of the World Drive, in the San Bernardino mountains, have won a world-wide reputation. Others, not so well known, but of surpassing interest and beauty, have been traveled by comparatively few motorists. There is not a County in Southern California where a traveler will fail in finding many roads which will take him to foot-hill cloisters, mountain valleys, and by rivers and lakes where nature will be found in lonely shrines, teaching the doctrines of peace and content.

All of these roads and highways were long ago posted and guarded by a system inaugurated by the Automobile Club of Southern California. In every Southern County offices of this organization are located where free and accurate information will be furnished to both members and non-members. Routes, camping-places, hotels, garages, supply stations and all details necessary to the traveler are available, and consequent worry and delay thereby avoided.

It is not for one season only that the mountains unfold the pages of out-doors. The still repose of Summer waters, the brown pine-cones carpeting silent spaces under the tree-trunks, the hush of sunlight-steeped morning dreams, the golden trace of a flicker's wing in green-bordered branches will be some of the accompaniments of July and August. Autumn will bring a deeper amber to the lakes and pools, and sow brighter glints of color on hill-sides, and along the canyon edges. October will herald the sweep of wild-fowl wings, close-packed and curving in military precision over the tree-tops. Winter will usher in, with December and January, the light footsteps of falling snows, weighting down the limbs and feathery plumes of balsam, cedar, and drooping pines, with glistening robes of pearly white. And Spring will break the spell of Winter's tyranny, unlocking the imprisoned brooks and streams, tinting the slopes with the earliest flowers of March and April, and setting the seal of her awakening by many a hidden current and sylvan solitude.

> "To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
> Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
> A various language; for his gayer hours
> She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
> And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
> Into his darker musings with a mild
> And gentle sympathy, that steals away
> Their sharpness, ere he is aware."

Of no portion of outdoors can this be more truly said than of the mountains. They seem to fold one in their solitudes, and veil with their mists the beauties they guard.

Even the blue infinity of the Pacific, multiform as are its moods, splendid as are the pictures it flings so prodigally on the canvases of night and morning, holds no such fascination for the year round as the mountains of Southern California.

THE RED CROSS SHOP---A NATIONAL ACTIVITY

By MABEL U. SEARES

FROM Pacific Division Headquarters at San Francisco to the local chapters comes the welcome news that the work of the Red Cross Shops and that of the Salvage Warehouse have been made a national activity of the American Red Cross. This is an achievement which may well be called California's gift from wartime work to the whole country's social service. The Red Cross Bulletin, published in Washington, D. C., on June 21, 1920, says: "Miss Kathleen Booth, Director of Salvage and Shop in the Pacific Division, came to National Red Cross Headquarters last week for the purpose of formulating plans whereby the details of this Red Cross activity may be brought to the attention of Chapters throughout the United States." Herein is recorded the attainment of that which has been the object of heart-rending effort on the part of workers in Southland Chapters of the Red Cross during the war.

The impulse to lay one's all upon the altar of country was universally noticeable in Red Cross work. One Spring morning in 1915 a Frenchman came into the Pasadena Chapter (first to organize on the Coast) and asked that a basket of lilacs he carried might be sold and the money be sent to his countrymen, whom he could not go to help. This was the beginning of "the melting pot" in Pasadena. But it remained for Mrs. Hancock Banning, leader in all good works in Los Angeles, to organize this universal desire to serve into the Red Cross Shop which, formulated in the summer of 1917, has multiplied and borne fruit to the support and honor of the American Red Cross.

Miss Booth's pilgrimage to Washington marks the culmination of a long line of appeals. Notable was that of Mrs. Otheman Stevens, asking recognition for her salvage idea now blossomed into her memorial in the form of the Salvage Warehouse of the Red Cross. This is described by the Bulletin as a source of thousands of dollars for carrying on Red Cross work—"a place where are collected and sold all forms of junk-paper and magazines, metals, rags, rubber, tinfoil, bottles—which ordinarily would go to waste."

Oscar Maurer

MRS. HANCOCK BANNING OF LOS ANGELES, WHO, IN HER RED CROSS WORK, ORIGINATED THE RED CROSS SHOPS, NOW MADE A NATIONAL ACTIVITY

Letters, too went to Washington, setting forth the entirely different Red Cross Shop idea, which collected into one intensive, business organization the universal, overwhelming impulse on the part of the people to serve. Striving with every fibre of their being to support the work of our boys abroad, men and women appealed to the Red Cross as the official organized medium through which they might pour out their heart's longing to help. The immediate needs of the wounded came first during action, and the concentration of Red Cross officials upon purchasing, preparing and sending supplies to field hospitals absorbed the thought and energies of the men chosen to head the factory side of Red Cross work. But all the while the great fund and force, which made the Red Cross possible, found its source in the hearts of a people anxious to serve and urging on without respite this tremendous machinery of volunteer aid in its effective stoppage of a merciless and wanton war. Now, on Armistice Day, two years of time in which to crystallize thought has placed the Red Cross Shop where it belongs as the meeting place for community service, putting to use all that community's taste and talent—the manifestation of the Red Cross Spirit in the material and social side of life.

The Los Angeles women who planned so carefully to efface individual identity in the Red Cross Shop by the establishment of an Order of Gray Sisters of the Red Cross were not able to do that; but the following letter, sent by the manager and founder of the parent Red Cross Shop in Los Angeles to the Washington Headquarters, gives clear and illuminating information as to the comprehensive and democratic nature of this enterprise, which proved its usefulness by turning over thousands of dollars to the treasury during wartime, and is now destined to carry on the work done by the Woman's Exchange after the Civil War.

American Red Cross,
Los Angeles Chapter,
Los Angeles, California.

Officers:
Mr. John J. Byrne, Chairman.
Mr. Chas. H. Toll, Treasurer.
Miss Margaret Scott, Acting Secretary.

Sept. 11, 1917.

Mr. Harvey D. Gibson,
Gen. Mgr.,
American Red Cross,
Washington, D. C.

DEAR MR. GIBSON—In our Los Angeles Chapter, we have been confronted with the problem of how not to discourage the interest of those who can give neither money nor labor, nothing but gifts, of how to accept their gifts and make money in disposing of them, so we are arranging a shop to be called the Red Cross Shop.

It is to be founded on a business plan, which we are confident will systematically and automatically bring in a definite fund. We are enlarging its scope, and expecting to make it useful and permanent as a branch of Red Cross work at all times, entering into the economic phases of the days sure to follow. I am giving the plan in full in this letter, because it is possible to have one in any branch, and in the larger idea, admits of wide organization. I therefore submit it to you for your consideration and approval.

I have formed committees, headed by competent chairmen, to take charge of the various departments of the Red Cross Shop, which are designated as follows:

Wearing Apparel Department, which includes clothes donated by well-to-do citizens in our city, some of these clothes to be sold at a low figure to the needy. Some, we shall send to France for relief work, and the better grade we shall sell to moving picture actresses and actors, many of whom reside in our city. Our Fancy Work Department has fifty or more women engaged in making all kinds of fancy work, including candle shades, knitted sweaters, lingerie, etc.

For our Bargain Counter a group of twenty-five women are collecting all kinds and description of articles. We have a Live Stock Committee, and already have some blooded animals to dispose of. Other departments include infant clothes, dolls and toys, jellies, jams, pickles, etc. From these various committees a number of women have been selected to serve as saleswomen in the Shop. We have also a compe-

(Continued on Page 15)

STATE-WIDE IRRIGATION AND ELECTRIC POWER

By COL. ROBERT B. MARSHALL

(Continued from November issue)

JUST as the great electric power companies of California have united in the forming of an extensive nervous system for the state, so the various irrigation districts and water companies may find it more economical to unite in the formation of great canals planned to handle in a scientific way the water supply of the great range of mountains forming the backbone of California.

Co operation is the keynote of to day. Selfish interests alone will demand it when knowledge of its advantages are properly presented.

In the November issue of California Southland the advantages of uniting in one great circulatory system the life-giving waters of the state, so that all parts should have a share and none should waste, were set forth from the standpoint of the United States Geological Survey. Col. Robert Bradford Marshall, Chief Geographer of the U. S. Geological Survey, has for twenty-five years surveyed and topographically mapped areas in California. During most of that time he had administrative charge of the State Co operative Survey as well. He now assembles and lays before those interested in development by water, the results of his twenty-five years of study.

As shown in the map published in the last issue of this magazine, Col. Marshall's plan would turn the waters of the Klamath River, now going to the sea unused, into the Sacramento River by means of a great canal. The added supply would be carried down both sides of the San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys and, with the impounded waters from the Sierra Nevadas controlled by properly situated dams, would form grand canals in a system reaching from Red Bluff to a point below Bakersfield.

This would allow the turning of the waters of the lower Kern River into the sections of Southern California which even now need more water The only ample supply of water for this section of California is the Kern River which, from the inexhaustible snows of the high Sierras, will supply the desert sections for centuries to come.

The electric power now taken from the Kern River near Kernville to Southern California would be continued until additional power could be furnished from plants on the South Fork and other rivers farther north. Thus the supply of both water and power to Southern California can be increased to an ample amount without harming the San Joaquin Valley in the least, and the San Joaquin Valley users of the Kern River water near Bakersfield cannot object if they are given an ample permanent supply of water from the Grand Canal.

We would construct a 300-foot dam across the Kern River near Kernville, below the junction with the South Fork, which would impound a lake approximately 40 square miles in area with a surface elevation of about 2,700 feet. This immense body of water would be taken by the long "Kern River tunnel" to the Mojave Desert, above Mojave, crossing about 700 feet under the present Los Angeles aqueduct near Cinco. The proposed new aqueduct would be carried eastward and southward to a point near Clearwater (reached by the Portal Ridge tunnel), where after a drop of about 300 feet it would intersect the present Los Angeles aqueduct at an approximate elevation of 2,100 feet, at a total distance of ninety miles from the Kernville reservoir. But as the Los Angeles aqueduct is not large enough to carry the Kern River water below Clearwater, the proposed lower aqueduct would be therefore continued alongside it.

For additional storage and power needed we would construct 200-foot dams and make four reservoirs (the Ramshaw, Monache, Kennedy and Rockhouse) on the South Fork of the Kern River and from two of these and the South Fork would develop electric power from a total drop of 4,000 feet.

Recommendations

I therefore recommend to the people of California:

(1) That the United States Senators and Representatives in Congress from California be requested to use their best efforts to secure national legislation to allow railroad and highway bridges to be built across the Strait of Carquinez and to turn over the control of the navigable portions of Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers to California, because of the national importance (a) of reclaiming 12,000,000 acres of land the products from which would pay large income taxes into the Federal Treasury and (b) of making homes for soldiers and citizens without cost to the National Government.

(2) That the Legislature of California immediately authorize the appointment of a commission of five, comprising a broad minded "big business" man, as chairman, a civil engineer, a hydraulic engineer, an electrical engineer, and a contracting engineer, to report to the Legislature (through the Governor) within three months as to the general practicability of the proposed plan of Statewide reclamation and make the necessary appropriation for the expenses of their investigations.

(3) That upon favorable report of the above-named commission to the Legislature, the Legislature at once enact the necessary legislation to put these plans into effect.

The plan herewith presented is based upon common sense as well as science. Further, this plan does not call for a single dollar from the State or National treasury, and the entire scheme can be finished and in operation with assured success in ten years.

SHIPPING IN ALAMEDA ESTUARY, SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

California's Great Irrigation Project

An Editorial in the November 15 Issue of The Journal of Electricity

IT is only fitting that in this issue of the Journal of Electricity, which is devoted to the uses of electricity on the farm, some mention be made of one of the many vast projects which are now being considered in the West. The map which accompanies this issue shows the scheme which Col. Robert B. Marshall, for a number of years chief geographer of the United States Geological Survey, has presented to the people of California to convert the great interior valley of California composed of the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys, into one big irrigation project.

Such projects as these are necessary for the development of the West, and in justice to the great mind which conceived this plan of diverting rivers from their channels and putting them to useful work, an investigation of the feasibility of the plan should be made. A committee should be appointed by the state, to consist of a contracting engineer, a civil engineer, a hydraulic engineer, an electrical engineer, representatives of the power companies, representatives of the irrigation districts involved, representatives of the state engineering department, the state water commission and the state railroad commission. Besides these, representative men from the banking and bond houses and various big commercial projects of the state should be consulted by the committee suggested above, to determine whether or not the project could be handled by a bond issue as proposed by Col. Marshall. The report of such a committee would be authoritive, and the people of California would be willing to abide by its decision.

This committee should not only investigate and report upon this project suggested by Col. Marshall, but upon all the possibilities for the development of the waters of the state, both for irrigation and for hydro electric power. The scheme to develop the great interior valley of California is but one example of the constructive thinking that is needed in the upbuilding of this great empire of the West, and all of these should be considered and carefully investigated by competent committees.

The question is not as to the possibility of such a scheme but as to the practicability of it. With the wealth of California in her soil and in her hydro-electric resources, this seems to be an opportunity to combine the two to the best advantage of the people of the state. If the plan is feasible at this time, let us proceed to carry it out with all possible dispatch, and if it is not feasible then let it stand as the vision of a man who lived before his time, and let us pass the idea along to our children as an ideal to be striven for.

GARDENS AND GROVES AND ORANGE COUNTY HARBOR

The Problems of Orange County's Chambers of Commerce

ANAHEIM, Fullerton, Santa Ana—these names imply homes in the garden of the Portmetropolis of the Southland. For, considered from the viewpoint of one great waterfront reaching from Newport to Santa Monica, the suburban parts of the thickly settled country tributary to the port are of equal importance to that of the mercantile and industrial centers. We must think thus in terms of the whole portmetropolis if we would sense aright the unified community and its unified waterfront. Only in this way can a just perspective be maintained, duplication of effort be abandoned and the development of every part of the community be made possible.

Los Angeles, the commercial center of this community, has reached the point where she must concentrate more upon the intensive problems of her own metropolitan affairs. The problems of Orange County, for instance, are outside problems, but tributary to the city and its deep-sea port at San Pedro.

Saint Anne is honored in sacred history as the mother of the Virgin Mary; and her name, which means *gracious*, is fittingly applied to a city of homes. Ana-heim means Ana and home, so Orange County may well choose Saint Anne as its patron saint.

Surrounding the home should be the means for its support if homes are to be permanent. Between Los Angeles and these thickset towns is the vegetable garden. Garden Grove is its center. Beyond down the coast stretch great reaches planted to lima beans and, shading the very houses themselves, is the orchard of citrus fruits and walnuts which gives the means of support. The intensely interesting story of these homey things, as well as of the oil wells of Orange County, is told in the booklets and circulars of the Chambers of Commerce in each home center and in the local newspapers. It will not be attempted in one number of California Southland.

INSPECTING THE BUILDING OF THE NEW DAM AT BITTER POINT.

The story of the making of a quiet harbor where water transportation can do a share of work and joy be added to life in sailing and boating for pleasure is the story of today, and a glimpse of it is given in the pictures and the 1918 report of the Orange County Harbor Commission's expert engineer of work now being carried on.

NEWPORT BAY FROM THE "DECK" OF THE NEWPORT YACHT CLUB.

ENGINEER'S REPORT—NEWPORT BAY

By CAPT. CHARLES T. LEEDS

THE problem of economically developing a harbor for coastwise traffic is best attacked by determining the cost of the initial port development and the possibilities of expansion. The accommodations must not be too meager, either in size or convenience, or traffic will be difficult to attract.

The draft of loaded lumber schooners at Los Angeles Harbor varies from ten and a half to twenty-eight and a half feet. For the initial development in Newport Bay a low water depth of sixteen feet should be provided; and the entrance should have a minimum low water depth of twenty feet. This allows for the "squat" and "send" in time of storm. The depth at the wharf should be twenty feet.

The minimum channel width at the entrance, consistent with safety, is three hundred feet. Inside, this may be narrowed to one hundred and fifty feet. In front of the wharf, however, a turning basin four hundred feet wide should be provided, to permit the turning of all vessels.

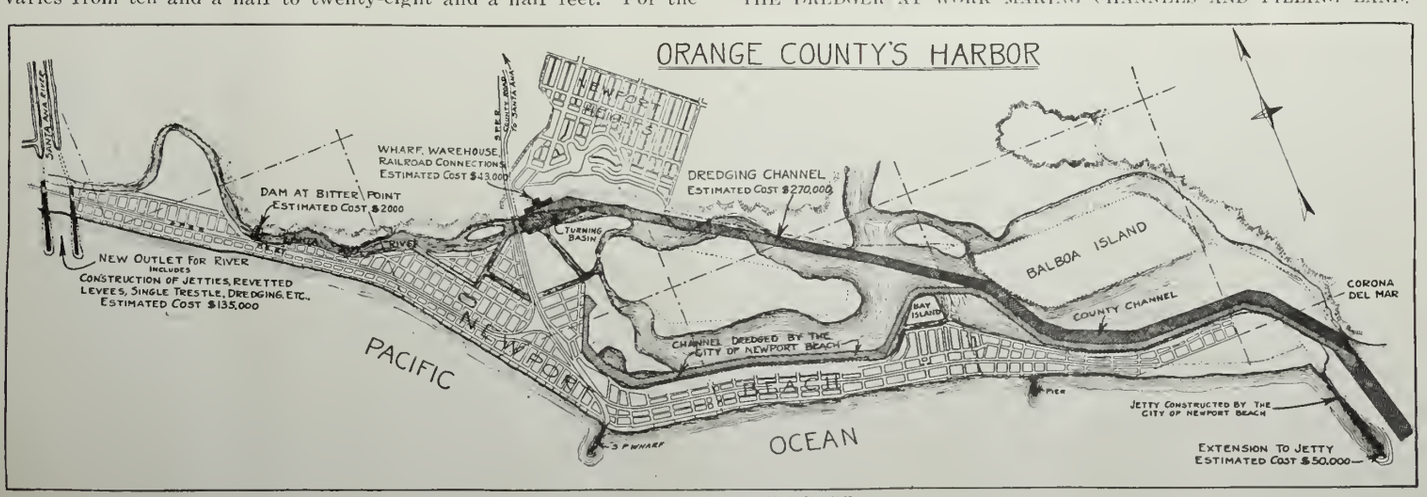
A very complete series of wash borings, both at the entrance and within the bay, has been made to determine the possibility and cost of necessary dredging. The results are very satisfactory. The material to be dredged can all be easily handled with a suction dredge, which can be used very advantageously in the reclamation of areas landward of the harbor lines.

The maintenance of an entrance channel of sufficient depth will necessitate the construction of a jetty on the west side of the entrance. This will effectually stop the littoral drifting sand from the west, and by giving the jetty the proper direction, will in great measure protect the entrance channel from southwesterly swells.

The uncertainties and difficulties of maintaining a navigable channel across the bar of a land-locked bay on a sandy coast are fully

(Continued on page 19)

THE DREDGER AT WORK MAKING CHANNELS AND FILLING LAND.


ORANGE COUNTY'S HARBOR
WHARF, WAREHOUSE, RAILROAD CONNECTIONS ESTIMATED COST $43,000
DAM AT BITTER POINT ESTIMATED COST $2000
NEW OUTLET FOR RIVER INCLUDES CONSTRUCTION OF JETTIES, REVETTED LEVEES, SINGLE TRESTLE, DREDGING ETC., ESTIMATED COST $135,000
DREDGING CHANNEL ESTIMATED COST $270,000
TURNING BASIN
BALBOA ISLAND
COUNTY CHANNEL
CORONA DEL MAR
BAY ISLAND
CHANNEL DREDGED BY THE CITY OF NEWPORT BEACH
PACIFIC
OCEAN
NEWPORT
PIER
JETTY CONSTRUCTED BY THE CITY OF NEWPORT BEACH
EXTENSION TO JETTY ESTIMATED COST $50,000

COMPLIMENTS OF NEWPORT BEACH CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

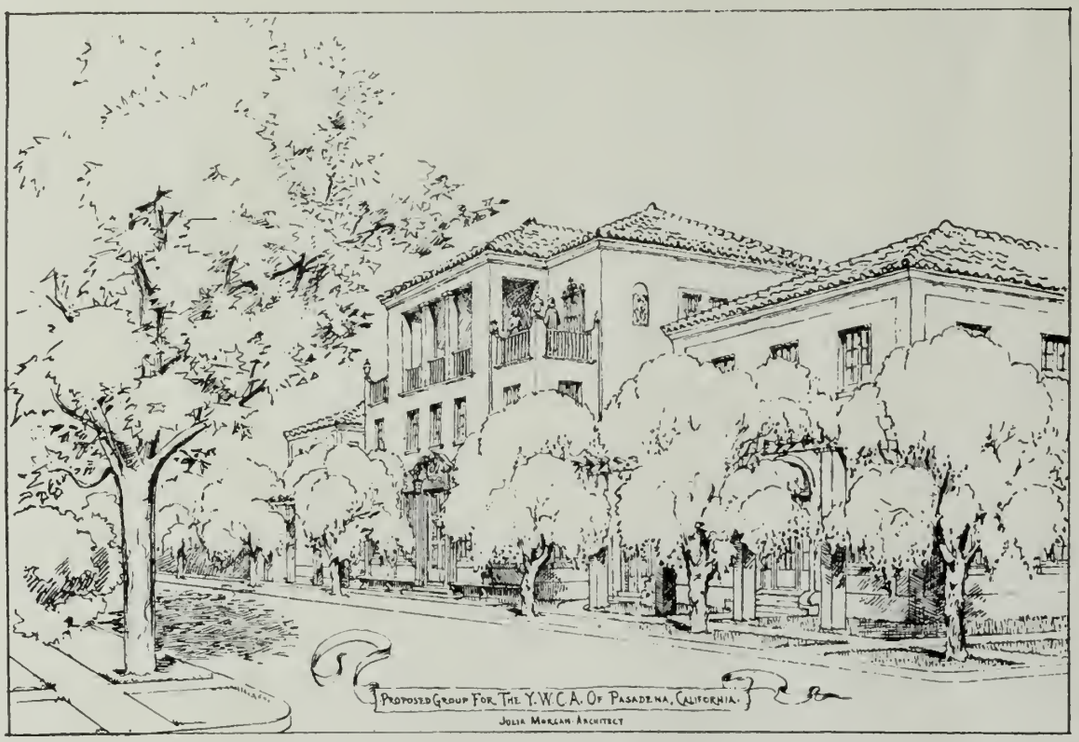
SOUTHLAND

Preliminary sketches of the proposed group of buildings to be erected on lots owned by the Young Women's Christian Association on North Marengo Avenue, Pasadena.

The campaign to raise three hundred and fifty thousand dollars is on as this journal goes to press, and all success is wished for it by California Southland.

The architect, Julia Morgan, is a Californian and the first woman to pass the entrance examinations at the Beaux Arts Institute, Paris, France. After graduating from the Engineering College of the University of California, Miss Morgan went to France with her brother to study. The doors of the Beaux Arts in Architecture were just opened to women, and Miss Morgan passed with honor and was admitted to one of the ateliers.

After completing the required number of projects, Miss Morgan was offered an excellent position in Paris, but preferred to return and practice in America.



Courtesy of the Pasadena Star-News.

PASADENA'S pride in her charming homes, her schools, libraries, parks and churches is warrantable. But no citizen of the Crown City can glow with enthusiasm about the present Y. W. C. A. buildings, as typifying the spirit of the city.

The site of the Young Women's Christian Association consists of three beautiful lots at the corner of Marengo Avenue and Union Street.

On these lots are three old and out of date houses, a poorly built cottage, and a plain and homely gymnasium in the rear. Having "spilled over" for the last time possible on Association property, the Y. W. C. A. rented a building on Raymond Avenue for a recreation center.

All these buildings are wholly inadequate to the increasing demands made on the Association and they are in such condition that extensive repairs are necessary to make them habitable. Such repairs would be very expensive and at best would only last a short time.

The Young Women's Christian Association of Pasadena is in no way representative of the community's progress.

The time for a new Y. W. C. A. building is here.

There are today in Pasadena 1879 women employed in office, store and factory. Of these 450 are living away from home in boarding and rooming houses. There are 1605 girls between the ages of fourteen and eighteen years in the schools of Pasadena.

It is in the interest of these girls and women that the Young Women's Christian Association, though greatly handicapped by lack of facilities, has been carrying out a definite program.

The membership of the Y. W. C. A. has recently increased from 952 to 1232.

Twenty-three beds in 1918 provided 382 girls with 2823 nights' lodging; and with the same twenty-three beds in 1920, 694 girls were provided with 5734 nights' lodging. A charge of seventy-five cents a night is made for transients. This includes kitchen and dining room privilege.

For those the Y. W. C. A. cannot house a Rooms Registry gives its service. There are 200 rooms listed and inspected. Few of these are satisfactory to girls who want to live at the Y. W. C. A.

There are eight to fourteen callers at the Y. W. C. A. daily seeking rooms. Necessarily many are turned away because of lack of space.

Girls' club work is developing rapidly at the recreation center. In 1918 there were 230 members and now there are 634. Clubs have been organized for Mexican and colored girls and new members are coming in every week.

A Canteen opened September 28, 1919. Since then it has served 19,136 noonday lunches at an average cost of eight cents plus. One hundred girls who find rest, music and friendly greeting visit the Canteen daily.

Gymnasium attendance is growing. In 1918 the average monthly attendance at physical training classes was 192. In September, 1920, the attendance was 853.

Camp Ualtee in the Santa Anita canyon has accommodated nearly 4,000 girls in the past six years. In 1918, 329 girls enjoyed the hike and camp, and in the ten months of 1920, 580 girls have followed the trail to the "house of joy."

Can you see in imagination a big homey looking building of true California architecture with the sign of the blue triangle over the door? Can you see the crowds of happy girls and women passing in and out? Can you see a spacious business office where the motto is "Service for Everyone"; a big, well equipped gymnasium, a swimming pool, a library and living room, an attractive cafeteria where excellent meals are served at moderate prices, rooms for meetings and social gatherings, and best of all, dormitory space for 150 girls—an entire building set apart for an all-'round development of health, education, social life and morals, meaning a happier, healthier womanhood for the girls of the Crown City.

That's why the Young Women's Christian Association is asking for a $350,000 Christmas gift for the girls of Pasadena.

OPINION

Great Things to Do

THE unity of the State of California is emphasized in the great project of Col. Robert Marshall, set forth in the two articles published in the November and December issues of this magazine. Interdependence and co-operation grow more inevitable as the forces of nature are conquered and placed under the control of mankind.

If it be possible to turn the bountiful waters of northern rivers into grand canals flowing the length of the state and watering great tracts of land now arid, our California engineers, young and impatient for more worlds to conquer, will accomplish the Herculean task.

Already our electrical engineers have united the great hydro-electric power lines of California, a scheme Professor Sorenson suggested as necessary when reading his paper on the subject before the Pacific Coast convention of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers in September, 1919. Extracts from this paper follow. Commenting upon them before publication in this journal, Mr. Allan Balch, Vice-President of the San Joaquin Light and Power Company, stated that the results which Professor Sorensen then proved desirable for economy and emergencies have now been accomplished, not by an actual bus, but by means of power lines already in existence down the entire length of the state, connected by the various transmission lines of the great hydro-electric power companies of California.

The Distribution of Hydro-Electric Power

FUELS, particularly oil, must soon be used for isolated power only in places where electric power is not available, as in the propelling of air and ocean craft. In large power systems, especially in the West, the use must be limited to standby service, for peak loads, and low water periods.

California has available ample hydro-electric power to supply the industrial and agricultural demand for many years. The best available information indicates a demand in 1926 of a total load of one million fifty thousand kilowatts. In order to carry this load approximately five hundred thousand kilowatts additional in hydro-electric capacity will be required to supply the demand for the upper and lower Sacramento Valley, the Truckee River electrification, the San Francisco Bay district, Fresno district, Bakersfield, including Techachapi electrification, Los Angeles district, Barstow and Needles, including railroad electrification.

A demand for power such as this can be supplied most economically by power developed in large units. Large units require transmission lines of the highest possible economic voltage. It has been shown that, for long transmission, a voltage of two hundred and twenty thousand is economical under conditions which require a more expensive construction than has proved adequate for the hundred and fifty thousand volt lines of the Southern California Edison Company.

On this basis the following plan is proposed. In this plan the interconnection of all the California Power Companies has been assumed as an economic necessity for its best utilization. Interconnections of limited capacity are not entirely satisfactory because they fail just at the time they are needed most to transfer from one system to another large blocks of power.

The plan of the proposed scheme involves the construction of a two-circuit transmission system extending from Pitt River to Los Angeles, a distance of five hundred and seventy miles. Branch lines of like voltage will connect the three other power projects and the San Francisco load center to this main line, on which the other load centers are already located. The main line thus becomes a high-tension bus extending nearly the entire length of the state, hence its name: California Transmission Bus. This arrangement makes possible unlimited interconnection and exchange between all the power companies of the state.

ROYAL W. SORENSON,
Professor of Electrical Engineering, California Institute of Technology.

The Purchaser

THERE is a work being done in Los Angeles which is so wholesome and sane that its very existence speaks volumes for the sound business growth of the city. This whole community, urban and suburban, is so full of transients, strangers, new residents and tourists, that California Southland is heartily glad to print the following letter.

W. A. Barker
G. A. Brock
B. H. Dyas
H. W. Frank
Arthur Letts
H. S. McKee
Henry M. Robinson
J. M. Schneider

Better Business Bureau
Advertising Club of Los Angeles
316-318 Homer Laughlin Building
Los Angeles, California

Arthur M. Loomis
W. A. Holt
A. D. Smith
A. Carman Smith
P. M. Young
Grover I. Jacoby
L. P. Frank
Ray E. Nimmo
A. H. Wilkins

FREDERICK DROWNS
Manager

RAY E. NIMMO
Counsel

"Truth-in-Advertising,"—the Guide Post of Confidence.

This is a message of particular interest to the buyers of every kind of merchandise.

Today, more than ever, our journals are carrying messages from merchants who are endeavoring to place before you honest advertising statements as to quality and values. These two things are important, and determine your interest in the articles you may desire to buy. Sincerity, simplicity and a frankness on the part of the advertiser in speakng of his wares command your respect and gain your confidence.

"Unusual values," "superior quality," "the most wonderful," "the biggest," "the greatest," "the largest," and "the best"; these superlative statements have come to be meaningless phrases and have little or no significance because they are over-indulged in, and thus lack weight of conviction.

Now then, the merchant who has, let us say, suits for sale, secures your confidence when he tells you frankly just what he has to offer at $50, $75, $100, etc.; the kind of cloth, its weave, what ounce cloth it is, if it be double twist or single, how and with what it is lined, and if he is a ready-to-wear dealer, a statement once in a while which will tell you something of the standing and integrity of the manufacturer will be apt to clinch your interest to the point of belief in his sincerity, thus creating a desire to patronize such a firm.

Misstatement, misrepresentation and over-indulgence in high-sounding, useless phrases in advertising are fast becoming obsolete and if you will carefully scan the advertisements of reliable merchants you will find that they employ none of them; that they are seeking sincerely to present "simon pure" messages replete with facts.

The Better Business Bureau functions not only in behalf of the business concerns through its efforts to clean up all questionable advertising practices and thus secure a greater degree of confidence in the advertising messages and merchandising methods of all business houses, but also is enabled through such efforts to make it possible for the public at large to buy its merchandise with a fuller assurance that such merchandise will measure up.

While the greater number of our merchants, both large and small, are, we believe, in their advertising messages adhering to the truth, there seem to be, nevertheless, a considerable number who have not adopted "Truth-in-Advertising" as the fundamental basis of their business.

Therefore, should any of the readers of this publication know of any misstatements or misrepresentations of values regarding any article of merchandise advertised, the Better Business Bureau stands ready to receive such complaint for fair and impartial investigation.

The work of the Bureau is entirely along constructive lines through educational methods. Therefore, it is necessary that it have a full statement of the facts in order that it may proceed intelligently.

FREDERICK DROWNS,
Manager, Better Business Bureau, Advertising Club of Los Angeles.

The following letters speak for themselves:

Pasadena, California, Nov. 29, 1920.

Editor, California Southland:

The Executive Board of the Woman's Civic League requests me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter to them of recent date. They appreciate the fine courtesy of your suggestion regarding the announcements of Civic League activities, and are happy to accept the same.

Sincerely yours,
MRS. THEODORE COLEMAN, Secretary.

Los Angeles, California, Dec. 9, 1920.

To the Editor, California Southland:

Your letter offering the services of California Southland to the Assistance League for promotion and publicity has been accepted, and the Executive Board hereby authorizes you to represent the Assistance League of Southern California in the pages of your magazine.

The Executive Board wishes to express to you their gratitude for your most generous offer, and their thanks for your co-operation and kindness in offering to help them through the channel of your very beautiful publication.

Very sincerely,

MRS. HOMER LAUGHLIN, JR.,
Corresponding Secretary.

MRS. HANCOCK BANNING,
President.

OLD EARTH IN A NEW DRESS

By J. O. BARNWELL

ADOBE, argols, istle, tiff!! Words which have in common the fact that they denote substances caviar to the general. In studying most of the recent examples of adobe construction we would hear from the Hollywood owner that "This adobe was brought from the extreme southeast part of the city"; the man in the southwest part of the city "brought this adobe from the San Fernando Valley"; in Sierra Madre the material was hauled from the "real adobe" district toward the ocean. After much of this the other half of the "we" defined adobe as "something from a long way off." "Is this *real* adobe?" is the favorite question of our visitors, and when we assure them that it is, and that they are treading all over it; in fact, on authentic underlayers of that in the walls before them, there is usually a mild drooping of chin and quick movement indicating vivid cerebration.

To be brief, although the agricultural bigwigs call adobe all soils which crack greatly on drying, adobe is the western name for clay. Just as there are blue, red, yellow, black and white and nondescript colors of clay, all very much clay, so does adobe appear in many colors as well as a new name. All clay is the ultimate product of weathered granite. The color is due to impurities such as iron and other metallic salts. Western clays are rather more impure in this sense, also greener, less weathered; adobe.

The lure of the novel led us to the thrill of the primitive, the historical, and the esthetic, with economic background. We decided to build this time with at once the oldest and the newest material. A test of the heavy soil on the proposed site showed that it made very strong, dense and non-cracking bricks, the writer making these carefully in a rough form, producing one brick at a time. A cocoa box destined for the fate of all tin cans was carefully measured and calculated for cubical contents and straw as carefully packed in, removed, added to wetted adobe, one boxful to the first brick, two to the second, etc.; seven bricks were made with care to the last straw. When they were dried, which took about a week in the midsummer sun, they were tested by placing them across a handy block and using them for a see-saw until they broke under the strain. The bricks with the least quantity of straw seemed in this crude test as good as the best of those with much greater reinforcing; at any rate, all were classed excellent.

Next was to get quantity production. We called on the city

HOUSE IN COLONIAL STYLE BEING BUILT OF ADOBE BY MR. AND MRS. J. O. BARNWELL, PASADENA.

Welfare Bureau for help here, and the delightful people there—whoever they are—sent us two Mexicans they believed might do. One spoke good English, and as it happened had done much brick making in Mexico. They undertook the making at a price of forty-five dollars per thousand bricks, forms and tools being furnished by the promoter. They worked furiously, wearing perpetual expressions of great glee, and making three hundred and fifty bricks a day. The bricks were good and of full thickness, if the process was carefully supervised.

It was estimated that two thousand would be necessary for the cottage as planned, but this was liberal, only sixteen hundred being used. The bricks are laid with thin adobe mud of identical material with their own, and the joints are made quite thick, being a considerable part of the height of the wall. Instead of the estimated inch, a later cutting of the walls for piping disclosed the fact that they are much more than this, which accounts, in part at least, for the saved bricks.

Oscar Maurer.

AN ADOBE PROPERLY RESTORED BY CARLTON WINSLOW, ARCHITECT.

In passing it is pleasant to note that we sold these bricks (at cost) to a householder in Lamanda Park who is making an addition to his home. He assured me that his lot was not of adobe-bearing nature, and we are making him some additional bricks in spite of thunder storms and fog. A recent heavy rainstorm fell on some newly made bricks and apparently welded them to a parent Earth, but did not injure them seriously as to form. After a week the winter's crop of grass and weeds began growing beneath them thick as the dragon's tooth warriors of Jason. Their combined efforts fairly started the bricks from their matrix, each tiny plant carrying a portion of the more than sixty pounds of wet mud on a bent but aspiring stem, like little Atlases. The shrinkage of the brick drying at a faster rate than the wet ground also has the effect of breaking its set so that the wettest were edged up safely and have stood later rains. In selling these bricks it is not intended to stiffen the tradition that adobe is an exotic substance; it is in order to remove from the lot surplus material from the cellar excavation. The earth from one cellar coextensive with the house will make bricks for ten.

Because it suited the surroundings and later plans, the cottage was designed in the Colonial style as nearly as possible in such a dwelling. Very many of our visitors have expressed surprise or interest in the use of such material for other than Spanish architecture. In the hope that it might encourage a greater use of adobe by those who object to that rather severe type of one-story structure it is easy to point out there is nothing in the adobe brick itself which makes it unsuitable for most types of dwelling, and nothing in its employment which violates a sense of fitness.

In the first place, mud bricks are used for dwellings in Belgium and Holland with no thought of Spanish architecture, although it may be that the practice began during the long Spanish occupation. In those countries the stalks of straw are maintained parallel and rolled in clay mastic until buried. A bundle is then laid out and rolled over a wooden cylinder, which is afterward removed. The resulting brick slumps somewhat and is flattened and squared up, maintaining the hollow center through the drying process and its becoming part of the finished wall.

Besides this, to revert to the Colonial, the materials used by the builders of those altogether satisfying houses were as various and were treated as variously as possibility and restrained desire prompted.

The plastered house of rough rubble comes nearest examples of adobe bricks similarly treated, and many of the finest examples of the Colonial and Post Colonial style were thus fabricated.

Plastered brick also offers ample precedent for the next step, which the excellence of modern cement makes possible. Even walls not all portions of which are in one plane are practicable; that is, by the use of heavier bricks bands of shadow in horizontal courses are easily obtained. Quoins also can be used by the same method.

An elegant effect in the Italian style is obtainable by a restrained use of *srafito* panels, in which the plaster is applied in two coats of different colors, the upper coat being scraped away, leaving a design in the Classic style. This suggests at least two stories for the dwelling. Here again cement will be the solution—is the solution. It is possible to build two story dwellings which will pass the most exacting building codes by the use of the reinforced pillar and beam, and it will be done. In fact, it is particularly easy to combine the two materials. It is not necessary either to remain tied to the book or to rush into dubious experiment; the laws of satisfactory design are fixed and are mostly independent of material. Collectively and individually the adobe house is destined to endure.

A Notable Portrait of Mrs. Rufus Spalding

By MAX WIECZOREK

WIECZOREK'S beautiful portrait of Mrs. Rufus Spalding is attracting wide comment among the friends of both artist and sitter. Delicate in coloring, masterly in line, its subtle art gives great pleasure from every standpoint. There is a fascinating characteristic of poise and savoir faire which the artist has caught and embodied on canvas. The following is Antony Anderson's estimate of Wieczorek:

The artist studied in Europe, being a pupil of Ferdinand Keller and Max Thedy. Recently he began to work in a restricted and difficult way, using chalk in three colors and pastels. His success has been quick and decided, as these charming portraits prove.

Values are not easily obtained when a big part of one's picture is blank paper however cunningly that paper may be "toned" to the general scheme of color, but somehow Wieczorek has achieved them triumphantly. He suggests much with a few light touches, cleverly leading your imagination to fill out the hiatus. This is art, especially the art of the crayon drawing, whose effects are often as delicate as the bloom of a peach.

But Wieczorek does not end with the lightsome facility of his technique; it brings him to genuine characterization of a higher order. His sitters are not merely delightfully "done," they are also strongly and truthfully characterized as individuals.

Honors have come to Max Wieczorek. He was awarded a silver medal by the Southern California Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Diego in 1915. He won the William Preston Harrison prize at the California Art Club Exhibit in 1918, and later on the Ackerman prize at the Fall exhibition of the same club in 1920 for the best figure picture. He is a member of the American Federation of Arts, the California Art Club, the Laguna Beach Art Association and the Theatre Art Alliance.

(Continued from Page 9)

tent bookkeeper, secretary, typist, donating their services, which will minimize our expense account. Public Schools have formed Auxiliaries, and from them we expect to have large donations of saleable articles. I find great enthusiasm and interest evincing itself in every direction and feel quite confident, from present indications, that the shop will be well supplied.

As to the larger idea in this enterprise: When the economic stress and consequent distress of war times becomes evident, I hope to establish a Woman's Exchange in the Shop, permitting needy women to display their work and receive orders for it. We will be willing to dispose of their handiwork free of charge. We want to inaugurate also an Intelligence Bureau, where women may learn of employment and find situations. There are many women who have taken Red Cross instructions in nursing, who will never go to the front. We are hoping to make them useful in connection with our Civilian Relief Committee in taking care of the sick and needy in the city.

The idea of the shop is that it will be a community center to continue on indefinitely after the close of the war, to be worked out in a chain of shops, all through the United States, and that it will accrue a large sum of money to our organization besides furthering the spirit of our Red Cross Society.

In connection with the Shop are women of leadership and position, and others in more humble walks of life. In order to amalgamate them, and to eliminate the social climber, I have incorporated a plan whereby all that come to work for the Red Cross Shop must efface their identity and become a number. Each Committee is lettered and each worker receives a number. It is not to be known publicly who has started this shop, and I have visited all newspapers, and they have promised to assist in this plan by ordering their editors to advertise our *wares*, but not our *workers*. Also, they have promised to assist in educating the public in this spirit of the Red Cross.

I now come to the point where I need your assistance, for this idea can come to little, unless accepted by the heads of the Red Cross. I want to ask that you permit this to be a working order in the Red Cross that can be formed in the various chapters of the United States. I would suggest the order to be called the Gray Sisters of the Red Cross. They to inaugurate, and have charge of shops similar to the one I have just described, all working in the same needed service to the community. I would suggest that they be permitted to wear a gray uniform, similar to the blue one now worn by the Red Cross Chapter workers. This uniform to be worn as part of the levelling process, and doing away with the difference in the circumstances of the women. Further details of the plan can be worked out, but not until after we have received the seal of approval from the heads of our organization.

I feel there is a vast array of people willing and anxious to give their services, and I feel that it is imperatively important to open up as many channels as possible, to receive this vast tide of enthusiasm and direct it to some good cause.

We are most anxious to receive a prompt response, and hope to hear favorably as soon as convenient.

With many thanks for your courtesy, I am

ANNE BANNING,
Chairman, Red Cross Shop.

To see thus deeply into the mission of the Red Cross takes something more than a good business head and executive efficiency. It takes a knowledge of the psychology of all people in their social activities and their impulses toward self-expression for the common good. It is a knowledge of these fundamental traits which Mrs. Banning and Mrs. Dansiger and the host of Los Angeles women workers have shown in their sound business organization of "a chain of shops, accruing a large sum of money to our organization, besides furthering the spirit of our Red Cross." If women who have lost something out of their lives since the call of the Red Cross for workers ceased could answer at one time from city, town and hamlet of the country, what an acclaim there would be of approval to the reopening of all Red Cross Shops and in praise of the warm-hearted, sane and dignified plans of their founder.

PICTURESQUE HOUSES OF EUROPE---INTERIOR DECORATION

THE town of Fullerton, in Orange County, has started an interesting movement which may well be copied by other towns still growing and unossified. The Local Improvement Association, of which the staff of the Fullerton High School is the main inspiration, is furthering and encouraging the selection of one general type of architecture for the public and semi-public buildings still to be erected in this charming town.

The home builders of Europe have worked out for themselves a picturesque and pleasure-giving architecture because they have used their own local material and built, not to copy some one else, but for their own traditional needs. We who know that the principles of good architecture are the same all over the world can fulfill our obligations to society only by helping the movement started by Fullerton in every way possible.

The latest thing being done by this progressive community is the calling together of contractors and architects to see if by a clear statement of the fundamentals of architectural proportions some handy pocket book of rules cannot be provided every builder so that our domestic architecture, which is becoming commonplace and monotonous, will be made beautiful in proportions but various in its individual expression. The pages of California Southland are open to the discussion of this problem by architects and builders, and articles will appear in each number giving plans and sketches from authoritative sources.

HALF-TIMBERED HOUSE ON THE MOSELLE IN THE TOWN OF CROFF.

ATTRACTIVE and good as so much of the work of our architects is in the Southland, the outer walls, like Charity, hide a multitude of sins. Interior decoration is not naturally well done by the ordinary householder of Southern California. Stuffed birds, hair flowers, worsted tidies and "throws" still adorn the makeshift houses we have put up in a temporary residence country, and even the better houses hold the cast-off furniture of other days.

Sometimes the owner gives carte blanche to the decorator to furnish the house which he has himself thought out in plan and design; sometimes the architect is asked to do the interior as well as the facade. But as for expressing our own lives in our own houses, we are far behind the peasant of Europe, who does not ask or care what the present style or the Louis Fourteenth style is.

A fine influence is being exerted in the education of the people of this commonwealth, however, by the historical study of style done by the film companies of Los Angeles; and in Pasadena the Community Playhouse gives examples of settings illustrating the periods which hold their plays. The last example of this popular stage work was applauded vociferously as the curtain went up on the scene pictured on another page of this issue. The color scheme and the setting were done by the Cheesewright Studios, whose influence for good in the community is as potent as any factor the Community Playhouse has presented.

DESIGNS FOR A ONE-STORY HOLLOW TILE HOUSE

THE clay products of California find their most satisfactory modern expression in the plastered house of hollow tile. Well built, reinforced with steel rods around doorways and in the lintels of windows, these long hollow bricks, laid flat in good cement, are not only fire-proof and earthquake-proof, but, in the hands of a good architect, make the most appropriate and beautiful examples of native California architecture. In the hands of an ignorant builder, however, a house of tile may be a permanent horror. Good proportions are vital, beauty of design an absolute necessity when construction is so firm and lasting.

Realizing this, the makers of pressed brick and hollow tile, The Los Angeles Pressed Brick Company, have set the pace in good building, and also encouraged young architects, by offering prizes for the best designs for a one-story house of hollow tile. These designs will, by courtesy of the Company, be printed in California Southland as space will permit.

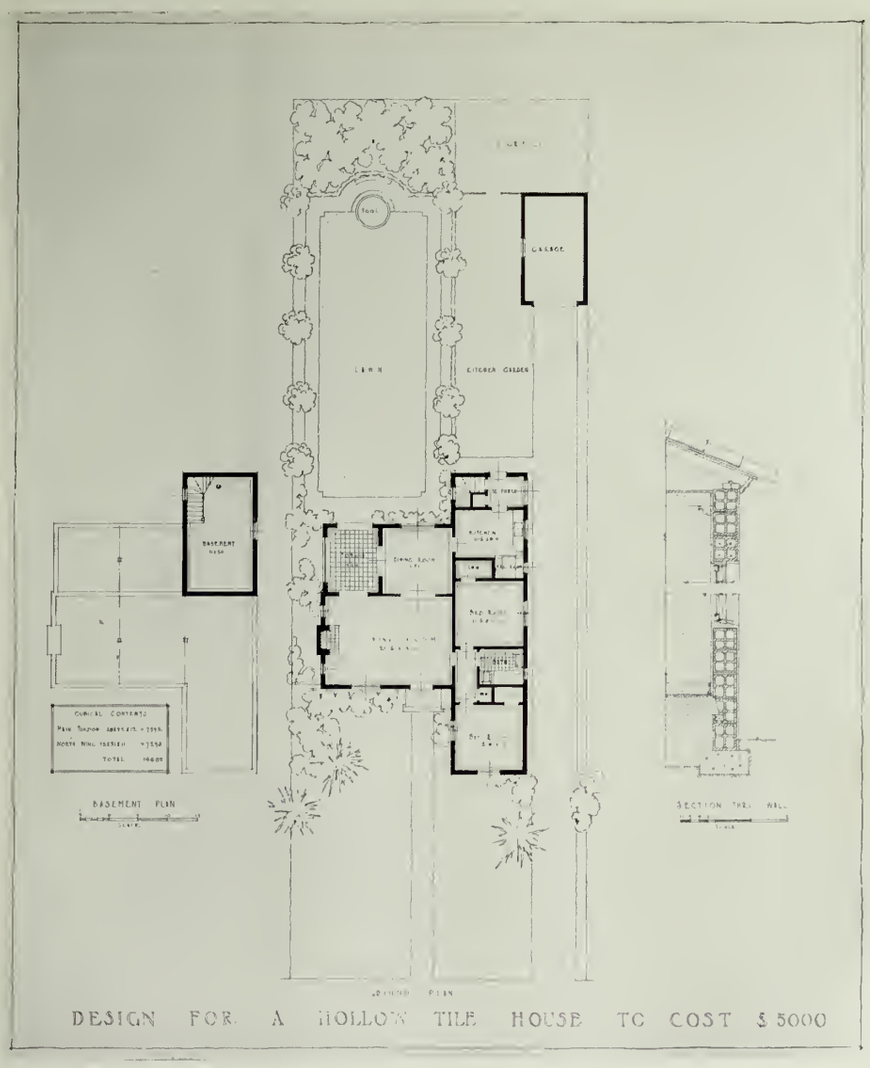
The first prize was awarded, by a jury of members of the American Institute of Architects, to Paul Williams for his design which appears on this page.

Paul R. Williams, a native of California, was born in 1894. He received his early training in the Los Angeles School of Art and Design, and the Beaux Arts Institute of Design. After two years' training in town planning and private estate work in the office of Wilbur D. Cook Jr., landscape architect, he spent two delightful years in the office of Reginald Johnson, specializing on residential design. Then, realizing that there is an engineering as well as an artistic side to architecture, he pursued a course in engineering at the University of Southern California, later entering the office of John C. Austin, a man associated with much of the larger work in California.

Mr. Williams has been quite successful in entering architectural competitions, having won first prize in three western competitions and received first mention among two hundred entrants in a competition in New York, the city in which he hopes eventually to continue his study.

Courtesy of the Los Angeles Pressed Brick Company.

FIRST PRIZE DESIGN BY PAUL R. WILLIAMS, WITH J. C. AUSTIN, ARCHITECT.



PLAN FOR HOUSE SHOWN ON OPPOSITE PAGE, PAUL R. WILLIAMS.

FOURTH PRIZE DESIGN, SUBMITTED BY M. SABRANSKY. COURTESY LOS ANGELES PRESSED BRICK COMPANY.

M. SABRANSKY'S design received the fourth prize and is shown below. The enclosed garden in front and a patio in the rear of the house are delightful features of the plan, which is left out of this number with regret. The living room wing, onto which the charming doorway leads directly, is closed on the street end by a massive chimney in the wall. The left wing contains two chambers, and between them and the service department in the rear, is the patio, livable, convenient—an extra room but open to the sky.

Besides the good proportions and excellent placing of the openings both of these houses give great pleasure in making the doorway a distinctive feature; one by the use of specially designed and graceful decoration and the other by means of a simple but dominating facade capped by an original coping of beautiful curvature.

In using either of these designs care should be taken to communicate with the architect himself, and to see to it that the plan fits the site.

The Housing Situation and the Chambers of Commerce

IN October, the secretaries of all Southland Chambers of Commerce met in Redlands to consider housing in the various towns and cities of the South. Secretary Bayer of Pomona, presiding, called on Kern of Redondo, who in jocund vein had stated truth in the remark that while the purely resident beach towns were full as far as homes could be full, he knew that "out by the potato patch" there are plenty of unoccupied houses waiting for the young people of the land. North of the pleasure beaches there are miles of territory for homes and farms.

"Labor," remarked Mr. Bayer, when introducing the subject of housing, "forms from seventy-five to eighty-five per cent of the cost of building," and the whole trend of the meeting indicated that the biggest and most vital thing the Chambers of Commerce are doing is to help Labor build homes.

Ballard of Long Beach explained how this was done in his industrial city. The Long Beach Chamber named a strong committee to go through the industrial plants and find out what the people wanted, whether to rent or to build. Another strong committee took up the subject of building material, and still another found the lots on which to build. The results of these several surveys were presented to the moneyed men of the city, and then, backing the building and loan associations, the Chamber put the thing through to enable the people to build homes for themselves.

"At Whittier," said Secretary Hague, "we started an 'Own Your Own Home' campaign. The Chamber of Commerce, working with the realty men and the building material dealers, published a series of house plans furnished free to those who would build at once."

Up at Oxnard, where the towns are overflowing and the bean fields call for help, the Chamber of Commerce persuaded the farmers to build some real homes for hired men, in which the whole family could live in comfort in the country. Material was bought in bulk, the capitalists lending the money, and Mexican farm labor built adobe houses on the farm. Thus the pressure on the towns was relieved and room for newcomers made. Better housing "near the potato patch" will call the people "back to the farm."

All the Verve and Esprit of Youth Embodied in Individualistic Dance-Frocks

From the French Fashion Salons of the Ville de Paris

Original Models from the Ateliers of Hickson, Poiret, Jenny, Madeline et Madeline, Paquin, Premet, Worth, Etc.

Posed by piquant little Clara Horton
Photograph by Hartsook

VILLE DE PARIS
SEVENTH AT OLIVE
B. H. DYAS CO.
7th at Olive Street Los Angeles, Cal.

SMART CLOTHES FOR SMART CALIFORNIANS

Edited by ETHEL ROSE

PRESENT day sports clothes are so much more practical than those of a few years ago. Then, tennis things looked queer off the courts, and golf things even queerer off the links. Now most of them would be and are quite unremarked at any time of day almost anywhere, certain places and times in a big city excepted.

"The "Ville de Paris," Dyas's big store in Los Angeles, is all ready for a sporting season, the fifth floor being practically given over to women's clothes for that purpose.

There may be found the most correct and complete riding outfits from hat to boots, as well as useful and inexpensive camping and hiking clothes of corduroy and khaki, but golf easily takes the foremost place, and one glance at the miniature green with its landscaped wall where Mrs. Webb gives lessons to the ambitious fair, is warranted to attract even the bashful and the lazy.

Mrs. Webb's own costume is all that is womanlike and good form, and the shop is showing a large selection of just such clothes.

One necessity is a collection of scarfs which may be of either silk or wool and may either contrast with or harmonize with the clothes. A lovely wide silk one is of three-inch stripes in putty color and dark blue with blue fringes, while camel's hair in one form or another is easily the favorite in wool.

Hats, too, are legion, with, for the youngsters, some berets exactly the shape of those worn by little French gamins, but of varied colors and materials.

Heavy wool or wool and silk stockings are worn, and the newest shoes are of buckskin in dull, soft colors.

As for the suits—there is a whole series of them, and no two alike. For the girl who likes color comes a coat of rather coarse dark blue jersey with collar, belt, pockets and cuffs of knit blue and yellow stripes, this same gay material being used for the plain skirt which looks pleated because of deceptive little lines of drop stitches at intervals. The upper part of this coat is lined with China silk.

On a brown duvtyn coat the pockets are inset as well as stitched all around the edge, a practical and good looking item, and there are two little stitched pleats in the back and a narrow belt (wherever there is a belt it is narrow), and there is a brown and tan checked skirt with green lines. The coat, by the way, is lined throughout with brown satin blocked into big squares by narrow green and yellow silk braid.

An indigo blue peachbloom coat is trimmed with narrow bands of the brown and blue checked material that is used for the skirt; it is rather on the box coat order and the fronts may be turned wide open or lapped over in a warm double-breasted effect.

Our old friend covert cloth is welcome again in a well-tailored coat with large bellows pockets and no belt. I liked it particularly with its soft tan skirt marked into squares by green and blue lines, while quite unlike all the others, which were gathered, this skirt had a wide shallow box pleat in the back, the edges being stitched part way down.

The woman who wants a suit to serve the double purpose of street and golf use could not do better than to choose the one made entirely of dark brown dove-down with no trimming whatever. The pockets were inset, there was no belt, and the material was soft and supple, a most attractive suit.

Then there are woolly camel's hair coats, warm and light, all edged with a cord of black or brown leather, with narrow leather belts to match; and to wear with these or sweaters are finely pleated, striped or checked serge skirts.

One suit of a mauve tweed mixture was so British that I could fairly visualize the accompanying sailor hat and hear an English voice speaking.

Of course there is a collection of separate skirts, including a nice plain one of lovely rather salmon pink flannel, but most of them are of very firmly pressed narrow pleats. Besides the flannel, serge, jersey and cricket cloth are used in fine lines forming squares, checks, stripes and four-inch bands; one of these last in watermelon pink and white cricket cloth being cleverly cut and pieced to give a pattern.

Quite original was a gray wool skirt with orange lines worn with one of those waist length sweaters of orange Shetland wool with long sash ends and collar of gray and orange stripes.

Then the newest wraps are big circular capes of various colors in camel's hair weaves. Some are satin lined, some have no lining, some have slits for the arms and some have not; their collars, too, vary, but one thing they all have in common and that is, or are, narrow straps coming from the under side of the shoulder seams to cross in front and button in the back to hold the cape in place, no matter how much it may flutter in the wind, and a cape thus held and fluttering is a very becoming thing indeed.

In Pasadena, Boadway's also has its specially fitted up sports shop, and I mentioned in detail last month its attractive little knit suits, one of which was illustrated. Silk and wool sweaters in various weaves and colors are specialized in as well as separate skirts pleated and plain with, here also, large checks, a favorite design.

Hats more or less on the sailor order are very good indeed with flat moderately wide brims and duvtyn crowns in soft pastel shades though the all-black, stiff sailors of hatter's plush are very new and smart; indeed they are a specialty of one of the best of the New York hatters, so Boadway is right in the movement. This shop, by the way, is a good place for the blouses, stockings and gloves that every sportswoman must have, and I noticed a counter heaped with warm woolly scarfs, some of which had a turned-back border like a rever, and a little snug pocket at each end.

SOUTHLAND CLUBS---WOMAN'S CIVIC LEAGUE OF PASADENA

By MRS. THEODORE COLEMAN

THE Woman's Civic League of Pasadena, organized in 1911 by Mrs. Robert J. Burdette, has grown to be one of the largest and most progressive of the clubs of Pasadena. Its *raison d'etre* is well expressed in the opening article of its By-Laws: "Its object shall be to bring together frequently in informal association as many as possible of those women who are genuinely interested in the improvement, by independent and disinterested methods, of the civic, social, and economic conditions of the community in which they live, in order that by friendly intercourse, exchange of views, accurate information, and united activities, intelligent and effective co-operation of civic ideals may be secured."

For the attainment of this object, the four hundred and more ladies constituting the League's membership, are earnestly working. To bring the benefits of the League to as many as possible the dues have been kept very low, yet the aid given to various worthy causes last year alone testifies to the practical results of their efforts. The Mexican Welfare Work, the Roosevelt Memorial Fund, the Edna Alter Settlement, Vocational and Placement Bureau, Memorial Staff, the Hospital Fund, and Liberty Bonds, all shared the benefits of the League.

There are monthly gatherings of the League at Hotel Maryland, around the luncheon table, and at every meeting some notable speaker presents a subject of live interest, sometimes a local civic question, and sometimes one of wider, national concern. The League is strictly non-partisan, it being the wish of all to present both sides of any question impartially but to secure for each side reliable information, and the conclusions of authoritative and fair minded speakers. Under the leadership of its president, Mrs. C. E. Ashcroft, the League will continue this policy so successfully carried out by her predecessors. The other officers for the year are: Mrs. Maynard Force Thayer, First Vice-President; Mrs. E. H. Lockwood, Second Vice-President; Mrs. Sarah N. Frey, Treasurer; Mrs. Theodore Coleman, Secretary; Mrs. W. D. Crocker and Mrs. George H. Martin, Directors at Large. Miss Grace Barnes as Chairman of the Program Committee has the important and onerous duty of securing speakers for the day.

Mabel Watson.
MRS. C. E. ASHCROFT, PRESIDENT OF THE WOMAN'S CIVIC LEAGUE OF PASADENA.

Under the leadership of Mrs. W. D. Crocker, Chairman of the Home Economics Committee, much valuable information has been brought to the League relative to the high cost of living, and the methods of many of those dealers through whom we must secure our supplies. The Committee on Public Affairs has as its chairman Mrs. Clara Bryant Heywood, while that on Health and Sanitation is led by Mrs. Louis H. Mitchell, for the past two years the efficient President of the League. At the meeting just preceding the recent election, Mrs. Frank S. Wallace, Chairman of the Legislative Committee, arranged for the League a most enlightening program in which the important measures before the people were discussed and explained by those whose position and experience entitled their opinions to attention and respect.

The most important work of such an organization as the Woman's Civic League of Pasadena is the forming of intelligent public opinion founded on definite information, and the fair, open-minded canvass of questions of public interest.

ENGINEER'S REPORT---NEWPORT BAY

(Continued from Page 11)

realized. It is impossible for anyone to predict with certainty whether or not a second jetty east of the entrance will be necessary. That now being built by the city of Newport will be nineteen hundred feet long and go to twelve feet of water.

Silting of the channels of the bay has practically all taken place since the Santa Ana River was straightened and confined between levees. This was to be expected, and will continue. It is clear, therefore, that the maintenance of Newport Bay, even as a pleasure resort, necessitates entire exclusion therefrom of the Santa Ana River. Fortunately this can be done very simply and inexpensively. A rock and earth dam across the river at Bitter Point, at a cost of approximately two thousand dollars, using material from the bluff on the north, will absolutely protect the bay. This will, of course, necessitate the opening of a new mouth for the Santa Ana River. This will involve excavating a channel through the sand spit, constructing a railroad bridge across the same, and constructing two jetties extending to a depth of about ten feet of water. The estimate of the cost of this work of minimum development totals six hundred and thirty-five thousand, three hundred and sixty-seven dollars. The cost of dredging will probably be diminished by selling some of the dredged material for reclamation purposes.

FACTS FROM ORANGE COUNTY

BY WAYNE GOBLE

THE rapid development and constantly increasing prosperity of Orange County in recent years is one of the surprising things of Southern California. When the first settlers came to Orange County some sixty years ago they found only waving fields of wild mustard, vast expanses of cactus and sagebrush, and low marsh areas.

Today Orange County is a remarkably productive community, with a soil and oil production of close to $100,000,000 annually from her 500,000 acres, and furnishing residence for a population of 75,000 people.

The oil, gasoline, and natural gas output is worth in excess of $35,000,000 annually and this will be increased materially through development of a rich new oil and gas field at Huntington Beach. Valencia oranges add twelve millions more, lemons and beans $3,000,000 each, sugar beets $10,000,000, walnuts $5,000,000, poultry, peppers, livestock, hay and grain about $1,500,000 each, and other crops which bring the total value of annual production close to the hundred million mark are apricots, apples, avocadoes, honey, berries, celery, fish, dairy products, miscellaneous fruits, loquats, nursery stock, persimmons, potatoes, tomatoes, and miscellaneous vegetables.

Added to this remarkable showing, Orange County is becoming an important industrial community, with several million dollars invested in factory buildings and equipment and turning out each year a valuable and varied assortment of manufactured products. Among the county's industrial concerns are five large beet sugar factories, broom factory, tile factory, woolen factory, spotlight factory, flour mills, packing company, several canneries, breakfast food factory, tomato seed plant, and dozens of citrus, dried fruit, walnut, bean and vegetable packing houses.

At Robinson's

WHEN the writer of this advertisement came to live in Los Angeles, a society friend who always knows where the best places are, took her to Robinson's to shop. Ever since that time this excellent and comfortable store has been the central place for our shopping. We have always found it satisfactory in every department.

It stands to reason that experts such as Robinson's secures should be able to choose from the markets of the world the very best in every line. This they do, and set it before us to save our strength and time.

Do not drag yourself from store to store looking for Christmas presents. You can buy even your gifts for men—in fact, you can furnish your whole menage without stepping outside this store of good quality and reasonable prices.

The block bounded by Seventh Street, Grand and Hope, Los Angeles

The Pasadena Community Play House As a Democratic Institution

By... HELEN GRAHAME

PASADENA has a Community Playhouse organization which has been under such fortunate guidance during the three years of its existence that it has become the model after which similar organizations are being planned from coast to coast. The scope of its activities and its achievements are unusual, with the result that it finds itself in its fourth season an integral part of the drama development of the country, with the eyes of groups of people from nearly every state turned Pasadenaward, inquiring the way of doing things.

The association came from the desire of a certain group of Pasadenans to establish a civic center for educational recreation. Something over three years ago this group of people formed the organization, elected Clinton C. Clarke, president; J. W. Morin, vice president; Miss Sybil Jones, secretary, each of whom is assisting the association in the same capacity today. They were able to secure the services of Gilmor Brown, a professional director of reputation, as producing direetor, and largely to his efforts is the success of the eommunity players due. Mr. Brown is himself a capable actor and is a master in the art of production. The staff has grown until it now includes H. O. Stechhan, business manager, with Charles Prickett, assistant, Will Rounds, musical director, and Fred C. Huxley, stage manager. The governing board has also been increased, and includes Mrs. P. S. Honberger, treasurer, and a large advisory committee.

The aim of the association is to give to every individual in the community the opportunity to express himself in the allied arts of the theater. It is far from a dilettante movement to furnish amateur plays. It is a big idea, the fundamental purpose of which is to provide recreation, not overlooking the chance to point to better things.

The workers are aiming to preserve the best traditions of the theater from a volunteer standpoint; to combat the trend of the present day abandonment of the theater to commerce, they are getting back to the idea of play for the people, by the people. The social significance of the movement is greater than anything else which has come to the appreciation of Pasadena. The playhouse is a point of eontaet for all strata of society, a most democratic place where mistress and maid, master and man may play together in the same cast, a fact well brought out last season when in the same piece there appeared a society woman, a chimney sweep, a gardener, a clerk and a school teacher, who met three weeks for rehearsals, appeared together in eleven performances, became friends. In no other place in Pasadena is there the chance for all classes to meet in social amity, and in no other way does there seem to be the chanee for the ultimate understanding and the working out of present social problems.

The community work is divided into four groups, the drama; the children's department wherein the children of Pasadena may express themselves in little plays; music, the association offering a means to develop musicians by assisting in the upkeep of the newly organized community orehestra; educational, the promoting of lectures in the art colony, a course of lectures being given last year by instructors of standing in the theater, the course to be extended again the coming summer.

The Players have an ambition to build a new playhouse, having outgrown their present home in Fair Oaks avenue, and as a first step have set their goal at winning one thousand members with three hundred sustaining. The interest in their eampaign is encouraging. Membership brings with it admission to a series of lectures on the drama at the playhouse this season.

The first two productions for the season 1920-21, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," and "She Stoops to Conquer," were splendidly done under the direction of Mr. Brown. The mounting of the second play was most artistie and stands to the credit of E. J. Cheesewright, a Pasadena decorator.

The old English atmosphere of "She Stoops to Conquer" lends itself beautifully to the art of a master decorator sueh as Mr. Cheeswright, and many were the exelamations from the audience on the beauty of the setting of the pieee.

"The production is the equal of any made in any of the art theaters of the country," said one Eastern critic.

There is a wide choiee in plays for this season. "Alice-Sit-By-the Fire," by Sir J. M. Barrie, is the December offering, followed by "The Comedy of Errors," Shakespeare, "An Enemy of the People," Henrik Ibsen, "The Palace of Truth," W. S. Gilbert, "Androcles and the Lion," G. B. Shaw, and "The Heir to the Hoorah," Paul Armstrong.

GROUP OF PRINCIPALS IN "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER": ROBERT HIGGINBOTHAM, MRS. J. D. McDONALD, MRS. A. H. PALMER, VICTOR JORY. SETTING BY E. J. CHEESEWRIGHT.

THE COLOR PLATES AND THE FRAME

THE Christmas cover on this issue was thought out many months ago. In choosing a painting of the Christ-child the whole art field of Southern California was searched for an appropriate figure painting. The only one found was a Mother and Child by Mannheim. That is locked up in the storerooms with the furniture of King C. Gillette. So, our continual souree of art inspiration, Italy, was turned to and the lithograph of The Madonna of the Olive Branch, by Nicolo Barabino was reproduced by the firm of Bryan and Brandenburg.

An offering of handicraft such as the workers in Gothic art were wont to make in their deeoration of the altar of ancient cathedrals was needed to complete the shrine idea suggested. Here we found no such lack as in figure painting, for an expert in design lives and works and teaches in Southern California. That Batchelder tiles are thoroughbred is not surprising for they are well sired. Their author, trained in the art centers of the world, was connected for many years with The Craftsman and is known throughout the United States and in Europe as an expert on design. His books on the Principles of Design and Color are referred to as authority on the subject. It is with great regret that Pasadena let this thriving manufacturing enterprise leave her district, but the larger facilities of Los Angeles were irresistible. Holding firmly to these high ideals, a school for craftsmen was started in the back yard of his home in the Pasadena Arroyo over a decade ago. Ever since Ernest Allan Batchelder has set before the young people of the Southland an unwavering standard of all that is best in applied art for the home. And the people of Califoria have responded. As Tennyson said, "We needs must love the highest when we see it." The good that hides in all of us rises to the surfaee when the beauty of nature and of man's spiritual striving are combined. The eolor printing was done by Ferguson of the Wolfer Printing Company, which prints California Southland.

PASADENA AS A COMMUNITY AND SHOPPING CENTER

Pasadena Lecture Course

To be held on Tuesday, at California Institute of Technology. The object of these popular lectures will remain the same—to encourage the intelligent discussion of public affairs.

Arrangements, which are necessarily subject to change, have been made as follows:

DR. JAMES A. B. SCHERER
December 7th — Introduction to the Course

W. L. GEORGE
December 14th — Woman and the Future

DR. HENRY SUZZALLO
December 21st — Industrial Disputes

DR. ALONZO E. TAYLOR
December 28th — Reconstruction in Europe

DR. GEORGE M. STRATTON
January 4th — Psychology in Our International Affairs

COUNT ILYA TOLSTOY
January 11th — The Truth About Russia

DR. DAVID BARROWS
January 18th — The Siberian Situation

CAPTAIN PAUL PERIGORD
January 25th — A Recent Mexican Trip

MR. HENRY M. ROBINSON
February 1st — The Federal Reserve System

SIGNORA OLIVIA R. AGRESTI of the Italian Delegation at the Peace Conference
March 15th — Industrial Development in Italy

Course tickets, including War Tax, $9.90.

The seating capacity being limited, single tickets will be sold at the door only, if the number of course tickets sold permits.

Checks should be made payable to Frank F. Carpenter, Treasurer.

Two additional lectures will be announced later, one probably by

RT. HON. SIR GILBERT PARKER

The following pages present selected places in Pasadena which California Southland can recommend highly to its friends and to visitors

JANUARY 1st
NEW YEAR'S DAY
SPEND THE DAY AT PASADENA
Wonderful Rose Tournament Pageant!
FOOT BALL — Ohio State University *vs.* University of California

TRAVEL EARLY
And Use Special Through Trains when possible
PACIFIC ELECTRIC RAILWAY

When You Wish Information in Regard to Values of Pasadena Property, Consult With
THE J. R. BRAGDON COMPANY, Pasadena
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The... RAYMOND
Open for the Season
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Golf Links in its Own Grounds
A Park of 80 Acres
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To send to your Eastern Friends. An assortment of the finest products of the Southland. Various sizes or packed to order.
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Peggy Anne Play Frocks
Dressmaking

SCIENTIFIC CARE OF THE SKIN

DELIGHTFUL as our climate may be, the truth compels us to say that it is hard on the hair and skin. Great care must, therefore, be taken to treat these delicate substances with all the aids to a clean and unencumbered existence. It is practically impossible for everyone to study deeply all the branches of knowledge open to the human mind.

It is well, therefore, to select a careful, well informed person, recommended by a conservative and long established dry goods house, and put one's self in the hands of such an expert when at a loss about one's hair and skin.

Such an expert Pasadena has in Mrs. Josephine G. Nicholas at Mather's Hair Shop. Under her direction the effects of dry climate are smoothed away. Her corps of assistants is also carefully selected, and one may rest from the stress of a day's shopping under the gentle ministrations of modern facial massage.

FOR SALE
This Beautiful Property
The Hogan Co.
PASADENA
Permanently Unobstructed View

:: The City of Pasadena ::

PASADENA, as all the world knows, is superbly situated, lying near the far-famed Sierra Madre Mountains. Looking down from the heights of Mt. Wilson, where the great observatory of the Cargenie Institution is used night and day to photograph the heavens, one obtains a bird's eye view of the city and realizes its commanding position. By day Pasadena looks out over the San Gabriel Valley, of which it is the leading residence city and main shopping center; by night, its brilliant lights define the central from eight hundred to twelve hundred feet above sea level. The present population is between forty-five and fifty thousand. Churches number more than fifty. Theaters, clubs and hotels are of a high grade. The fine Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., the public library, the schools and the community work of citizens are all important influences. Pasadena's modest and beautiful bungalow homes are as great an attraction as are its magnificent residences. Living expenses are not higher here than they are elsewhere.

LOOKING DOWN ON PASADENA AT NIGHT FROM MOUNT WILSON

THE BRILLIANT LINE OF CLOSELY SET LIGHTS IS COLORADO STREET. ONE OF A SERIES OF NIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY FERDINAND ELLERMAN EACH YEAR, SHOWING THE GROWTH BY THE INCREASING EXTENT OF ILLUMINATION.

streets and twinkle like a thousand stars below the mountains' great wall of granite.

But it is the actual city itself that furnishes the reason for its popularity. Pasadena gives more in return for its taxes than most incorporated cities do. Nowhere else is there a better-kept city, or one which through its administration, tries harder to make the humble citizen happy and comfortable.

Electric light and water plants are municipally owned—the price for both light and water is reasonable, and the service is satisfactory. The fire department is entirely equipped with motor-driven apparatus, and, with its six completely outfitted fire stations in various parts of the city, gives ample protection in case of fire. The city covers more than fourteen square miles and is

Six parks furnish athletic fields, tennis courts, an open air plunge, picnic grounds, amphitheater and other recreational facilities. A well-supplied automobile parking place is furnished.

The city is governed by a commission of five members, who apportion its various activities and administer its affairs. It is now in its eighth year under this form of government. It has experienced a most successful administration—much money has been expended for permanent improvements, tax values are reasonable and the tax levy for nearly all that time has been below the limit. Until this year, no bonds have been issued since 1912—when the water system was acquired—and the bonds just issued to increase the light system will be carried from the light plant income. Few cities can show a more successful government.

Are you coming to Pasadena?

TRANSFER your funds to a Pasadena Bank before leaving home. It is safer than carrying money with you and will give you the convenience of a local checking account.

PASADENA CLEARING HOUSE ASSOCIATION

UNUSUAL CHRISTMAS GIFTS
will be found at
The Cheesewright Studios
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322 E. Colorado St. Pasadena, California

The HALLMARK *Jewelers*

A mirror reflects merely the surface while time and use reveal the true worth of an article.

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A store that is home-like, with individual service

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The Baby Shop
A Children's Barber Shop *Beauty Parlors*
Her favorite Imported Perfume

Dolley Millinery
Shoes of Refinement for Women and Children
Artistic Draperies

COLORADO STREET AT MARENGO

NEW HOTEL AT SANTA ANA

SANTA ANA, the "Heart of Orange County," is the center of a richly productive agricultural and oil territory, and is now building and growing faster than ever before, with building permits this year of approximately $2,000,000. It is a city of beautiful homes, beautiful gardens, excellent schools—truly a wonderful place in which to live. Being only ten miles from the coast, Santa Ana offers a cooler-in-summer-and-warmer-in-winter climate that helped to attract the 1000 new families that located here in 1920. The above sketch shows the new 80-room tourist hotel, which will open for the winter season in the month of January. Write to the Chamber of Commerce for descriptive literature.

A VIEW OF NEWPORT HARBOR

IN NEWPORT Harbor, ten miles from Santa Ana, Southern California has a coast asset that will be worth many millions of dollars in the years to come. Here is the yachting and pleasure-boating center of the South Coast, with unlimited anchorage for all manner of pleasure craft near the Newport Harbor Yacht Club House. Upon the bluffs overlooking the harbor is the sporty 18-hole golf course and clubhouse of the Orange County Country Club. A commercial harbor is also in process of development here, with seven square miles of bay surface susceptible of development of twenty-seven miles of wharves. Don't fail to see Newport Harbor. Literature upon request.—Newport Beach Chamber of Commerce.

Orange County

FULLERTON

Famous for Grammar and High Schools

Suggestion for Proposed Hotel in Downtown District

HOMES in Fullerton are individualistic and charming. The residence district is spreading into the orchards of walnut and citrus fruits. The schools are of unusually high standard and the Staff of the High School is closely identified with the town and its social and business activities. "Every orchard its own oil well," is a remark frequently heard. But when objection is made to the derricks the people say, "they look good to us." We need now a good downtown hotel. A fine opening for some wise investor.

CONSULT THE
FULLERTON BOARD OF TRADE

ANAHEIM

The Mother Colony of Southern California

Carnegie Library, Anaheim

WAS the first farming settlement to herald to the world the riches that have come from the soil of this favored Empire of the Southland. Anaheim is still first in the quality of her oranges, lemons and walnuts. Lying outside the path of frosts that kill, her destiny is sure.

Thousands will seek these pleasant reaches in the garden spot of California, and we hope you may be one of these. There's always the hand of good fellowship at Anaheim. You can prove this by visiting our civic center.

ANAHEIM CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
Hotel Valencia Building — Anaheim, California